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MAY 1978 \$2.25

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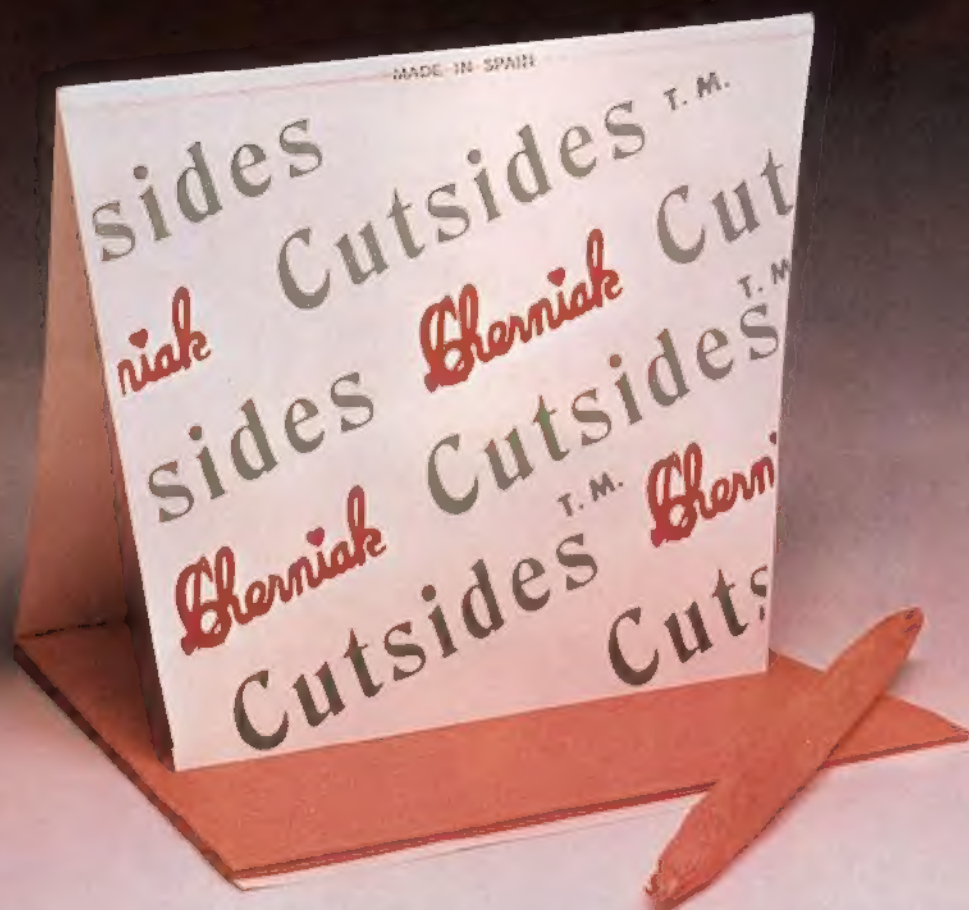
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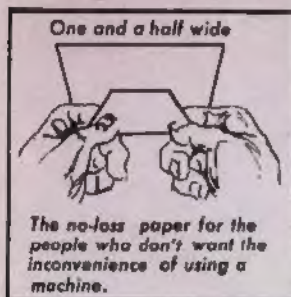
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HUSTLER

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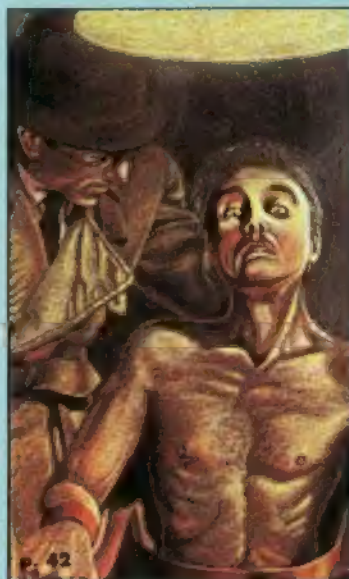
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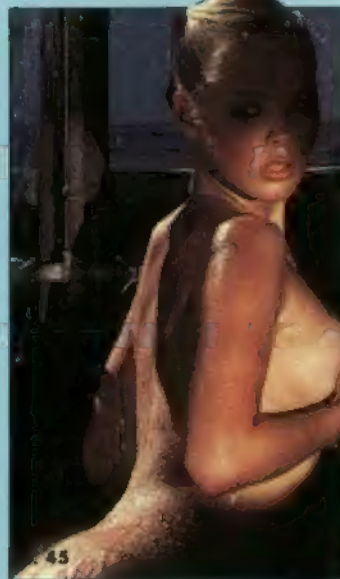
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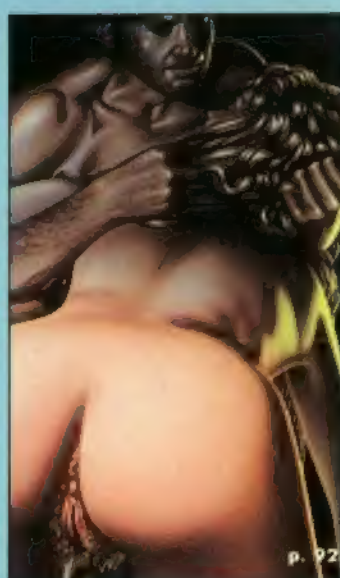
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Larry Flynt knows a winner when he publishes one.

Larry Flynt tends to have a knack for knowing what his readers want. That's why Larry was so obsessed with publishing THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER and HUSTLER REJECTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER is an anthology of HUSTLER's very own resident harpy. This 112-page full-color collection proves that our Honey has quite a few tricks up her sleeve. Included in this package is a never-before-published episode of Honey's explicit escapades.

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A Tale of Two Yippies

New York magazine has called me a "left-leaning satirist." I don't know what that means. I've never even read Marx or Lenin. When I hear those names, I think of Groucho and John.

People magazine has referred to me as a "onetime Yippie leader." All I did was invent a myth for a certain spirit that already existed in countless individuals during the '60s. That spirit was no less than the second coming of the Declaration of Independence.

Our culture was our politics. Our rhetoric demanded fucking in the streets. We were a pelvic movement. This truly threatened a government of professional prudes who preferred citizens to act like mechanical robots.

Every Yippie was a Yippie leader, but Abbie Hoffman was a Yippie leader's Yippie leader. His public image became so distorted that if he hadn't been such a close friend of mine, I would have thought the media were reporting on somebody else.

Abbie was a student of religion. Once he asked the instructor of a Bible course, "How come Christ says, 'Forgive them for they know not what they do,' but another time he complains to God, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The professor explained, "Well, you have to understand, it took a lot of different guys to sit down and write all that stuff."

Abbie has continued to educate himself—and others—by writing history as

well as living it: *Revolution for the Hell of It*; *Woodstock Nation*; and *Steal This Book*. While researching material for a chapter on drugs in *Son of Steal This Book*, he got caught introducing a seller of cocaine to a buyer of cocaine. Both turned out to be undercover cops. There was also evidence of illegal wiretapping, which led to this entrapment.

It has been five years since he decided to jump bail, change his identity and survive underground. Abbie and I finally had a secret reunion right in the middle of hundreds of thousands of other Americans crowding the streets of Washington, D.C., for Jimmy Carter's inauguration.

But we shouldn't have to go on meeting like that.

Jerome Washington was the first black Yippie leader. Five years ago he was framed on a murder rap. Unlike Abbie, he decided to trust the court system. He was found guilty and sentenced to a term of 15 years to life at the maximum-security Auburn Correctional Facility in upstate New York.

Besides writing short stories and plays while behind bars, Jerome founded the *Auburn Collective* newspaper and has received several awards from the American Penal Press Contest, the prison world's equivalent of a Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

His editorial policy has been: "If people are looking to us for the truth, our

facts must be reliable. Every piece of information we print must be verified ahead of time by two different sources. The readers can then form their own opinions based on these facts."

Jerome's case was recently heard on appeal. However, the minutes of his pretrial hearing were lost, and the district attorney couldn't find the police officer's notes that had been used to convict the defendant in the first place. Despite the lack of this evidence, the appeals court denied his request for freedom.

"I just can't understand," Jerome writes, "how they could rule on something that they have never seen. This has my lawyers and everyone who went to the hearing upset and down as much as it has me."

"But I will recover. I have to. No one can endure for me. No one can be strong for me. Faith can be an absolute trap, but I have nothing else to cling to. Knowing Abbie taught me to survive."

A decade ago Abbie Hoffman and Jerome Washington served as contemporary Paul Reveres, warning us all about the dangerous escalation of war in Vietnam and Chicago alike. Now the time has come for the authorities to drop the trumped-up charges against these two men.

They ought to be welcomed home as heroes, not hidden away as fugitives.

Let us not forsake them.

—Paul Krassner

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS LITTLE BOY?



Keith Holliday, at age 4

Keith Holliday has been missing from his home in Alexandria, Kentucky, since December 21, 1977. Keith is 5 years old, has blond hair and blue eyes. He is 4 feet tall and weighs 45 pounds. He was last seen wearing his old blue coat with white paint stains, blue jeans, blue ski mask, multi-colored gloves and brown leather boots.

\$20,000 REWARD **FOR INFORMATION**

A reward of \$20,000 is hereby offered for information leading to the apprehension, arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the criminal

abduction of Keith Holliday. Such reward will be paid by Larry Flynt Publications upon conviction of those involved. Contact your local police or FBI office.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE.

SHOW & TELL

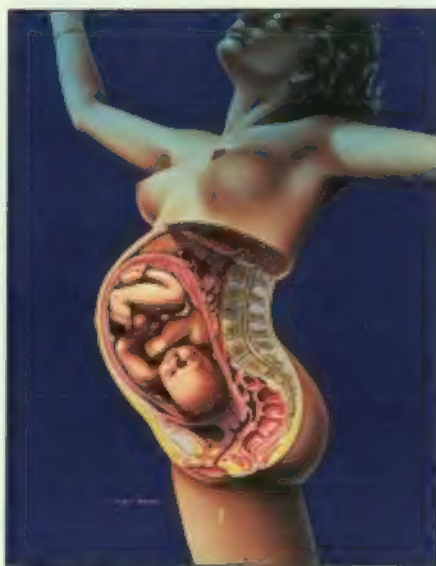
Cover by Alex Ebel

Our special Mother's Day cover was drawn for **HUSTLER** by a frequent art-contributor, **ALEX EBEL**. His fine touch with a brush was last seen in our March issue, when we featured his now-famous cunt portraits in **HUSTLER'S EROTIC BEAVER GUIDE**. In the accompanying cover story, photographed by **JAMES BAES**, our model celebrates the natural beauty of woman in one of her most joyful and elemental states: pregnancy.

This issue also contains a few things Mom never told you about—political torture, for instance. **HUSTLER** wants its readers to know about the brutal political realities of today's world. In **TORTURE: YOU'LL TELL THEM ANYTHING**, author **MALCOLM BRALY** gives us a disturbing country-by-country look at the widespread use of painful persuasion.

Braly was horrified by his discoveries, but he was hardly surprised. "Anyone who's been to prison," he told us, "knows how regularly authority is abused, even in this country." He's a former San Quentin inmate, and the film version of one of his prison novels, *On the Yard*, is scheduled for release this fall. **GENE WILKES** executed the accompanying art. His work, by the way, has now appeared in the last three issues of **HUSTLER**.

Closer to home, **JONATHAN BLACK** looks at TV censorship in **THE SCREENING OF AMERICA**. Though Black, a veteran of the *Village Voice* and *New Times*, encountered "considerable hostility" when questioning the close-mouthed network censors, his investigative ingenuity turned up the top-secret memos that provide the raw material for this fascinating expose. The companion illustration is by self-proclaimed "airbrush fanatic" **ANDY LACKOW**.



The *Daily Racing Form* and \$2 are the only raw materials needed to appreciate ace handicapper **CHUCK BADONE**. He's the subject of our profile by a new **HUSTLER** contributor, **ROB FLEDER**, a free-lance sportswriter who's not a total stranger to the track. "I have gambling blood," he explains. "If I'm not betting on football, then I'm betting on the stock market or on how far I can piss." Several **HUSTLER** editors have already issued their challenges.

AN AFFAIR OF VERY LITTLE IMPORTANCE is the love-labor of frequent contributor **CHARLES BUKOWSKI** and is accompanied by another beautiful artwork by this month's cover-illustrator, **ALEX EBEL**. Bukowski, the well-known low-life raconteur, is also a poet who has been

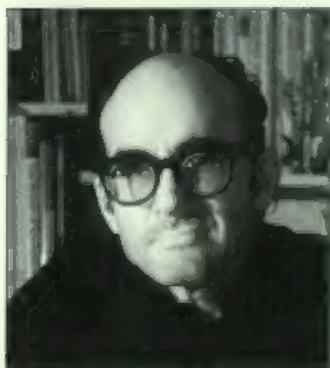
favorably reviewed by the *New York Times*.

HUSTLER favorite **GEORGE TROSLEY** has been sending us so many excellent cartoons in the last year and a half that we asked him to do a feature. The result: his tongue-in-crypt look at funerals, **GRAVE UNDERTAKINGS**.

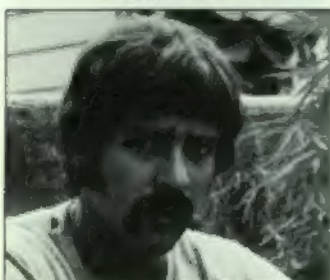
Initiating our previously announced editorial changes, **SEX PRACTICES** expands *Sex Play* to encompass global sexual mores. This month's column features **HUSTLER** first-timer **SUZANNE FELZEN**, a teacher-turned-model, who sheds few tears over **LOSING VIRGINITY**.

This month also marks a turning point for **HONEY HOOKER**. She is now simply **HONEY**, as she leaves the world's oldest profession for new personal and spiritual discoveries—like **HUSTLER** itself. You'll be seeing other new developments in the coming months.

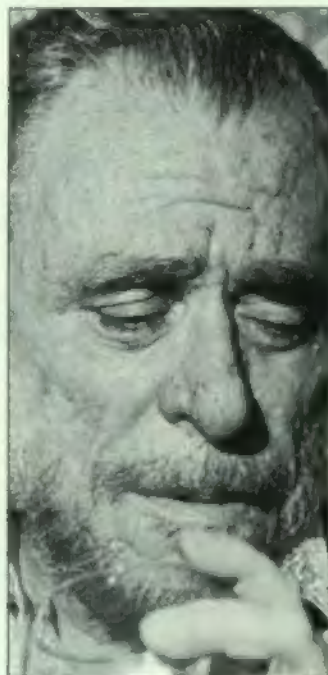
That's a heavy lineup for the merry month of May. But if you eat your spinach (the way Mom would want), your eyes won't pop out when you turn to the centerfold.



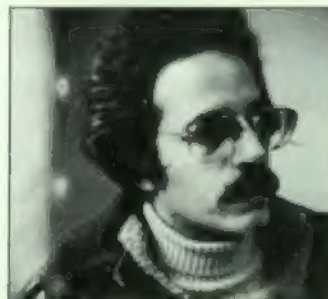
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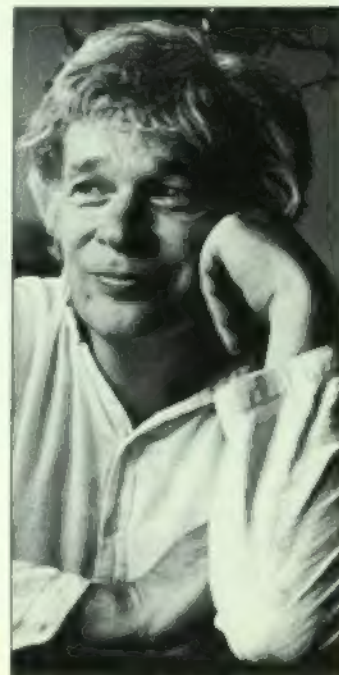
Charles Bukowski



Jonathan Black



Andy Lackow



Malcolm Braly



"The better to please you with, my dear."

"You're not Grandma!" exclaimed Red. "You're a big, bad wolf that's gonna eat me."

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FEEDBACK

Hot for Honeys: The photo spread *Jungle Jill Bush Baby March* was superb. Let's have more photos of hairy women.

James Gesell
Belleair Bluffs, Florida

I want to thank you for your *Angel's Specimen Her Wings* pictorial (March). She's one of the classiest chicks I've ever laid my eyes on.

Richard Kranet
Brookline, Massachusetts

What does the model on the cover of your November 1977 issue really look like underneath that scarecrow costume?

Ied Sterns
Williamsville, New York

Cover girl Debra was featured in an October 1977 photo spread. This shot, an outtake from the shooting, shows her face.

Youthful Heroics: Apparently, Mr. Richard "Racehorse" Haynes (*Profile*, March) not only succeeds in pulling the wool over juries' eyes, but also succeeded in doing it to your editorial staff, which praised him for alleged bravery during the fighting on Iwo Jima during World War II. You gave Haynes's age as 17. Even if the article had been written in 1977, his year of birth would be 1960.

On page 104 you stated that he "later won the Navy Cross for saving the lives of two Marines on Iwo Jima." World War II ended in September 1945, and the fighting on the island took place long before then. A quick mathematical computation indicates that his alleged heroics were accomplished at age 15 or possibly earlier during his life.

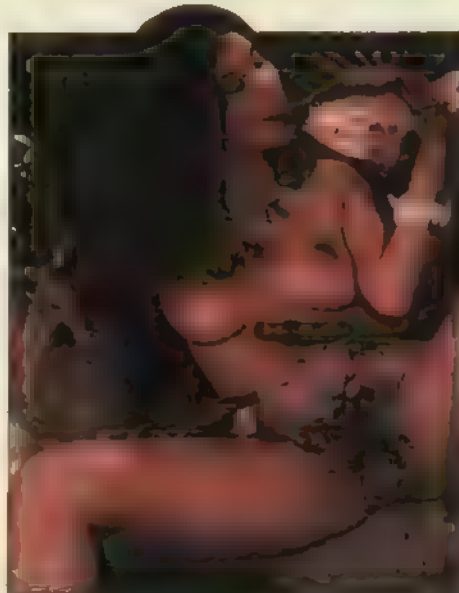
Emil M. Stranz
Redondo Beach, California

Regrettably, the photograph was cropped by us during an insertion in Columbus to Los Angeles. When the article went to press, Haynes was 49. It's inexcusable and an apology.

"Chosen" Comments: John Eskow's article *The Chosen Few* (March) contains the premise that Scientology is other than a bona fide religion; this is patently false. Such editorial irresponsibility degrades your reputation for integrity as well as the potential for responsibility that HUSTLER might develop were its editorial staff to eschew the promotion of lies. I suggest you publish an acknowledgment of the true religious status of the Church of Scientology.

James P. Higgins
Los Angeles, California

Because Scientology brings religion to its followers through mechanical means (specifically, the E-meter), the author found he could not call Scientology a religion in the traditional sense



of the word. But this doesn't mean it can't be a vehicle for spiritual growth.

I read your article on Scientology and feel that you have presented the subject matter in an unfavorable and very distorted way. There are many incorrect things in the article—in fact, most of it is quite inaccurate. I feel it is unfortunate that the author didn't even bother to inform himself about the subject before attempting to expound on it.

Myrna Dwyer
Los Angeles, California

Our writers are professional and responsible, and a research department is one of the best in the field. We stand behind the information in our articles.

As a reader of HUSTLER and also one who has been involved in Scientology, I feel that John Eskow's article was misleading by implication.

Scientology, according to my own experience, builds an individual's health and strengthens the mind. By no means at all should it be equated with the other religions discussed in the article. As a nonfanatic, I found humor in Eskow's outlook. But there are a lot of good, freethinking people in this organization, and to make them sound like a bunch of Moonies really pisses me off.

The icing on the cake was the cheap shot reference to the fact that "Charlie Manson was a part-time adherent." We all know that people with problems are attracted to many things for help. But Charlie was no more a Scientologist than he was a pharmacist, and he did dispense a lot of drugs too.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Bluenose Blues: I have just read John Henry Faulk's article *The Law Can't Save Us* (February), and I want to say that Anita Bryant has a lot to learn from that 80-year-old teacher. Self-righteous idiots like her are worried that our young people may read about or watch the simple act of love being performed, yet a day doesn't go by without a mugging, knifing, shooting, trapping. Let some young person try and read about his or her own natural instincts: love and sex, and he or she is either degraded or jailed because people like Anita Bryant scream point.

Bullshit

Kenneth A. Richardson
Pacific, Missouri

You have a very terrible, filthy pornography magazine. Please stop publishing it. This nation is being returned to godliness at the end of the world, which is now, you fools! You fools!

Mary Humphrey Williams
Hastings, Michigan

Congratulations, Larry, on finding God and on moving to Los Angeles. They are related events. I am closer to God here in L.A. than I was ten months ago in Boston—and warmer too.

P. M. Jones
Los Angeles, California

As a vegetarian, I can appreciate the January *Bits & Pieces* item "Pigskin Preview." Animal slavery and slaughter can't be included in a genuine concept of decency. *Real* pornography is what most people have on their dinner plate.

Larry T. Wear
San Antonio, Texas

Although I think your magazine is as tasteless as a pound of snail shit, I like the way you tell it like it is.

Name Withheld by Request
Long Beach, California

Die Laughing: I enjoy HUSTLER Magazine and was thinking of subscribing to it until I saw the cartoon by Quinn on page 77 of your February issue. Elvis was such a super person! Why this? You can cut down anyone you want to, but you will never degrade "The King."

Shirley Gannott
Marshall, Minnesota

I have a complete collection of your magazine, but I will never buy another

copy. I am not a big Elvis fan, but I feel that Quinn's cartoon went too far.

Ralph Buller
Houston, Texas

Your Elvis cartoon was in very bad taste. If you had to print it, it should have been the *Most Tasteless Cartoon*. I'm afraid this cartoon will cost you some readers, since it concerned not a black or a cripple, but a part of our history.

Terry G. Hembree
Grove, Oklahoma

All in all, I really enjoy your magazine, especially the jokes and cartoons. But your February issue touched a tender spot with your nauseating cartoon about "The King." Colonel Tom Parker (Elvis's manager) doesn't much matter, but Elvis all strung up! Don't you have any respect for the dead?

Mrs. Jo Morgan
Houston, Texas

That was the point of the cartoon: the shameless exploitation of a celebrity after his death.

I understand that a cartoonist's job is to make people laugh. However, I found it very difficult to laugh at Dwaine B. Tinsley's *Humorous Look at Rats* (February). Rats are no topic from which humor can be extracted. Small children often die from the infectious diseases carried by these rodents. Do you consider the death of a child funny?

Another aspect of the cartoons that I found most unpleasant was the fact that Tinsley strongly associated the filthy rat with the black family. He did not even bother to leave out food stamps or the switchblade. Anyone who enjoyed Tinsley's *Rats* is scum, just like the rat itself.

Gregory T. Ashe
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Why did four out of Dwaine B. Tinsley's eight rat cartoons involve black people? Is it because black people come in contact with more rats than any other race?

Carrington Smith
Newark, New Jersey

Dwaine B. Tinsley reports that because he has lived in the streets, he feels a close association with the plight of the urban black, who—as a result of racism—is forced to live in rat-infested inner-city ghettos. That was the point he made in his cartoons.

Aboriginal Sin: I wish to express my deepest thanks for your timely and well-written article *The State of the Indian Nation* (January). As a medic, I was one of the many people who occupied Wounded Knee in 1973. And I have seen much violence directed at those who work to change conditions for the red man. HUSTLER Magazine seems to be the only voice, outside of left-wing and native-American publications, speaking out against what the government is doing in the name of all non-Indians.

Ron "Leading Eagle" Rosen
Denver, Colorado

Charles Raisch's report on the Indian Nation gets an "F" for ignoring the state of Alaska's native Americans. Knock, knock! Is there anybody home down there? Hello! Hello! Hello!

T. Herlinger
Petersburg, Alaska

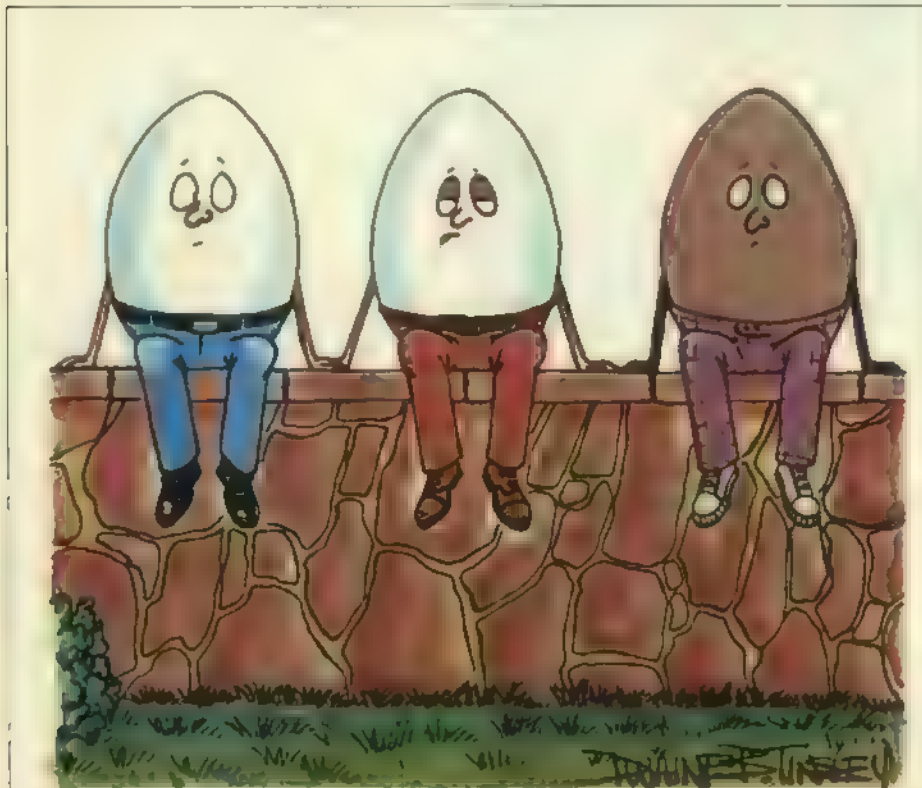
True, there are a lot of Indians living in ghettos, but what about those who aren't? There are a lot of different tribes in Oklahoma that are still living and maintaining ancient tribal traditions. Why didn't you include Oklahoma in your study?

Michael Smith
Great Falls, Montana

A detailed account of the state of the Indian Nation would fill several volumes. We tried to give our readers as accurate and concise a report as space permitted.

Rebuttal: One thing that really bugged the shit out of me was your selection of Hugh Hefner as *Asshole of the Year* (January). In the column you continually put down Hef, but if it wasn't for Hefner's guts, courage and inspiration, HUSTLER might not be here today.

The Playboy Empire may be going down the tubes, but for a couple of decades his



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magazine brought great joy and sexual pleasure for the fans of *Playboy*

Bernard Richards
Buffalo, New York

I feel that someone should respond to your inarticulate and incomplete criteria that gave former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis the dubious award of *Asshole of the Month* (December 1977). You lambasted the individual thought and expression of a man who has chosen to speak out for his beliefs. You almost make some of his beliefs sound immoral—as if you're in a position to pass judgment!

As a Los Angeles police officer, I may someday be called upon to protect you from a violent act or some other unforeseen danger should a perpetrator of a heinous crime come your way. Don't you think it would be more appropriate to name some bona fide criminal *Asshole of the Month*?

While walking the streets, you may seek some comfort in the fact that you will never have to be protected from Ed Davis.

Robert A. Stresak
Los Angeles, California

Promise?

Requiem: Your full-page ad for Hoobert "Gas Bag" Humphrey must have cost a few thousand bucks, so you must want a reaction from us, the boob public. You may say that Gas Bag Hoobert was "good and decent," so

let me tell you what he meant to me.

He was a leech and a parasite who sucked at the public tit since he was 21. He never did a day's work in his entire life, except to emit a 40-year steady stream of gas from his mouth, which replaced the lower part of his anatomy. Humphrey was a colossal hypocrite. When he was brown-nosing LBJ, we couldn't kill the Vietnamese fast enough to suit him. When it became politically necessary to switch, he switched—fast and shamelessly. In addition, he supported corrupt unions and any rotten "liberal" cause that showed its ugly head. He was a disgrace to our country.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Potpourri: Ernie N. Onsten (*Feedback*, January) sounds like a good old American asshole. What's wrong with HUSTLER's little beaver on a pack of rolling papers?

Ernie, you're full of shit! Your letter suggests that you would use X-Rated Rolling Papers to roll tobacco; so what's wrong with other people using them to roll their pot? If these "hippies" will be changed into vegetables as you suggest, then, Ernie, you must have smoked pot for quite some time, as you appear to be a cracker-brained idiot.

One of my favorite pastimes is to roll a few joints of my finest, high-grade grass and sit back and get fucked up while I read HUSTLER. I even enjoy balling a chick after smoking grass. Imagine *that*, Ernie!

Ernie, all I can say to you and your kind is "Go fuck yourself!" If HUSTLER wants to sell X-Rated Rolling Papers, don't you go bitching about it. Buy a pack, roll a few joints and relax.

A Pot-Smoking Hippie
Waupun, Wisconsin

As a good old American, I feel it is my duty to reply to Ernie N. Onsten. Ernie, what do the following have in common?

President Jimmy Carter
American Bar Association
American Public Health Association
National Council of the
Churches of Christ
Governing Board of the American
Medical Association
National Education Association
B'nai B'rith
American Civil Liberties Union
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Art Linkletter
Ann Landers
National Institute of Mental Health

Answer. These people and organizations, among others, endorse and recommend the removal of all criminal penalties for the private possession and use of marijuana.

Victor James Molero
St. Bernard, Louisiana

OK, We'll Bite: I'd like to propose a new idea to you. I'm a young dentist, and I have thought how fantastic it would be to be able to teach the general public about dentistry. There are so many facets and specialties in dentistry, and so much that so many people could do to help themselves if they only knew how.

One or two pages every month in a special HUSTLER "Dental Section" could do more than you realize to help people. For the public to know what their dentist is doing to them and to be able to ask, "Do you use wedges to help prevent overhangs?" or "How come you never probed my mouth for periodontal pockets?" would greatly help many patients.

Andrew Greenberg, D.D.S.
Orlando, Florida

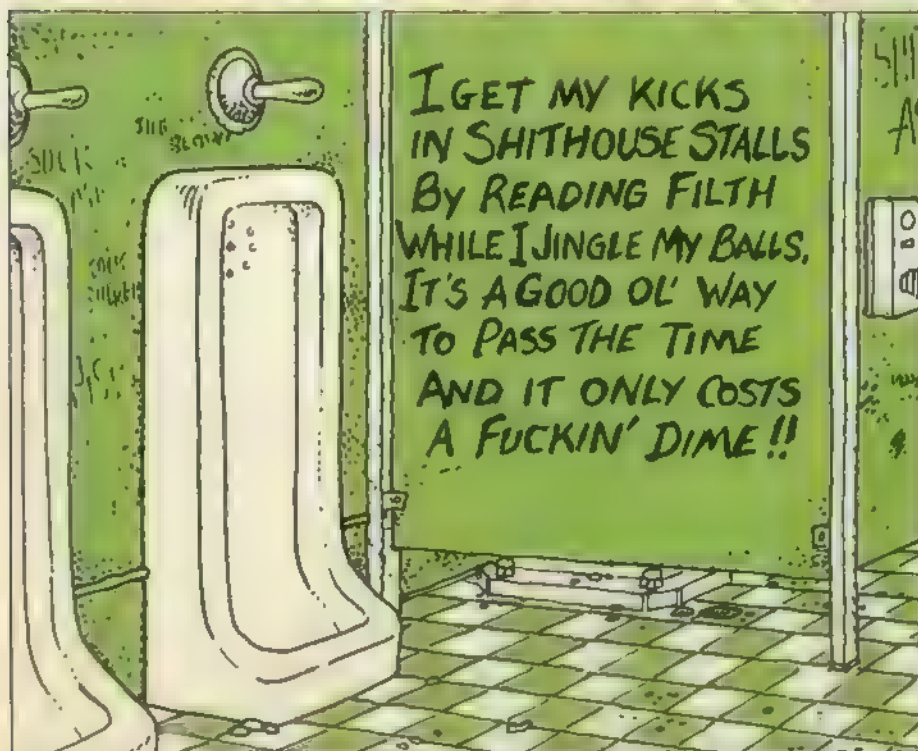
Sorry, Doc, but gynecology has always been our main interest.

Parting Shot: I have been reading and enjoying HUSTLER since I first saw it a couple of years ago. What I would like to see in future issues is cum-shots—pictures of your beautiful girls with cum on their faces, hands and asses. I'd also like to see golden-shower shots featuring a girl pissing in different positions. I am looking forward to stickier and wetter photos.

DH
New Haven, Connecticut

We'll be more than happy to serve up all the cum and piss you can handle—as long as it is done with taste and dignity.

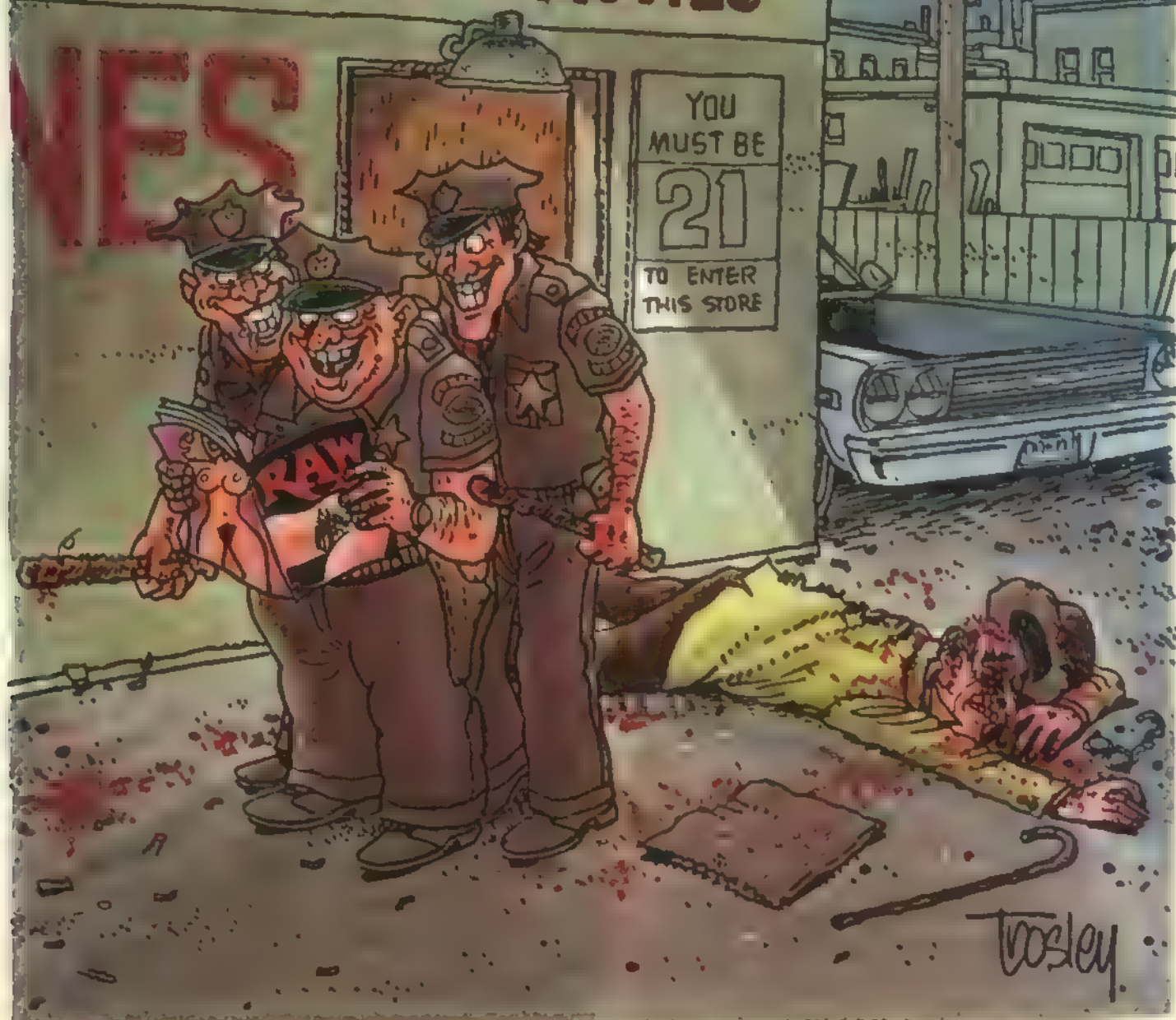
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World News Roundup



2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor
Los Angeles, California 90067

Teachers are allowed to beat schoolchildren in 48 of our 50 states. In West Virginia recently a married couple went to court when two of their children had to be hospitalized as a result of punishment inflicted by a seventh-grade teacher. The parents' lawyer, Daniel F. Hedges, argued that if the Constitution protects a child's right to wear his hair and sideburns long, how can the courts not protect the child "against a beating requiring ten days' hospitalization"?

This case, still in the courts at press time, has caused an outcry from the medical profession. One social psychologist testified at a Toronto, Ontario, Board of Education hearing: "I have no data on the mental health of teachers...but the mental health of the general population (is) such as to give us pause in allowing the use of corporal punishment on children. If we add to this the findings that approximately one in every ten children is in need of special psychological services, the probability that either an ill teacher or an ill child or both will be involved in an instance of corporal punishment is simply too high to allow it to go on at all."

Sociologists have long pointed out that black prisoners are sentenced to death far more often than white prisoners. But a recent study by the Southern Poverty Law Center suggests that juries' attitudes are changing. For one thing, there are now more whites than blacks awaiting execution.

John Carroll of the Southern Poverty Law Center says the black/white ratio is less disproportionate than before, due to a variety of reasons, including the elimination of the death penalty for rape--a sentence once reserved almost exclusively for blacks.

Carroll maintains that persons who kill blacks are given death sentences far less frequently than persons who kill whites. However, the most influential factor seems to be the race and wealth of the victim. The killer of a rich white is more likely to be sentenced to death than the killer of a poor black.

Swinging bathhouses for gay men operate in almost every major American city. Now there is a bathhouse for gay women. Located at 137 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, KZ is a well-appointed spa featuring disco dancing, two whirlpool baths, lockers, game rooms and a maze of private compartments where friendly females can discreetly meet and get friendlier. The charge is \$10 a visit and includes an unlimited buffet.

In Sante Fe, New Mexico, Court of Appeals Judge Lewis Sutin issued a ruling that sexual intercourse between an adult woman and a consenting young boy "is nothing more than sex education." The judge said such relationships were "essential and necessary" to the boy's "growth toward maturity and subsequent domestic family life." In delivering his ruling, he dismissed all charges lodged against the 23-year-old woman, who had argued in court that her actions in taking a 15-year-old to bed were not illegal. The judge agreed: "The Legislature abolished fornication as a crime....It recognized...that this conduct did not violate the mores of the 20th century."

Judge Sutin went on to say: "Sexual intercourse is recognized as normal conduct in the development of a human being....The fact that a normal young man experiences one act of sexual intercourse does not tend to cause or encourage a perversion of the sexual instinct." However, the New Mexico Supreme Court overturned Sutin's ruling and the case will be tried again.

A recent poll reveals that many lawyers believe their colleagues are incompetent, dishonest or both. "Juris Doctor" magazine reports that half the respondents contended that roughly 10 percent of all attorneys are incompetent. A quarter of them said that as much as 20 percent of the profession is also incompetent and unethical. A large majority named "low public regard" as the worst problem facing the legal profession. ☹

A feature in the March 1978 issue of CHIC Magazine and available only through Leisure Time Products, these 22" x 28" posters will dress up any wall. Artist Peter Green has transformed seven of the world's most powerful and successful men into their female counterparts. Leave your friends in titters with this exclusive from Leisure Time.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups, maladies or other problems of a personal nature. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and treatment of a physician. If you have a question on any topic whatsoever, direct your correspondence to *HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent*, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067

Penile Blisters: For the past year now I've been troubled with small, blisterlike sores on the shaft of my cock. I know it can't be caused by the friction of jerking off because I don't do that much. And I've never been fucked, so I know it's not syphilis. I'm too shy to visit a doctor, but I need a solution. I'm tired of being a virgin, but I'm also afraid of what a girl might say if she saw my cock in this condition

G. B
Stafford, New York

We can't cure you long-distance, you'll have to see a doctor. You are probably correct in assuming the sores are not from syphilis, since you've never had any sexual contact. Besides, the chancre sores associated with that disease usually disappear within four to ten weeks. You may have a type of wart called "moist warts," which prefer the damp, dark areas of the genitals. These can linger anywhere from three months to two years. Most likely you have a form of dermatitis caused by exposure to an irritant, such as a dye, detergent or even clothing. Inflammation can also result from a nervous condition.

Only a doctor can identify the cause and prescribe the best treatment. Don't wait any longer, because if the blisters ulcerate and remain untreated, you may eventually have nothing left to be shy about.

Foreign Imports: I have been writing to a few Mexican girls and would like to try living with one. What kind of red tape would I have to go through to get one into the United States, and would I be legally obliged to care for her during her stay?

G. B
Bethel, Pennsylvania

According to the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, you must submit a petition for intended marriage (called a "fiancee visa") and promise to marry the girl within 90 days. If you have no intention of marrying, she must get a nonimmigrant visa, but she would not be allowed to work in this country. Therefore, you must agree to support her financially and assure the government that she won't become a welfare case. But since the courts fail to recognize assurance as a binding obligation, immigration officials view it as a matter of keeping a promise rather than of meeting a legal agreement.

If your lady friend wants to become a nat-

uralized citizen, she must be a resident in this country for five years (three years if she marries you) and a resident of the state in which she applies for citizenship for at least six months. Also, she must prove good moral conduct, take a literacy test and be at least 18 years old.

Fat Deposits: I'm ashamed to take off my shirt because I have fat around my nipples. It makes me look almost like a woman. How can I get rid of it?

A. J
Columbus, Ohio

Almost one-third of all boys develop a minimal amount of swelling below the nipples. This normally disappears during puberty. Quite often, though, the problem of fat deposits is due to poor diet control.

If you are at the proper weight for your height, exercise might be the solution. Karate, isometrics or swimming may help. "Bent-arm-fly" exercises are particularly good. Lie down with arms outstretched (preferably on a workout bench or the edge of a bed, so your arms can be lower than the rest of your body) and, holding dumbbells or heavy books, slowly bring your arms up to a vertical position. Keep elbows slightly bent to increase tension across the pectoral (chest) muscles.

If there is no improvement after a few months

of careful exercise, check with a physician. As a last resort the problem could be solved by surgical removal of the fatty deposits.

Jogger's Nipples: I'm a health nut who runs nearly every day. Since I'm a girl with fairly small breasts, I like to run without a bra. I feel more comfortable and less confined. But my jogging shirt is irritating my nipples. Sometimes they get so red I can't stand to have my boyfriend touch them. Is this a widespread problem among joggers, and is there anything I can do to prevent it?

J. F.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Jogger's nipples is common among men and women. Some male long-distance runners with irritated nipples use tape and gauze to prevent further chafing. If the problem is not that acute, coat the nipples with petroleum jelly or talcum powder. To further reduce friction, wear clothing with a smooth finish.

Weight and Birth Control Pills: Before I started taking birth control pills, I weighed 99 pounds. When I dropped down to 82 pounds, my doctor took me off them. Besides losing weight, I also had migraine headaches, which continued for several



"Somehow, Doctor, our marriage just isn't working."

ADVISE & CONSENT

months after I stopped taking the Pill. The headaches have finally slacked off, but I can't regain my weight. (I am five feet tall and should weigh about 100 pounds.) I've seen a good deal of information on weight gain as a side effect of the Pill, but I've never read anything about weight loss.

G. B.
Chester, South Carolina

Bloating, fluid retention and weight gain are commonly reported side effects of oral contraceptives. Occasionally, the Pill interferes with thyroid functions and also can cause vitamin deficiency. Check with your physician to see whether your inability to put back some weight is due to either of these conditions.

Neck Fetishist: I'm a male virgin who has a particularly strong sexual interest in one part of the body: the neck. While I openly admire a woman's breasts or ass, I feel shy about admitting that her neck turns me on. I get a hard-on whenever a pretty, little dainty walks by with her sweet neck in full view. Do many people have this perversion?

"Dracula"
Fryeburg, Maine

It is hardly a perversion to be turned on by part of a woman's anatomy. There are hordes of men who are turned on as you are. Even Solomon openly sang the praises of a lady's neck when he described it in the Bible as "a tower of ivory."

Some animals, such as the mink and sable,

actually bite through the skin of their mates' necks. According to Dr. Alfred Kinsey, there is no reason to believe the genitalia are the only erogenous zones. So go ahead and indulge, providing your interest does not tend toward that of your ghoulish namesake.

Marital Bloat: I was a virgin when I met my husband two years ago. We had a great sex life while we dated, but it seems that right after we moved in together it slowly started to diminish. Now when my husband tries to make love to me, I find myself tense and very unresponsive. It's gotten to the point that I look for excuses for not going to bed with him. My husband blames my birth control pills, but I think there's more to it than that. My gynecologist told me I have a tilted uterus, and I thought that might have something to do with my problem.

J. C.
Buffalo, New York

About two-thirds of all women using the Pill notice no difference in their sexual desires or amount of sexual activity. Those who do notice a difference say it is usually for the better. A minute percentage report a lower sex drive, and some researchers believe the problem may be due to the amount of estrogen or progesterone in the pills.

According to some scientists, estrogen-dominant pills are less likely to decrease a woman's sex drive than progesterone-dominant ones. Progesterone is a hormone more closely related to the male hormone testosterone than it is to the female

hormone progesterone. You didn't mention which brand of the Pill you are taking, but you might ask your gynecologist to prescribe an estrogen-dominant brand if you are on one that is progesterone-dominant.

A tilted uterus is caused by a tightening or loosening of the ligaments holding the organ in place. This frequently causes painful menstruation, which can make intercourse uncomfortable. If there is no pain, it is not necessary to correct the condition, since it will not interfere with your sex drive or your ability to get pregnant. If the problem is not physical, see a marriage counselor.

Polygamist: I have been married to two wonderful women, one for six years and the other for three. Before I got my present desk job, I was a trucker. I bought a house, and we're all living happily together. Both women are very levelheaded and get along with each other. And with three paychecks coming in, we're on top of the world. Recently we've become concerned about the possibility of an overzealous district attorney sending me up. One wife wants to get a divorce and become a "live-in"; the other thinks we should go to a religious commune of some sort. I simply want to go on as is, if it's at all possible.

E. H.
Amsterdam, New York

Our society is monogamous (one-mate marriage), and the laws reflect that fact. Just being married to two women puts you in violation of the law, even if neither woman objects. Polygamy is illegal in every state—even Utah, where the Mormons settled to escape persecution. To avoid legal hassles, check with an attorney, who can tell you if a divorce or annulment is necessary.

Reconstructive Surgery: Recently I read an article about a woman who had surgery to remove a roll of flab around her midriff, but the story was short on information. I am a woman in my late 20s and about 60 pounds overweight. What can be done with this type of surgery? Is it possible to have the tummy, thighs and butt taken in? Would a plastic surgeon do this? Would insurance such as Blue Cross provide coverage for the operation?

C. G.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Plastic surgery is invaluable to some people because it not only changes their physical appearance, but can restore confidence and relieve anxiety. Most plastic surgeons will interview you beforehand to find out how long you've been dieting and just why you haven't been able to lose weight. Sixty pounds is not a great deal to lose if you diet and exercise properly. Imagine how confident you'd feel knowing you were able to control your own body and its functions, rather than subject it to the whims of a plastic surgeon.

Basically, plastic surgery involves an incision made along the lines of a natural fold of skin. Fat is removed, and the skin is pulled tight and stitched back into place. The lipiectomy ("tummy



tuck") can cost as much as \$2,000 for the surgeon's fees, \$150 per hour for an operating room (the procedure usually takes about four hours) and \$500 to \$700 for anesthesia. Of course, all these things depend on how deep the surgeon must cut into the abdominal cavity. Finally, there's the cost of a hospital room for a five-day stay.

As for coverage, unless it is a medical necessity, the major insurance firms will not pay for this type of surgery. Although surgeons say the results are permanent, further surgery may be required, depending on muscle tone and the aging process.

Buttock or thigh "tuckings" are not requested as often as the "tummy tuck"—and are not as expensive or time-consuming. Excess fat is removed from the buttocks through a wedge-shaped incision extending from the hipbone across the "crack" of the buttocks to the inner thigh. Similarly, in a "thigh tuck" an incision is made from the top of the leg down to the knee.

Biorhythms: Biorhythms are big now, and I was wondering if a child's sex can be determined before birth, based on the mother's biorhythms on the day of conception?

D. H.
Rochester, New York

Biorhythm experts say they can tell you your emotionally, physically and intellectually "critical" days of the month, according to your birth date. With charts showing one's monthly rhythms, you can supposedly tell on which days of the month you'll be most susceptible to illness. A ballplayer can know when he is most likely to have a bad day, or an actor when his performance will be off.

Determining a child's sex would not fall within the scope of biorhythms. To date, the only accurate method for telling the sex of the fetus is a medical procedure called "amniocentesis," in which a fluid sample is taken from the gestational sac in the uterus. This is generally done around the sixteenth week of pregnancy. The cells of the fluid are then examined. After testing, the child's sex can usually be predicted correctly.

Swinging Nudists: My girlfriend and I are interested in swinging. How do we contact other like-minded couples in our area? Is there a liberal nudist colony nearby? I live 60 miles from Corpus Christi.

J. M.
Beeville, Texas

You might try subscribing to a swingers' magazine, such as Select (\$4.00 per issue from P.O. Box 889, Camden, New Jersey 08101) or The Seekers (\$4.00 per issue from P.O. Box 781, Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08003).

According to the American Sunbathing Association, there are several resorts in Texas, although we cannot guarantee how liberal they might be. There is the Acorn in Goliad, Cedar Valley in Bonham, Live Oak Ranch in Washington, Riverside Resort in San Antonio and Texasnatives in Alford. (And, incidentally, researchers have found that nudists tend to have a lower rate of high blood pressure than those of us who dwell in our uptight society-at-large.)

JACKIE O. COIN

The August 1975 issue of **HUSTLER** revealed exclusive nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Within a few months, this issue became a valuable collector's item.

To help commemorate this event, **LEASURE TIME** has created a limited supply of silver-dollar-size coins dedicated to the nude Jackie O. These finely crafted, sterling silver coins—sculpted by Boris Suzan and produced by Pacific Mint—capture the sexuality that helped to make Jackie O. the world's best-known and most widely exposed woman.

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FRONT



BACK

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Bits & Pieces

Are gasoline prices pissing you off? Then consider this: If the gas you bought was refined from Iranian crude oil, you have unwittingly contributed to the support of this month's Asshole, the Shah of Iran, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, and his brutal fascist regime. Languishing in the Shah's jails are as many as 100,000 political prisoners, many of whom have undergone grotesque tortures. Worse than that, the United States is partly responsible for this Asshole. He was reinstalled on the throne with American tax dollars when the CIA helped him solidify his power in 1953.

The Shah is the Idi Amin of the Middle East: a vicious, violent man who seems to think he is God Almighty. But, unlike Amin, the Shah is respectable—thanks to all those petrodollars. Celebrities such as Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Gregory Peck, Elizabeth Taylor, Senator Birch Bayh and Henry Kissinger pay him court by attending his ambassador's parties, while 13-year-old girls are raped in his prisons until they betray their parents, brothers or relatives in hiding.

In 1972, President Nixon secretly promised the Shah that Iran could purchase any arms other than nuclear weapons. Since then, this suave camel-jockey has been using his country's funds to outfit the Iranian military with some of the most sophisticated armaments available.

This lavish spending has depleted the Iranian treasury (the budget deficit exceeds \$2 billion), leaving little or no money for such "low-priority" items as education. In a country with an illiteracy rate that tops 60 percent, such extravagance



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

is a crime. In fact, while the Shah throws champagne-and-caviar parties for Washington fat cats, the bulk of his population is hopelessly mired in poverty and suffering from disease and malnutrition.

An even greater outrage, however, is the Shah's secret police, SAVAK, whose interrogation methods include fingernail-plucking, boiling-hot enemas, electric shock, whippings and worse. According to Reza Baharemi, a political activist who was finally freed from prison under international pressure, "First [the prisoner] is beaten by several torturers at once... with clubs. If he doesn't confess, he is hanged upside down and beaten; if this doesn't work, he is raped... he is given electric shock which turns him into a howling dog... sometimes all his teeth are pulled... a hot iron rod is put into one

side of the face to force its way to the other... a heavy weight is hung from the testicles of the prisoner, maiming him in only a few minutes."

(For a detailed discussion of governments' use of torture around the world, see Malcolm Braly's report *You'll Tell Them Anything*, beginning on page 42.)

Not even Iranians abroad are safe from SAVAK, which is reputed to have a worldwide network of more than 60,000 agents. Iranian students in Europe and America are so fearful of SAVAK that they wear masks to avoid being photographed at anti-Shah demonstrations—for it is said that if such photographs come into the hands of the secret police, the students' families may be searched out and systematically tortured.

"The Shah of Iran," according to Amnesty Inter-

national's Annual Report for 1974-75, "retains his benevolent image despite the highest rate of death penalties in the world, no valid system of civilian courts and a history of torture which is beyond belief."

Yet many educated Iranians are kept ignorant of their despot's horror chambers because the majority of the Iranian press is controlled by two families, which take their orders from the Shah and his gestapo. (In fact, Iranian citizens are required to give their names and addresses whenever they purchase a book.)

This deception is continued even in our own country. At the Shah's heavily protested White House reception in November 1977 (in which 124 people were injured), the Shah recruited nearly 4,000 fake pro-Shah counterdemonstrators, paying for some to be flown in from as far away as Texas and California. Because of America's dependence on Iranian oil, President Carter has never made a strong plea specifically for the human rights of Iranian dissidents.

After being charged with violations of human rights by both the International Red Cross and Amnesty International, the Shah has made a token effort to show his liberal spirit by releasing several hundred political prisoners. Speculation is he is trying to polish his image in an attempt to obtain Carter's clearance for future arms purchases.

In our opinion, the Shah already has more weapons than he needs and should be restricted to buying less lethal toys—like buses to transport his starving population to soup kitchens. As for where to find bus drivers, we know of 60,000 SAVAK agents who aren't serving any useful purpose.

UPDATE



JOHN AUSTIN PAYCHECK April 1977

During his singing career John Austin Paycheck has had his ups and downs. However, he has finally hit it big on the country single and album charts with "Take This Job and Shove It" (Epic Records, 1801 Century Park West, Los Angeles, California 90067). Only nine weeks after its release, the single disc was number one, while the album was picked by *Billboard* to eventually reach the top. In addition, Paycheck was also accorded a slot among the male vocalists in *Cashbox's* Country Album Poll Winners



STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION January 1978

The Council on Interracial Books for Children has charged that most children's books depict the American Indian as a violent, treacherous savage. A study issued by the council says that, because of cultural bias, Indian children's first picture of their people is likely to reflect racist stereotypes.

The council's study echoes some of *HUSTLER's* conclusions. To quote from Charles Rausch's article: "Children are taught that the Indian is a bad gene in the evolutionary development of America. And this type of spiritual genocide... perpetuates the problems faced by the Indians."



PROFILE: BARRY REID August 1977

Maverick publisher Barry Reid is still aggravating the authorities. Publication of his manual on false identification, *The Paper Trip* (\$14.95 from Eden Press, P.O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, California 92708), has led to the creation of a congressional committee aimed at halting the proliferation of bogus IDs. Now Reid has written *Privacy* (\$10 from Eden), a book on how to disappear—baffling cops, creditors or whomever



It had to happen. America's recycling craze has hit the world of fashion, giving rise to a new line, Tampon Jewelry. Backers claim that tampons, part of the Douche-Deco look, go well with

anything—and they never cramp a woman's style

If the lovely model looks familiar, it may be because she is Evelyn, our July 1976 centerfold, who demonstrated that

"Pink Is Beautiful." Since her last appearance in *HUSTLER*, Evelyn has attained the full flush of her beauty. Like other appearance-conscious women, Evelyn knows what's really in.

Rock Around the Cock

Lawrence Welk would choke on his bubbles if he ever met up with Leila and the Snakes, a new group of hot porn rockers working out of San Francisco. Head Snake Leila (Jane Dornacker) started out with the mondo-bizarro Tubes.

With the Snakes, she's taken the Tubes' kinky outrageousness and added a dose of her own raunchy appeal. Along with sidekicks Pearly Gates and Pam Wood (who replaced Natasha the Tongue), Leila puts on a show as alluring as it is grotesque.

Onstage the Snakes back the music with their own campy acts. Leila portrays a French whore along with her favorite character, junk-food junkie Marge Battaglia. No one can gulp down a Devil Dog as erotically as Pearly Gates. Performing such tasteful tunes as "You Stained My Karma (You Bastard You)" and "Don't Fuck Me There," the slinky serpents parody lust even as they arouse it in the audience

On Leila and the Snakes' first release, a single on Asp Records (\$1.50 from P.O. Box 29502, San Francisco, Califor-

nia 94129), the band performs "Rock and Roll Weirdos" and "Pyramid Power." Surprisingly, they sound great. The music is tight, brash and loud, and Leila's ode to the monument in men's pants ("Pyramid Power") deserves to become a rock classic. The record jacket shows the ladies shooting six gorgeous moons, and even if you hate the Snakes, you'll definitely love their tails.



CHILD ABUSE



An Official Report

Wes Uhlman, mayor of Seattle, has written us a letter. "I must commend you for bringing this tragic subject into public discussion. . . . As a father of two boys, my heart goes out to the children pictured in this article. As a public servant, I know that I have a substantial obligation and responsibility to seek out solutions to problems such as child abuse."

Mayor Uhlman, like so many public servants around the country, was responding to Dr. James W. Prescott's article *Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents*. After its publication in *HUSTLER* (October 1977) reaction was so great we decided to send reprints to those most able to do

something about the problem: those who make the law and those who enforce it.

Again, the response was staggering. Everyone from town clerk to social worker wanted to let us know how Dr. Prescott's article affected them. There were citizens like Robert Williams, chief of police in Shelbyville, Indiana, who requested 1,000 copies of the reprint, and those like Charles J. Moore, a young state congressman from Rhode Island, who said his law school class examined the child-abuse question after he received our expose.

The point? Simply that *HUSTLER* is not just advocating social change—it's doing something about it. Indeed, after Florida State Senator D. Robert Graham read *Child Abuse*, he wrote back explaining the action he was taking on the issue: "In order to attack the problem of child abuse in Florida I have proposed the adoption of legislation creating a family court." He enclosed a copy of this bill, SB-421 with his letter, and it's just one of dozens of proposals we've seen since the reprint was circulated.

Perhaps the most heartening reply was that of Police Chief A. F. Gomez of Las Cruces, New Mexico. Chief Gomez sent us a bumper sticker reading: "Have you hugged your kid today?" It seems the Las Cruces Juvenile Division is distributing them to townspeople. Now *that's* affirmative action!

Such reaction lets us know that we are making an effect on this country, and that by enlightening others we can make the world a more enlightened place for everyone.



SOUTHERN COMFORT

It used to be that a good ol' boy kept a Winchester rifle in the rack of his pickup and a little hand-held, gas-operated number in the seat beside him. But no more. You're looking at a member of a new breed of American redneck.

When this sumbitch spots a shapely doe, he doesn't plug her full of holes—he'd rather plug

her hole. And these down-home dongs are just the things to use. As Turkey Bob says, "Ah ain't lookin' to kill 'em. Ah just wanna make 'em squirm a little."

All rednecks aren't like this, but "easy riders" should still beware. One false move and a guy like Turkey Bob will make your asshole big enough to carry bowling balls.

NOSE-PICKER'S GLOVE

Winter colds can really clog up the nostrils, but it's hard to root out nasal blockage when one's fingers are trapped in heavy gloves. An enterprising fellow has found a way to keep his fingers warm and his nose clear. By simply adding a zipper to the glove's index finger, only one quick motion is required to get to that hunk of congestion. We wonder why he didn't also sew a pocket on his glove to carry Kleenex.





Deadly Prose

If novelist Raymond Chandler were alive today, or if Dashiell Hammett were right now working on a sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*, chances are these past masters would be published in *Real Pulp* magazine (single copy \$1.25 from 149 Franklin Street, New York, New York 10013). Packed with "tales of sex and ammo," *Pulp* offers the kind of hard-boiled, hard bitten prose missing from the current literary scene.

In the premiere issue, publisher Kevin Bartelme—himself a great fan of the genre—has assembled eight short stories that blend the format of the 1940s with the special cynicism of the 1970s.

From Bartelme's own "Morons on Hormones" to Hal Croves's "Hard Knocks in No thingtown," the fiction exudes the kind of sleazy, low-rent ambience that marked Philip Marlowe's portrait of the raunchy L.A. underworld.

In fine tradition, *Real Pulp* is actually printed on pulp paper, but despite that fact the covers are prizes in themselves. A back-cover panel on "The Soiled Panty Racket"—the poop on the dirty-knickers trade—sets the tone for the whole magazine. Straddling the extremes of parody and imitation, it has come up with the perfect mix. Pick up a copy of *Real Pulp*, and you'll be talking out of the side of your mouth for days.



First it was "Stronger Than Dirt!" Now Madison Avenue has created another block buster—**BOLDER THAN BLACK!!** Spokesmen say this new ad campaign is aimed at

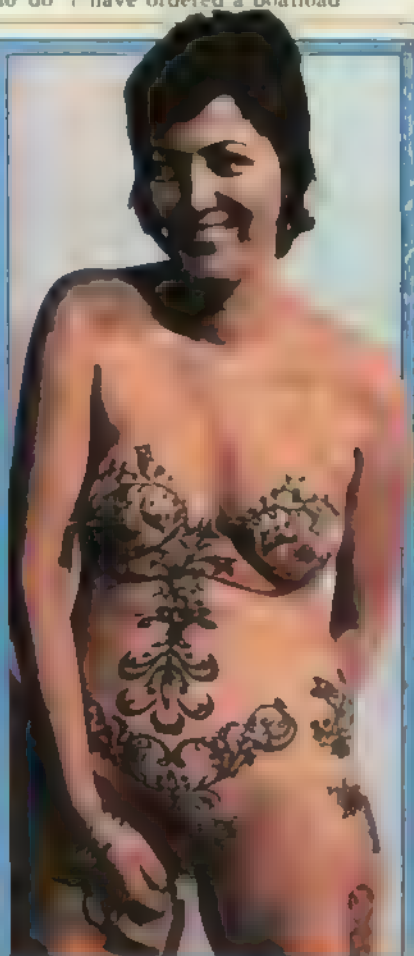
the unhappy Negro who wanted to change over but didn't know how. With new industrial-strength "Darky-Dunk," all a minority guy or gal has to do

is scrub that nasty skin tone away. Centuries of oppression go right down the drain. Promoters are duly proud of their product, and Idi Amin is said to have ordered a boatload



LOCK-UP

We've been trying to draw some conclusions about offbeat sexual behavior, and we think the key lies buried deep within each individual's personality. Perhaps trying to meet society's dual pressures of appearing sexy but acting lily-pure has caused some people to go overboard in rebelling against this hypocritical standard. Most of them can be helped, but others are marked for life.





Stamping Out Erotica

Chances are you're not too familiar with the Republic of Equatorial Guinea, or the wild and wonderful things its postal service does. Like countries all around the globe, Guinea prints postage stamps, but the Guinea stickers don't show the same

old generals and monuments.

No, indeed. When you send a letter or postcard in this tropical nation, you don't have to lick Eisenhower's bust. Instead, you can press your lips against some of the most beautiful women you've ever seen.

That's right: *Nude stamps* are the going thing in Equatorial Guinea, and we think our own government could learn something from this.

The next time it raises postal rates, maybe it could raise our postal peckers too.

DRAG RACE



It all started at a slumber party featuring all-night TV. Someone asked whose legs were best, and without mincing words, these two slipped out to the

local track. The pair swished by a throng of puzzled spectators, only to finish in a dead heat. The rest, as they say, is locker room history.



GENIUS & FLUFF

Sigmund Freud and Leonardo da Vinci both changed man's way of seeing himself, and both lived lives so full of discovery that later generations have never tired of scrutinizing them. In his wryly comical *Freud's Da Vinci* (\$4.95 from Images Graphiques, Inc., 37 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10023), Dr. Mark Podwal unites the two geniuses, fabricating sketches of Da Vinci's ideas and then providing Freud's analyses of them.

The book has 40 plates in all, making up a kind of laundry list of Leonardo's psychosexual quirks. Subjects range from a "Device for Inducing and Maintaining an Erection," which shows a man getting his prick pulled while tied to a pole, to the elaborate design for a "Fortification to Prevent the Spread of Venereal Disease," which translates into a massive castle wedged firmly between a woman's parted legs.

The collection is sophisticated, if a trifle cute, but perfect reading for someone in bed or on the toilet. Mona Lisa, no doubt, would giggle if she ever picked up a copy.

You Must Read This

I remember looking at the national wire during lunch that November 22. It was clacking out the 1:00 p.m. summary of U.S. news and some mundane commodity reports. Suddenly, there were ten bells—the highest-priority bulletin.

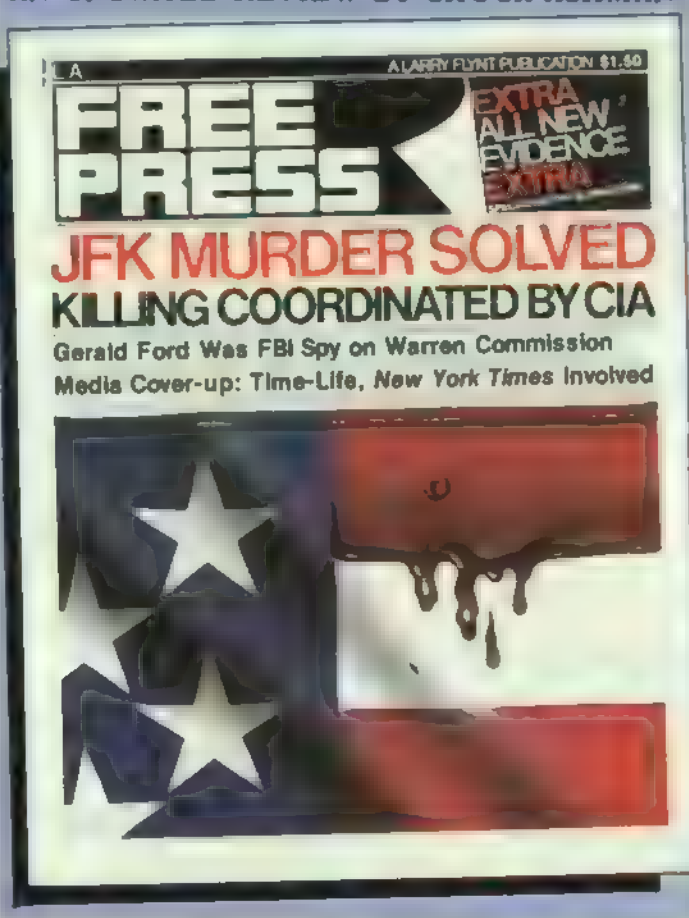
The killing of that president of the United States was one of those indelible, pivotal events that someday evoke memories of where we were, what we were doing and how we felt. Now, 15 years later, we'd better start asking where we, as a nation, have been, what we've been doing and where we are going.

There were two killings on November 22, 1963. One was quick, and the victim was President John F. Kennedy. The other was a much slower, corrosive death, and the victim was our Constitutional right to know the truth.

For a decade and a half, the American public has been subjected to the raw, unmitigated manipulation of its opinion about these critical events. The shameful press-agentry of giant newspapers, their weekly magazine cousins and the TV networks—all of which have conspired to perpetuate a bold-faced, moronic lie—may finally be over.

The special edition of the L.A. FREE PRESS on the Kennedy Assassination properly exposes the conspiracy designed

AN UNBIASED REVIEW BY CHUCK ASHMAN



to lull the world into accepting a convenient theory of that day in Dallas. No thinking person can any longer accept the scenario whereby Lee Harvey Oswald, alone and unaided, killed

an American president.

No thinking person can any longer accept the fiction that the Warren Commission thoroughly investigated the killing and confirmed the "truth" for

the American people and the world's history books. All evidence shows that the FBI's inquiry and the investigations by other federal agencies were slapstick comedies clumsily acted out by agents avoiding key witnesses and overlooking relevant facts.

We now know the truth. It has taken a decade and a half of courage by dedicated patriots, the insatiable curiosity of a score of scholars and the natural expansion of those tiny cracks in the cover-up, which widened into huge canyons of disbelief.

This new chronicle from the L.A. FREE PRESS may well be one of the major journalistic achievements of the '70s. It is accurate. It effectively compiles that which the Warren Commission, the Time-Life staff and others sought to suppress in order to orchestrate a massive fraud.

Some of the persons involved in the Kennedy Assassination edition—such as Mark Lane, Dick Gregory and Robert Groden—are already familiar as fighters on the question. These talented craftsmen—with their typewriters, sketch pads, cameras and microscopes—have produced a fascinating and profoundly challenging publication.

The paper's revelations of the government's involvement are



Zapruder frames 312 (left), exposed 0.55 second before impact of the fatal shot, and 335 (right), 1.2 seconds after impact. Note that the con-



tour of JFK's head in 335 indicates front entry and rear exit, contradicting the "lone assassin [Oswald] firing from behind" theory

astonishing and well-documented. Lingering questions are finally answered. For the first time you can see how those in power have been able to airbrush the truth from the public consciousness.

The American people have long needed a weapon against those who are satisfied to substitute popular fiction for fact, because fiction accommodates special interests in this nation. This special edition may be that weapon.

The truth about the Kennedy Assassination now raises critical questions about America today and tomorrow. Are the killings of our leaders, the energy crisis, the fear in our streets natural social ills? Or are there a handful of superpowerful people who dictate our politics, regulate our economy, mandate our culture and predetermine our future?

Perhaps "conspiracy" was the call of kooks in the '60s, but today it must be considered the call of the conscience of thinking people. This special issue of the L.A. FREE PRESS must be read and studied. It finally explains what happened on November 22, 1963. More important, it signals the end of our political innocence.

What emerges from these words and photographs is the ultimate study of deceit, in which our national press and our federal government combined to destroy the essence of democracy. There is now credible evidence, articulate analysis and scientific documentation. Read it and have others do the same. It is time we graduated as a people from fantasy to fact.

Chuck Ashman was nominated for a 1977 Pulitzer Prize for his intensive coverage of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance. He has compiled eight biographies, including studies of Henry Kissinger, John Connally and Billy Graham. He now anchors the news for KTTV-TV in Los Angeles and writes "The Ashman File," an investigative column for the L.A. FREE PRESS.

To order a copy of L.A. FREE PRESS, SPECIAL REPORT NUMBER ONE (#6100), send \$1.50 post-paid to Leisure Time Products, P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216.



The first copies of *Life's* October 2, 1964, issue featured the two Zapruder frames (top) that show JFK's head being driven rearward by the fatal shot. Presses were stopped, and the ambiguous frame below substituted.

HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In *Press Report*, we hope to continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing field. We only know what we are told, after all, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.

In the days of Watergate, when the *Washington Post* played David to Nixon's Goliath, each day brought some new airing of the capital's dirty laundry. Recently, however, the *Post* has found new material: gays in government. But instead of naming names, the paper has begun hiding them.

This new twist has its roots in a fire that hit Washington some months ago. On October 24, 1977, eight patrons of the Cinema Follies, a theater frequented by homosexuals, were killed. A ninth died a couple of weeks later.

Normally, death-by-fire is a hot item at any newspaper's city desk. Obituary-type pictures of victims, especially of the prominent, are definite front-page fodder. But this was different. Sever-



A Burning Issue

al of the dead were respected members of the community. Among those enjoying the flamingo fare at the Follies that

night were Edgar C. Platt, an Army major stationed at Fort Meade, Charles Beebe, a congressional aide; and Wilbur

E. Brumbaugh, a well-known clergyman.

Rather than label these gentlemen as possible homosexuals, *Post* editors decided to provide general information about the deceased without mentioning who they were. Managing Editor Howard Simons justified this censorship by saying it was necessary to protect their families. "We couldn't be sure if the victims were homosexual," Simons said.

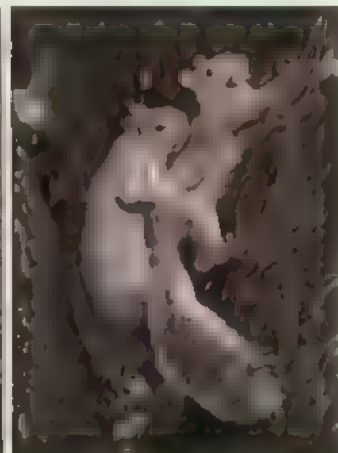
Still, if the dead had been reputed Mafia dons instead of Washington bigwigs, the *Post* might not have been so discreet. These men were at the Follies, after all, and to withhold their names is to hold back hard news from the public. Indeed, the capital's other daily, the *Washington Star*, had no compunction about disclosing the victims' names.

Whether or not the *Washington Post* has set a precedent for the media's reporting on homosexuals remains to be seen. For now, those affected should certainly take heed. The next time you go to the movies, remember to put on some asbestos underwear.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Gesundheit!"



Another Nutty Scene

After a little foreplay these two squirrels decided to turn their lofty perch into a trysting place. The photographer who captured this couple doing it squir-

rel-style reports the two were so wound up they did it five times in five minutes. Is there a lesson here? No, just a couple of squirrels fucking.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany all returnable material. For May, \$100 and thanks to: Dave Patrick.

SUPER-COCK KIT

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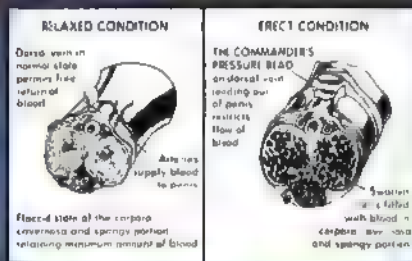
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HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

A. Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

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B. Desire

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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salo* (*The 120 Days of Sodom*) deals explicitly with perversity and illustrates how porn films have changed the whole movie industry. Pasolini was one of Europe's best filmmakers at the time of his murder—allegedly at the hands of a psychopathic male hustler.

Salo was the director's last picture, and it accurately sums up his particularly brutal sexual vision. Like the De Sade novel it's based on, the film is brilliant and bizarre.

Set in Fascist Italy, *Salo* begins on an erotic note. Lecherous lawyers, judges and businessmen are looking over a group of beautiful boys and girls. Several women help strip the youngest girls for inspection, and one child is rejected because of a missing tooth. Then, as in De Sade's novel, the youths are herded to a castle, where they are paraded for the pleasure of their tormentors.

At first the games are relatively tame. A "refined" woman regales the Fascists with lewd stories of her own prepubescent experiences while the men are being serviced by the children. The men tell the woman she is not being graphic enough, so the tales become lewder. From time to time during her narrative an adolescent is sodomized or whipped.

But these are just the preliminaries. Suddenly a title appears on the screen: "The Circle of Shit." Mounds of human feces are brought into the dining room on silver trays. While the guards hold their noses, grown-ups and children alike lap up the fecal feast from bone china plates. This segment gives way to "The Circle of Blood," a gruesome series of murders and mutilations.

Pasolini's aim, I suppose, was to show us the escalating depravity of the Fascist regime. At one point, when a young guard is caught sleeping with a black maid, the lechers prepare to shoot him, but the guard quick-








'Salo' may be the grossest film ever made, as children are walked on leashes and forced to eat human waste in this brutal vision of fascism.



HUSTLER's reviews will keep you up to date on the latest films and paperback books. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the porn movies we review might not be the version you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make certain you're getting the real thing. Censorship treads on your rights

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

ly raises his fist in the Fascist salute. This blatant appeal to the men's common nationalism stops the Fascists, but only for a moment. They riddle the guard with bullets as bloodlust runs roughshod over political beliefs.

To call *Salo* "controversial," as its promoters and critics have, is not only an understatement; it is a euphemism. This is no film for the squeamish.

On the lighter side (*nothing* could be heavier than *Salo*) we have John Waters's latest comedy, *Desperate Living*. Waters is a Baltimore-based filmmaker who may well give bad taste a good name.

His most famous film, *Pink Flamingos*, looks like it was shot in three days at a trailer park. It was a big hit with hippies, society folk and crazy people, and still packs them in at rerun houses. Waters fills his hilarious films with freaks, fats, fems, transsexuals, dykes and fags. Not surprisingly, the performers handle his tasteless material quite well.

Like all satirists, Waters is also a moralist who uses his medium to make social commentary. His special target is middle-class values. Thus, in *Desperate Living* we meet Peggy Gravel (played beautifully by Mink Stole), a neurotic, upper-middle-class housewife. When someone dials her number by mistake, Peggy screams hysterically into the phone, "You're sorry! How can you ever repay me for the thirty seconds you've stolen from my life?"

After murdering her husband—by having her 300-pound black maid, Griselda, sit on him—Peggy and the maid take flight in a Mercedes-Benz. After an incredibly gross scene with a transsexual cycle cop, the pair winds up in Mortville, a town populated by thieves, rapists and murderers.

From here the story proceeds like a macabre fairy tale. Mortville is controlled by an evil queen—another 300-pound mama—backed by a crew of leather-boy fags. Peggy and Griselda take a room in the house of a bull dyke, who has some unfortunate personal hab-



'Desperate Living': Fifty-year-old bombshell Liz Renay gets sleazy

its. For starters, she blows her nose on the ground and serves cooked rat for dinner

Eventually, Peggy takes up with the evil queen. After infecting the populace with bubonic plague, they declare Backwards Day, during which citizens must walk and wear their clothes backward. As the obese queen is carried on her throne through a crowd of her backward-walking subjects, she looks around and laughs, "What a bunch of jerks!" After some crazy twists the queen is ultimately roasted and eaten by her subjects.

Desperate Living is Waters's slickest and most theatrical film to date. Establishment critics have grudgingly recognized his genius, and *Desperate Living* shows he is ready to move into major studio production. I, for one, hope he does. I also hope he can maintain his savage wit. At present he is one of the best satirists in any art form

Health Spa

This film contains so much sex that the straight scenes seem like inserts. Nevertheless, *Health Spa* emerges as a coherent story

It features Abigail Clayton, the nubile teenie of *Dixie* fame. *Spa* shows that she has filled out in all the right places. A Garbo she isn't, but she can deliver a line—and fall for one too. She is responsible for most of the sex in this flick

The health spa in this film

has a fun approach to losing flab: fuck it away. One member, June Winters (Kay Parker), is really a reporter sent to write an expose

She visits the spa with her assistant, Alice (Clayton), but is too repressed to get into the "therapy" because the instructors are always firming up muscle tones to the point of orgasm

However, this doesn't stop June from getting it on with Alice back at her apartment. Later, she regrets the dykish tryst so much that she threatens to fire Alice if she breathes a word about it

Obviously, June is a woman with problems, not the least of which is liking the spa. Her asexual boss (Rudy Graham) threatens to can her if the health club isn't virilized in the article. In the end, though, the boss goes hetero in a hurry at the hands, mouths and pussies of the spa's ladies. While Alice

takes incriminating pictures, June chalks up a series of orgasms with the head instructor

Because many Hollywood cameramen are unemployed, West Coast porn benefits from better production values than its East Coast counterpart. Excellent photography, Abigail Clayton and a decent, if lightweight, story make *Health Spa* an entertaining package

Expectations

I brought a friend to the screening of *Expectations*, and he fell asleep. I wasn't surprised. The only thing that kept me awake was my irritation at porn distributors. Why do they keep foisting fluff-jobs like *Expectations* on us? No doubt the public is tired of spending up to \$5 on films that are about as erotic as *National Geographic* documentaries

Expectations is about two women who exchange identities. Margo (Delfina Raffino) and Montana (Martina Holland) decide to switch names, apartments and lovers. Margo, after five years of marriage, is a disillusioned housewife. Montana is a jaded party girl looking for kicks

The sex scenes are slow and drawn-out, with ethereal background music that is supposed to represent a woman's idea of lovemaking. Actually, the music represents no one's idea of lovemaking—just tedium

Margo makes it with two of Montana's lovers—one of each sex—while Montana balls Margo's brother. Margo eventually

runs home to beg out of the arrangement, but is stopped at the door by her brother, who treats her like a complete stranger. The film makes no sense at all

At the end there is some drivel about how the old Margo is now the new Margo's slave, trapped in a life of decadence and sin. By this time, I too felt trapped—in the screening room. I woke my friend and we took off

In all fairness, the film's color quality is excellent. But that's the only virtue. Unless you're a masochist, avoid this piece of silliness

The Seduction of Amy

The reason most porn from France looks better than our domestic variety is that 50 percent of French porn films were once subsidized by that country's government. Consequently, films like *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *Kinky Ladies* have a professional gloss rarely equaled on this shore. Although the subsidy has now been lifted, *The Seduction of Amy*—the latest imported French flick—is lavishly produced and is an above-average, if flawed, film

There are several problems with *Amy*: a weak plot (stolen from a Marquis de Sade tale), a soupy musical score and a dubbing job that makes the lame dialogue sound even lamer

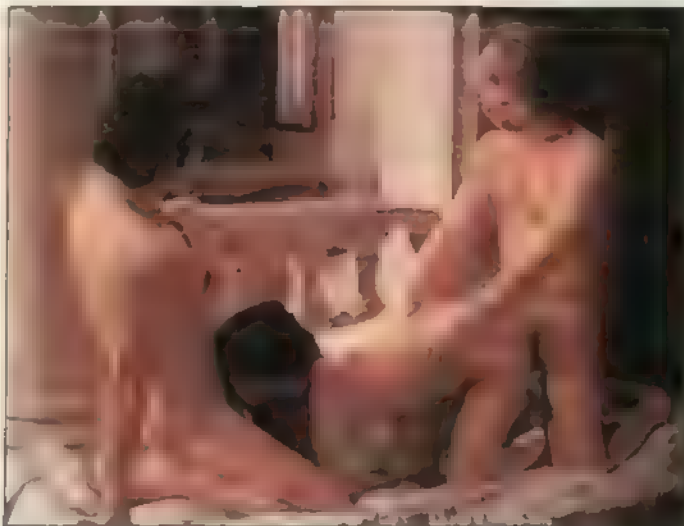
On the plus side is a bevy of fresh French faces headed by the heroine, Amy (Tiffany Smith). There is also a sumptuous backdrop—a huge castle—that adds a nice touch to the generally imaginative sex scenes

As the opening credits disappear, Amy is being violently accosted in the woods by an escaped convict. Later, Amy wakes up in the castle, where she finds a blond count leaning over her

He comes on like Mr. Nice Guy and gives her fresh clothes that—significantly—belonged to his dear, departed wife. Then he leads her into the bowels of the castle and shows her some



Body building at the 'Health Spa' inevitably leads to stiffened joints



Tiffany Smith goes on a two-way joyride in 'The Seduction of Amy.'

ancient scrolls he has discovered. Left by some friends of De Sade, the scrolls outline a secret cult of depravity, torture and death, a cult the young count decides to revive.


The rest of the film is devoted to the usual orgies, whippings and deflowerings. Several of these scenes have interesting touches: for instance, a pair of pigtailed twins at an orgy; ass-fucking; and a whipping scene complete with welts.

Amy sort of wanders through all this without having sex until the end of the film, when she gets it on with the count on a windswept beach.

She spouts, "I will give you my life as the greatest act of love I can imagine." And sure enough, in the next scene the count is interviewing for a bride—beneath a wall photo of the dear, departed Amy.

The Seduction of Amy works well enough when the dialogue doesn't interfere. I suggest that director Dale Martin find a decent script next time.

The Love Couch

 Carter Stevens, the man who brought us roller-rink fucking and lesbian twins, has given us his latest novelty: a horny couch. Unfortunately, this innovation doesn't salvage *The Love Couch*, another formula porn film. For those who don't know, formula porn em-

phasizes quantity over quality. It's what the distributors—who buy and book these films—demand and all too often get.

Love Couch is jam-packed with sex, and features ten—count 'em, ten!—new porn starlets. Nevertheless, the sex scenes are uninspired, and the acting of these average-looking "starlets" doesn't make up for the picture's shoddy plot.

With the exception of Richard Bolla, a skilled actor who plays a lecherous porn producer, the only top-notch performer is the couch, which speaks in a sexy female voice and tells everyone who sits on it to ball.

The film opens in a ramshackle loft, where the semen-stained, raggedy sofa reminisces about the good old lays. Miss Couch, who can experience the thrills that take place on her sentient cushions, is very horny. "Things have feeling," she tells us. "I can remember the first time. . ."

And we're transported back to her youth, when she was the brand-new office couch of a lady psychiatrist. But the prim-and-proper shrink turns out to be a libertine who seduces her patients as soon as they lie down. These encounters eventually ruin her marriage, and the couch is sold to a young couple for \$75.


Playing the couple are a porn veteran, Eric Edwards, and a relative newcomer, JoAnne Miquel (*Dirty Lilly*). JoAnne is sexually repressed, but the

couch works its magic, and soon she learns to give her husband head. The couple tries awinging (with vintage swing music playing in the background), and finally JoAnne tries lesbianism.

Before the couple's marriage goes down the tubes, we are introduced to their baby-sitter, Fluffy La Bush, who is fist-fucked by her boyfriend. The couch soon inspires orgies.

Love Couch is pretty pedestrian stuff, but the story is cute and the photography is good.


Her Coming Attractions

 *Her Coming Attractions* is a medium-budget effort, executed with porn films' usual disregard for acting and story line. The sex is delivered through flashbacks and fantasies, which failed to dazzle this viewer.

Attractions features porn veterans Sharon Thorpe and John Leslie, who portray Emmy and Bob, two lovers driving to Las Vegas for a vacation. Emmy is an uptight, shrieking bitch, and the only time she isn't complaining is when her mouth is filled with genitals. Mercifully, this is quite often. The film is top-heavy with oral sex.

Emmy and Bob pull into a gas station, interrupting the attendant, who is fucking a blow-up doll. Emmy flashes her charms at him, and he scampers into the men's room to masturbate. Typical of the film's sparkling wit, she shatters his reverie with the childlike question, "What are you doing? Jerking off?" The rest of the plotless vignettes are equally predictable and trite.

At one point their T-Bird breaks down, and while Bob is tinkering with the car, Emmy does some tinkering of her own. She spots a black dude walking along the highway and gives him a little roadside service. From there on it's downhill for our fornicating motorists.

The film closes with a shot of a deserted highway. In my opinion, this was the only scene that worked: It summed up the movie's emptiness. 

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Barbara Broadcast
Big Thumbs
Butterflies
Desires Within
Young Girls
Erotic Adventures of Candy
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Seven Into Snowy
Sex Crazy

Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels
Breaker Beauties
China De Sade
Portrait of Seduction
The Jade Pussycat
The Secret Dreams of Mona Q
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
V—The Hot One

Half Erect

Cinderella
Dirty Lilly
Dutch Treat
Feelings
Hard Candy
Inside Jennifer Welles
Joint Venture
Playgirls of Munich

One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
A Teenage Pajama Party
Foxy Lady
Long Jeanne Silver
Overnight Sensations
Sharon
The Lure of the Devil's Triangle
Underage

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Looking Good: A Guide for Men

By Charles Hix
Photographs by
Bruce Weber
Hawthorn Books, Inc.
260 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10016
(138 black-and-white photographs, 14 drawings)
\$14.95

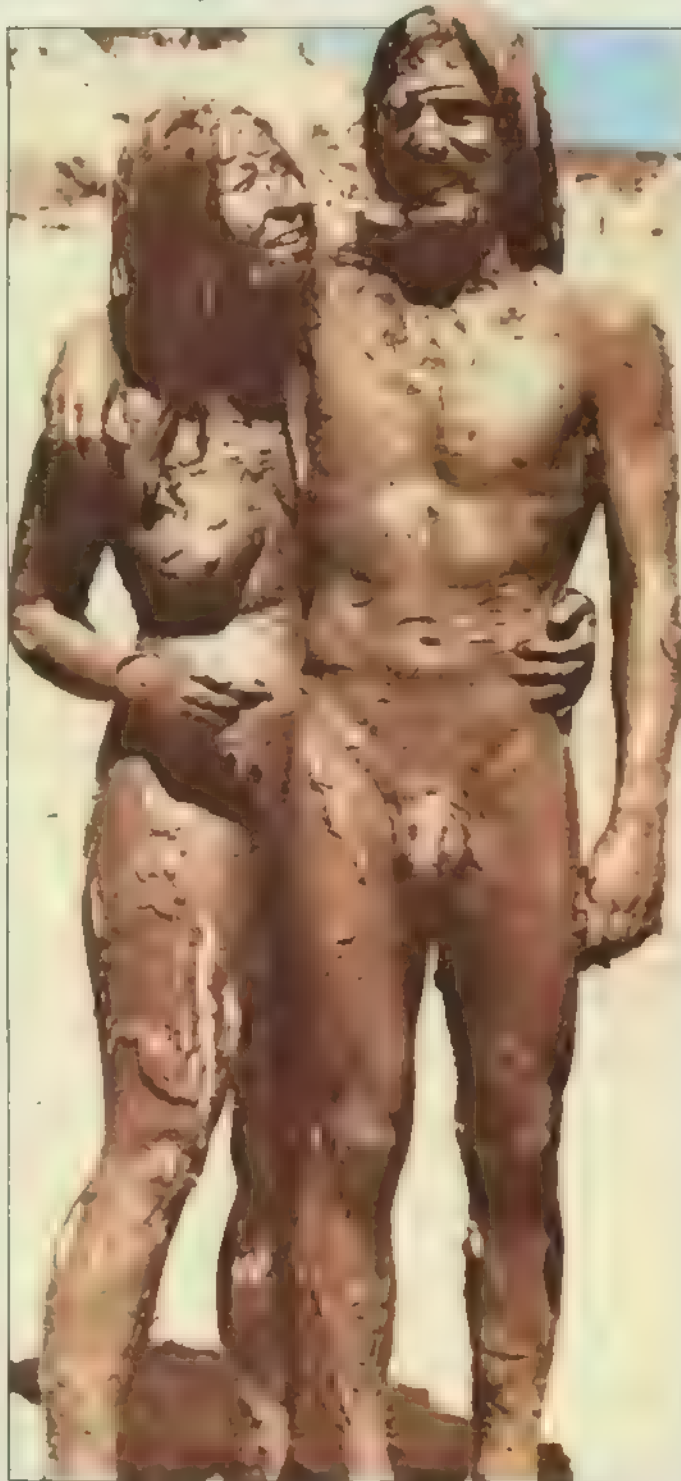


Looking Good is a coffee-table book for men who are determined to do just that: look good. Author Charles Hix has been awarded a "Lulu" by the Men's Fashion Association and Menswear Retailers of America for his excellence in reporting on the male fashion scene. Here he shows off his wisdom to great advantage.

Hix's book is the *Mein Kampf* of fashion. It is inflammatory, radical, divisive. *Looking Good* will give fashion conservatives fits and fashion peacocks the runs. Consider, if you will, the plight of the conservative—the guy who just got used to wearing a pink shirt at the office—when he reads that pedicures and mudpacks are now indispensable to good grooming. Not only mudpacks, but complete mud baths too. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but, according to Hix, you'll have to wallow around like a pig if you want to look good.

Or consider the peacock, a man who sees clothes as a sort of armor that will enable him to get to the top in the fastest and most efficient way. Along comes Hix, like an Old Testament prophet, saying that it's not enough to wear a snazzy Cardin suit; you have to have a Cardin body beneath the suit, filling it out with muscles toned at the health club and complementing the color scheme with an unblemished complexion tanned from many leisure hours under the hot sun. Ulcer time? You bet.

There are tips here for every man: how to choose a toupee;



'Looking Good': Flush out your pores with a good, clean mud bath.

how to rid oneself of an unpleasant facial mole; the haircut that will bring the best out of a face with a long nose or protruding forehead; where to go for a fanny-lift—yes, even that.

You can't help having mixed feelings about *Looking Good*. The advice is smart, but reading the book takes dedication. No doubt it will scare off some

men. It's equally certain that Hix's guide will put some males in mechanic's overalls forever. But others will be inspired. We do live in a world where—like it or not—we are judged by our appearance.

For those who are dedicated, *Looking Good* will be a wise investment. As for the rest of us, we'll just have to wait for the film version

The Professor of Desire

By Philip Roth
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.
19 Union Square West
New York, New York 10003
\$8.95



When we last left David Kepesh, in Philip Roth's *The Breast*, he had unhappily been turned into a giant boob. He was so trapped by the object of his desire that he ultimately became it.

Now, in *The Professor of Desire*, Roth turns back the clock, showing us Kepesh before he turned tit and tracing his development from good boy to bad and back again. It is a tale of passion: how it burns, how it fires us up and how, in the end, we taste its ashes in our mouth.

At the heart of *Desire* are the women with whom Kepesh lives. He moves through a series of them, and each, in one way or another, exists as an extension of his own deepest conflict. He is partly the studious, academic winner his parents groomed him to be. But another part of him—by far the most vital—lives for total, endless and ecstatic consummation in the flesh.

This is the stuff that psyches are made of, and Roth shows the subtle link between balls and brain better than any writer on the scene today. We watch Kepesh make the transition from Horny College Boy, when girls didn't relate "on that level," to Worldly Young Man, sharing his London apartment with two Swedish blonds, Birgitta and Elisabeth, who fulfill his fantasies of domination and three-way love. Through it all, however, Kepesh keeps an eye on Kepesh, who is as intrigued by the idea of sex as by its reality.

Not until he meets Helen, the wild WASP goddess whom he marries, does Kepesh let go and sink mind-first in the bog of utter abandon. Certain that he is destroying himself, he nevertheless cannot stop. "In the aftermath of orgasm," he says, "I find myself weak with gratitude and the profoundest feel-


ings of self-surrender. I am the least guarded, if not the simplest, organism on earth."

From the depths of this pleasure—and the pain it inevitably evokes—Roth emerges with a portrait so profound, so accurate, that any man who does not recognize himself is blind.

—Jerry Stahl

Phonographics: Contemporary Album Cover Art & Design

By Brad Benedict
and Linda Barton
Introduction by Charles
Perry and Peter Plagens
Collier Books
Division of Macmillan
Publishing Company, Inc.
866 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022
\$9.95

 Popular culture is a term tossed around a lot these days, mostly by people who sell words for a living or who teach courses like "Popeye: The Sailor as Wimp in Society." The unspoken premise of Pop-kulch is that everything means something. Thus, soup cans are art, tailfins are phallic icons, and rock 'n' roll album covers are the hieroglyphics of post-'60s America. From the days of peace and love, *Sergeant Pepper* and LSD, the music's package has become as sensational—and as significant—as the music itself.

This said, the impact of *Phonographics*, a photo-book of rock album covers, should be immediately apparent. Looking at the cover R. Crumb did for Big Brother and the Holding Company's *Cheap Thrills* is one way to step back in time. Suddenly, lead singer Janis Joplin is alive again and, strange as it seems, people are wearing flowers in their hair.

Similarly, seeing the Rolling Stones in devil-drag on the cover of *Their Satanic Majesties Request* is as evocative as hearing "Yesterday" or "California Girls" on the car radio. *What were you doing back then?* asks

the disc jockey of the mind

Phonographics fascinates on two levels: the visual and the historic. As pop art, the wonders of airbrush, collage and conventional photography can be truly breathtaking. Andy Warhol's cover for the Stones' *Sticky Fingers* album was an instant classic, and Norman Seeff's two-color, two-page spread of Claudia Lennear gives new meaning to the word *exotic*. Just as the Beatles and the Band have changed the way we hear, their visual counterparts—photo-groups like Hipgnosis or Mouse Studio—have altered the way we see.

In the book's introduction Charles Perry and Peter Plagens explain that the "one big difference between commercial art and fine art is the constant plundering of previous aesthetics; commercial art recycles like nobody's business."

In other words, everything from Art Deco to subway graffiti is likely to show up on an album cover, living on as eternally as Elvis. The "spacy joy and slick malaise of our age" are captured. Music and art are linked in a mutually enhancing package. To borrow from Chuck Berry, "Roll over, Rembrandt, and give Da Vinci the news."

—Jerry Stahl


'Phonographics': Record covers without records, all in the name of art.



The Life, the Lore and Folk Poetry of the Black Hustler

By Dennis Wepman,
Ronald B. Newman and
Murray B. Binderman
Holloway House
8060 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California
90046

\$1.95 (hardcover edition)
\$10.95 from University
of Pennsylvania Press)

 Sooner or later every culture finds a way to tell its own story. Such stories are always epic in scale and reflect not just the struggle of one particular hero but the struggles of his whole race.

In America we have as many epic heroes as we have nationalities. WASPs have Yankee Doodle Dandy; southerners have Scarlett O'Hara; second-generation immigrants have the Godfather.

Yet these heroes belong to every American because, although they translate the American experience into their own dialects, they still tell us a

story we are all, in some part, living. *The Life, the Lore and Folk Poetry of the Black Hustler* is the story of another type of national figure: the black pimp.

Wepman, Newman and Binderman have collected pimp "toasts"—rambling ballads that evolve from street experience and are usually coined in prison. These toasts are rarely written down. Instead, they are passed on, by word of mouth, from older convicts to younger ones to instruct them in the code of the street—the super-cool jive, famous boasts and legendary insults that will get them in solid with their subculture.

The toasts are always about true-blue hookers, treacherous rivals and incredibly clever heroes—black pimps or pushers. In some respects this hero has made it by square white standards: He rides around in a fur-lined, customized Continental, flashes diamond rings on every finger and sports silks, leathers and Italian-made shoes.

But for all his apparent wealth, this hero lives a warrior's life, and it is to his survival skills—strength, audacity and dog-eat-dog ruthlessness—that the toasts are always addressed. But he is not a winner. Unlike some other epic heroes, the ghetto hero is often destroyed by the powers that be. He is shot at by competitors, pushed up against the wall by the cops or hooked on killer drugs.

Not surprisingly, many of the reoccurring figures in these toasts—Stagger Lee and C. C. Rider, for instance—have attained folklore status and have been celebrated in rhythm-and-blues songs.

Most of the toasts, in fact, cry out for musical accompaniment: not rock 'n' roll; rather, slow, bluesy jazz—the kind of music you might hear sung by weary black men breaking rocks on a chain gang.

Undoubtedly, many of the toasts in *The Life* have now been written down for the first time. Entertaining and definitely cultural, these documents are the type of literature that should be put into the cornerstone of a penitentiary.

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SEX PRACTICES

by Suzanne Felzen

Throughout history the "first time" has been an anxious proposition for both sexes. Women, however, have had to deal with other fears: pain, pregnancy and a possibly soiled reputation. Society traditionally perpetuates these fears to keep its young ladies pure.

For instance, the following excerpt from *The Pearl*, a 19th-century collection of erotica, promoted virginity through scare tactics: "At length, by fierce rending and tearing thrusts, the first defenses gave way. . . . Poor Rose had borne it heroically, keeping the bedclothes between her teeth in order to repress any cry of pain."

Now, any woman who's ever had sex knows that having her cherry popped isn't all that bad. Some women, myself included, have even been known to enjoy the experience. My only difficulty in getting myself deflowered was finding someone to do it.

I was hopelessly pegged as a "nice girl," and it was widely believed that the first guy to violate a nice girl would never be able to get rid of her. I finally engineered my loss of innocence on the night of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's junior prom.

Afterward, at my apartment I rolled my boyfriend, who was in a drunken stupor, onto his back and proceeded to take advantage of him. The next day he barely remembered what had happened, but I had a truly wonderful time.

For girls like me, of the rock-around-the-clock generation, deflowering was supposed to take place on honeymoon night, with champagne on ice and Jackie Gleason's *Music for Lovers* piped through hidden speakers. In reality, the "first time" most often occurred in a parked Chevy coupe, with bodies hopelessly entangled in the steering wheel. Added was the problem of removing ironclad brassieres, panty girdles and starched crinolines.

Apart from reading books like *Peyton Place*, our sex education has left a lot to

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



LOSING VIRGINITY: A Female Point Of View

be desired. One friend of mine, on viewing a cock for the first time, was amazed that it curved upward. She just figured men's penises were always little and bent, the way they looked in anatomy drawings.

I recently spoke with a group of New York City high-school girls, some of whom admitted their virginity, and realized that the lot of virgin girls hasn't changed a bit in the disco-till-dawn era. Even in this wanton age of punk rock and X-rated movies, their "first-time" fantasies still include hotel rooms, huge water beds and soothing music.

Other than thinking about the pain,

the schoolgirls hadn't thought about the physical act of intercourse. I concluded that females' erotic fantasies come with an active sex life. Many experienced women regularly have sexually oriented daydreams, but their novice counterparts do not.

This doesn't mean that sexual urges are lacking. Anyone who has seen thousands of teenyboppers go wild over the music of the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix or—more recently—Kiss knows that all those sopping-wet seat covers are the result of repressed sexuality.

But why do girls repress what boys so easily express? I guess in most Western societies there is still a double standard: It's all right for men to engage in premarital sex, but wrong for women to do so.

This attitude is strongest in Latin American countries. Boys customarily learn about sex from prostitutes, while girls are literally guarded until their wedding day. Latin American and European men often have difficulty making love with their well-brought-up wives, whom the men hold in the same high esteem as their mothers and sisters.

A similar situation exists in America and most other countries whose people adhere to Judeo-Christian principles. In the early 1950s the Kinsey report on female sexuality showed that virginity in a prospective marriage partner was nearly twice as important to men as it was to women. Subsequent surveys have indicated that virginity is becoming increasingly less important to both sexes, leading one to hope that our country, at least, is gradually freeing itself from the repressive and demeaning double standard.

Interestingly, although the ancient code of the Jews strongly forbade adultery, it placed few restrictions on premarital sex. Polynesians of premissionary days likewise allowed unmarried young people to experiment with sex, but expected marital fidelity. Even

SEX PRACTICES

today the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya does not consider a woman marriageable until she proves she can bear children.

With few exceptions, then, only Judeo-Christian cultures have equated virginity with marriageability. Since America's culture is largely Judeo-Christian, we all have the same problem about virgins—what to do with them.

Let's see. Imagine you are the boy. You have your sights set on a brand-spanking-new lady (hopefully of legal age, but girls rarely make it that far nowadays). Soothed by the knowledge that we live in a modern world and that you won't be ruining her chance to stand at the altar beside Mr. Right, you offer to teach her the ways of the flesh. A modern virgin, she accepts.

OK, here she is: Little Miss Teenage Virgin, slender and delicate, with the innocent, dewy eyes of Rima the Bird Girl, jugs like cranshaw melons, and a tight, little crotch like an American Beauty rose. She's finally accepted your offer of a pear brandy nightcap at your pad, and you, the experienced male, are going to tenderly initiate her into the ways of physical love. You want it to be memorable for her, since you are planning to have her return for seconds.

Don't forget that no matter how confident your lady looks, it's still all an act,

and she's really scared shitless. She wonders if she's going to faint when she sees your massive peter. Give her as much brandy as you think she can handle without barfing. She's going to need it.

If you've really thought of everything, you've got about six hours of reel-to-reel tapes going (songs like Andrea True's "More, More, More" rather than the largo from *Death and Transfiguration*). On a table beside the bed you've placed lubricant, contraceptives and maybe a towel, but no Band-Aids or antiseptic—they'd only scare her.

Now that the girl is starting to relax, you can begin—slowly. Although it's obvious what she wants, don't rush anything. Invest a lot of time in foreplay. Kiss her all over. Caress her breasts. Lick her nipples. Play with her clitoris. Bite her ear. Reassure her.

Before you attempt to enter her, remember the hymen isn't a stone barrier to storm like the Bastille. It is a pliable membrane that is normally perforated and easily stretched. It should tear only slightly during the initial penetration, causing a trickle of blood perhaps, but little or no pain. If your girl has been climbing trees or riding bicycles or engaging in indoor sports like finger-fucking or masturbation, she probably doesn't have much of a hymen left.

If your penis is unable to penetrate the membrane, stop and try using your fingers. Gradually widen the vagina with one or two fingers and then stretch, break or push aside the hymen with digital manipulation. You might also have suggested, before this encounter, that she do this with her own fingers (nails cut short) while squatting in a hot tub. Also, she might have visited a physician to cut her hymen.

In the event of bleeding, have your partner rest on her back with her thighs together. If the bleeding is excessive or continues to the next day, she should consult a doctor. If your girl's vagina is exceptionally narrow, it may be necessary for a doctor to provide her with cylindrical vaginal dilators—a series of graduated cylinders worn until the entrance is widened. Of course, this should have been done before attempting sexual intercourse.

OK, back to the main attraction. Enter slowly, inserting your penis a fraction of an inch at a time and pausing to ask if it hurts her. It doesn't. As you wetly squeeze and slide together, she'll be lost in the sweet sensations of first sex. If you want to make your lady feel really great, tell her how good she was. "You're wonderful, baby" is about the highest compliment a girl can get.

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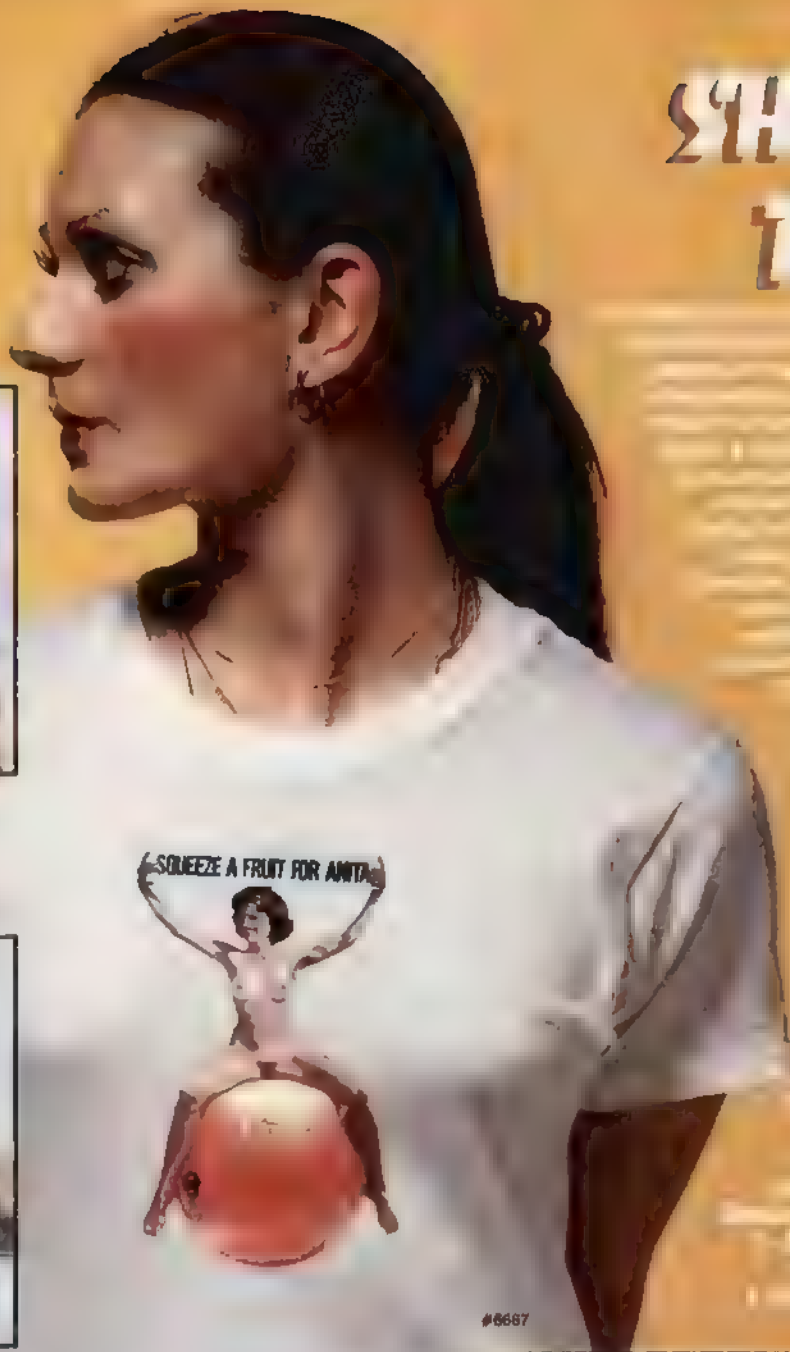
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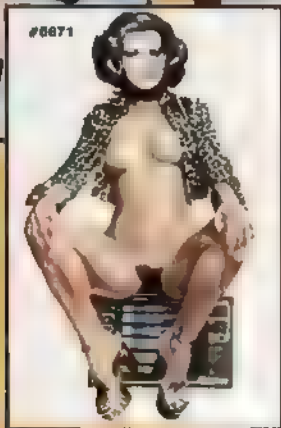
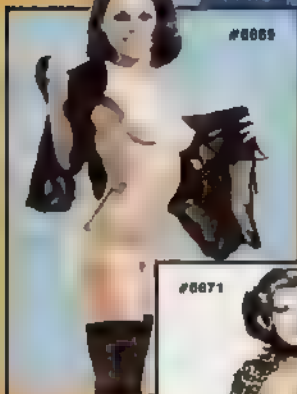
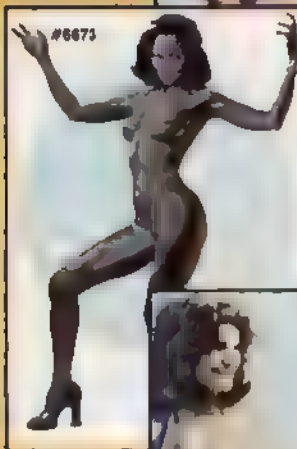
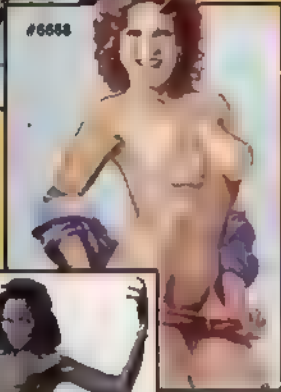
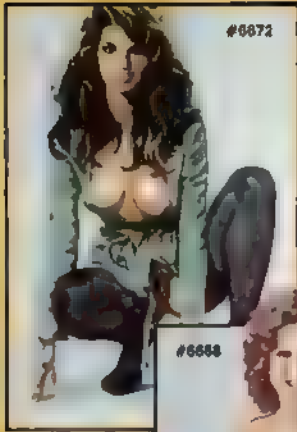
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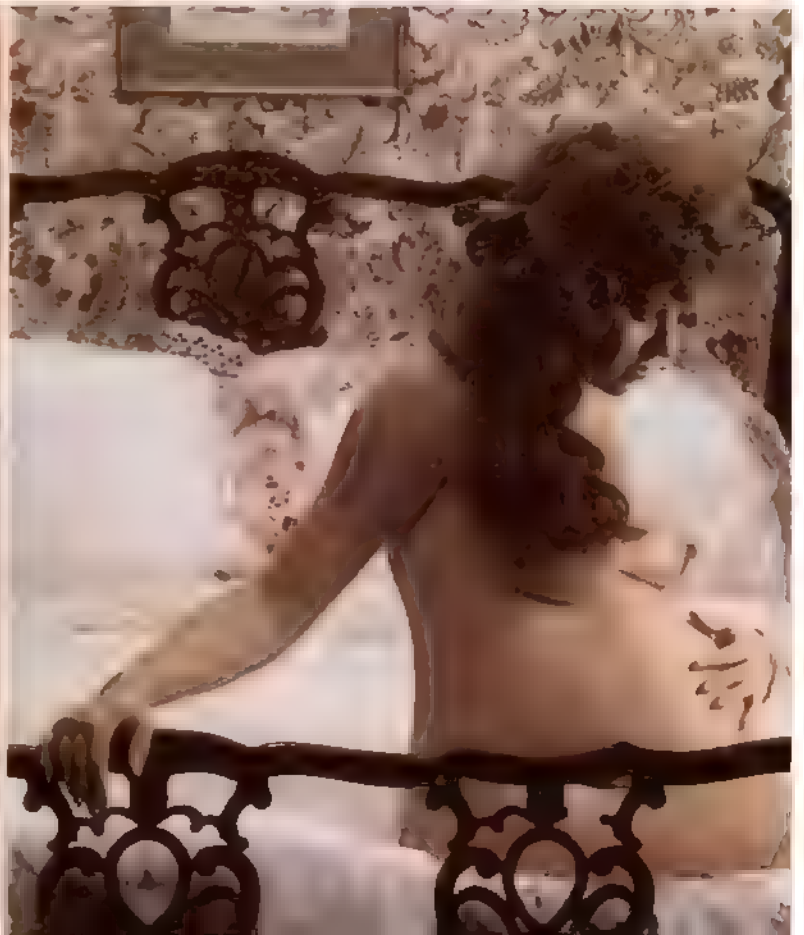
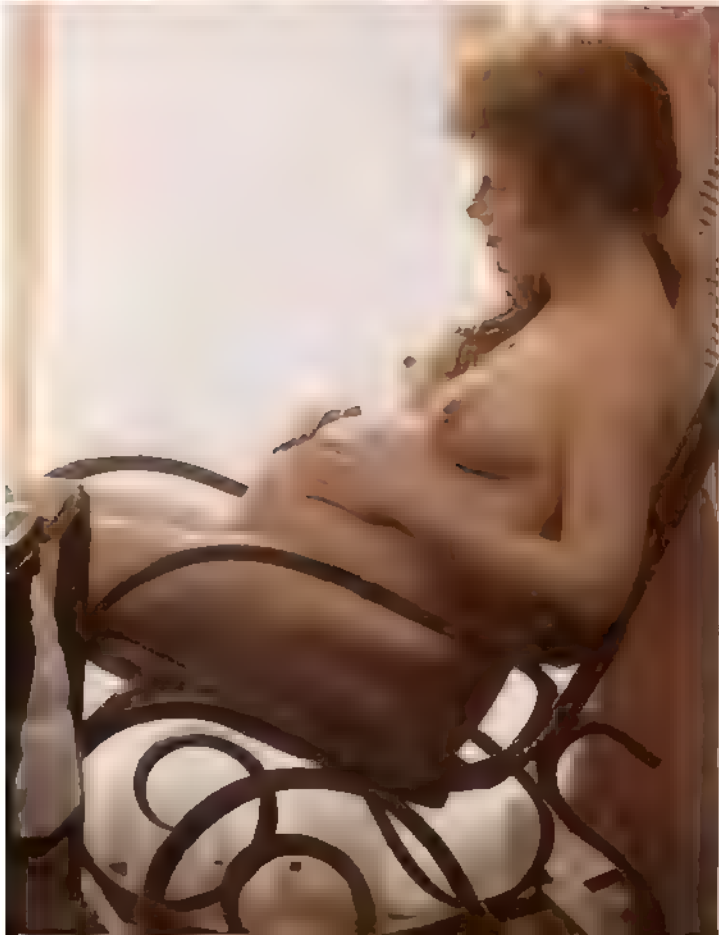
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Motherhood

Celebration of Life





Let us celebrate the naked beauty of the pregnant woman. Strange but true, pregnancy—the sign of the ongoing miracle of life and birth—was once hidden from society. Pregnant teachers weren't allowed to teach. Pregnant secretaries had to put in for leaves of absence, often finding themselves jobless nine months later. Even the word *pregnant* couldn't be said on television. Everyone loved children, it seemed, but no one wanted to be reminded that infants didn't drop from heaven.

Today we won't stand for such censorship. It's against the law for any woman to be dismissed or even politely asked to take a leave of absence because she is expecting. (Unless, of course, staying on the job would be hazardous to her pregnancy.) That's sex discrimination.

Besides, pregnancy is beautiful, as these photos attest. Why should we hide it? Primitive people never did. They always depicted their fertility goddesses as big-hipped, big-breasted, pregnant women.

In the pregnant woman we see the fulfillment of our biological function. We see the survival of humanity. Is it any wonder there's something a little bit holy about a woman with child? Like God, she's creating a new person. Day after day she clothes it with her flesh.

Certainly, there are other things in life besides being a mother, and we respect those women who pursue other noble goals. But there's nothing like the sight of a pregnant woman to remind us all of our sacred mission to preserve life and to protect it. And each time we see a new life about to begin, we should consider what kind of world this is.

Until we realize and accept the beauty of sexual reproduction—survival itself—we will be unable to provide children with the world they deserve.



TORTURE

YOU'LL TELL THEM ANYTHING

Article by
Malcolm Braly

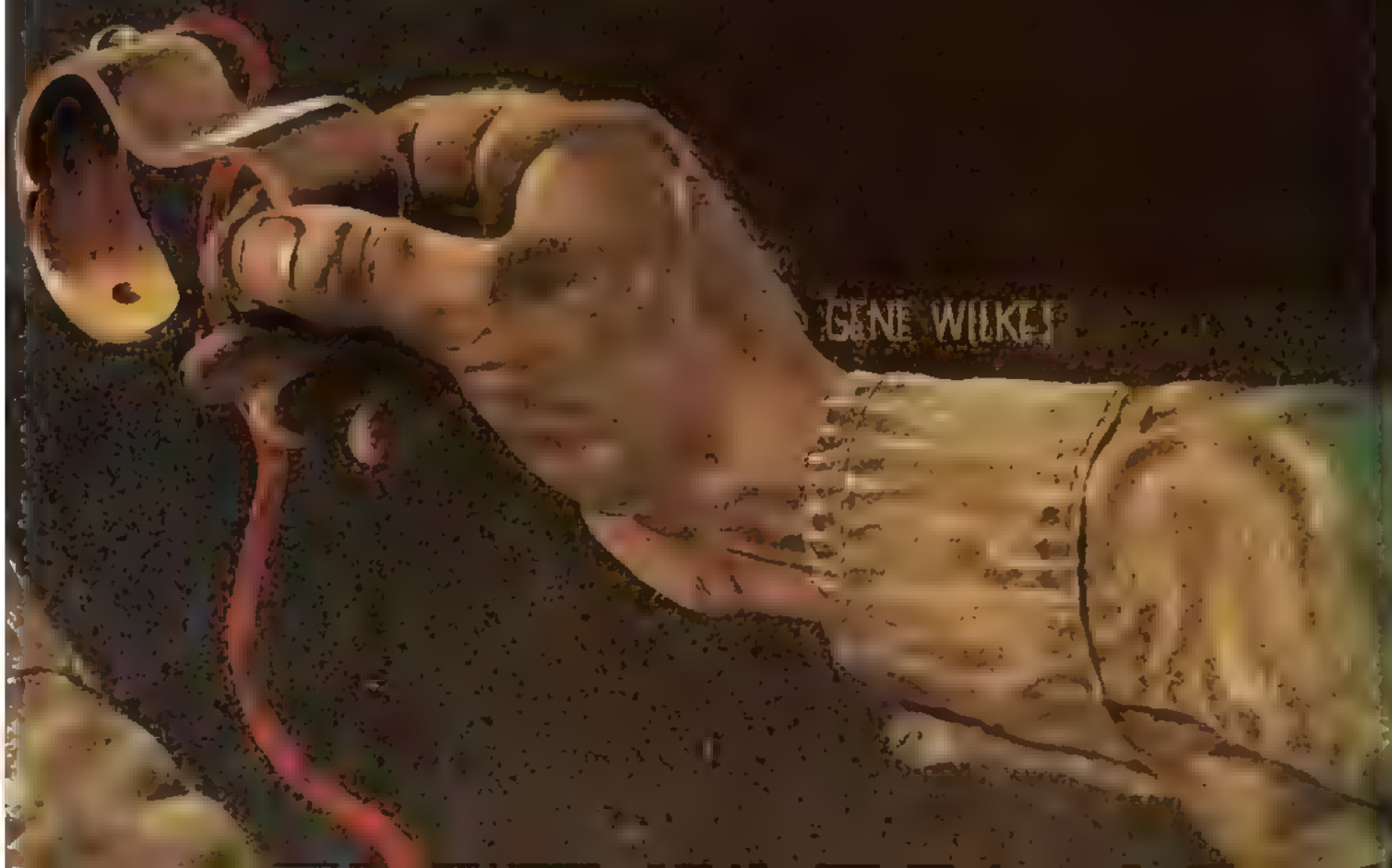
Torture is the most horrible event remaining in man's memory.

—Jean Améry—

You wake just before dawn to the sound of several cars stopping in the street below, and you wonder whose turn it is now. When you hear heavy boots on the stairs, you know it is your turn. They break down the door and crowd into your home. Your woman wakes and begins screaming. Your children are crying, but you are powerless to soothe

their fears. Your own fear is an enormous emptiness.

There are five men and a leader—too many for any one man to fight—and while the men seize you, the leader calmly sweeps the few jars of creams and the bottle of lotion from the dresser top. They break together on the floor. He is telling you that your body will be



GENE WILKE

broken just as casually, that your home is being destroyed, that the sweet, soft life in your woman's arms is over.

You don't know why they have come for you. You have your own thoughts, but you have kept them to yourself. Your nose is shamefully clean. But you know who they are. Everyone knows that. Everyone knows the building to which they'll take you. All know and curse it, because through its basement rooms evil enters the world.

You are blindfolded and driven in an unmarked van. Someone you can't see kicks your shins sharply while someone else slaps your face. You smell them all around you, and you try to feel contempt for these dog servants. You hope you won't disgrace yourself before such shit.

Still blindfolded, you're hustled from the van and taken inside, then led downstairs and through another door. You smell the sharp stench of hot urine. When the blindfold is pulled away, you find yourself in a small, whitewashed cement room. You will wait here. They want you to lean against the wall, and one of them shows you how. The officer rests against the doorframe, rubs his earlobe and smiles.

You assume the position, leaning forward with your arms stretched out, your palms pressed against the cool cement. Your weight falls into your shoulders

and hips, and at first this is comfortable. You stare at the floor and try to think of nothing. This is impossible because just ahead looms some great awfulness. You study the vague stains on the floor, and you wonder how they came to be there. You remember something you once heard as a child: "Blood never washes out."

Soon the small of your back begins to ache. You shift your weight restlessly. This brings a moment's relief, then the ache returns. Soon your legs begin to tremble. Behind you a guard sits at an old wooden desk. He watches you impassively.

You begin to measure time by the cigarettes he smokes. You try to imagine he's a man like yourself, and you beg him to let you rest. He shakes his head. No, you must stay in the position of discipline. But twice he brings you water, and you are grateful for the few moments it takes to drink it.

That afternoon you are taken out, and the leader asks you to make a statement. He's genial as he accuses you of crimes against the government. He seems to suggest these matters are trivial; but you know that if you admit to them, you will certainly be executed.

You try to make him understand he has taken the wrong man. You become desperate. You're no one—you work hard and you keep your head down,

your bills paid and your mouth shut. And the leader continues to smile at you as if you're an old friend caught in some momentary foolishness.

You're dismissed and taken back to the wall. For a while you feel stronger, almost refreshed, but soon you begin to tremble again. You wonder how your wife and children will manage without you. Finally, you're allowed to lie down on the floor for a few hours, but anxiety steals your rest. You drift in and out of troubled sleep until a fresh, rested guard kicks you awake.

Now you're ordered to strip naked before you resume the position of discipline against the wall. Soon your body remembers its pain. You begin to lose all notion of time, and after a while the only reality is the enormity of your discomfort. At first it shames you that the guard behind you can see your legs trembling. In time it doesn't matter.

Then you hear the sound of many heavy boots on concrete, and you don't have to be told they're coming for you. They take you to another room, where they strap you into a straight wooden chair. You see small copper clamps and a transformer, but you can't imagine what these things are for. The guards begin to beat you, smashing your legs with their clubs. You smell the garlic on their breath, and their faces are more awful than the pain—twitching masks without human feeling. To do what they are doing, they have become less than men.

The leader stops this random, senseless beating. He speaks kindly to you. He knows that it has been hard and that these rough fellows have hurt you. A shame. It should be over, and it can be if you will only tell him a few small things. Where is this one? What have you heard about that one? He mentions names whispered in the streets, unsafe men who have acted openly against the government and questioned its right to rule. You do not know them, and you say so, but now your truth is beginning to sound like lies.

The leader is disappointed in you. He can't understand why you would protect such useless men with your silence. He tells the guards to hook up the clamps, and you are horrified at what they begin to do. This is something you had been unable to imagine. And you watch in despair as they fasten the copper clamps to your testicles. Your pole shrivels as they fix a larger clamp over its head. You sit naked with the small metal teeth gnawing your most precious parts.

Again the leader asks you for information, and you weep openly as you tell them you know nothing, you have done

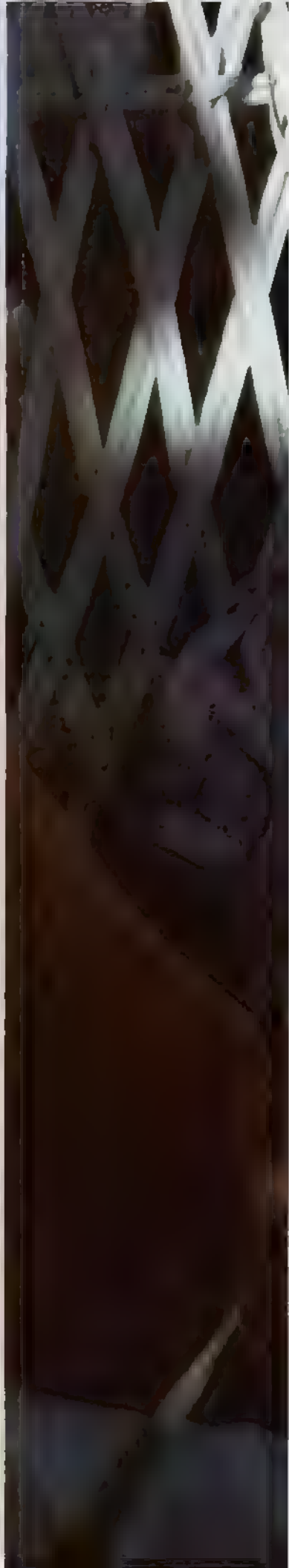
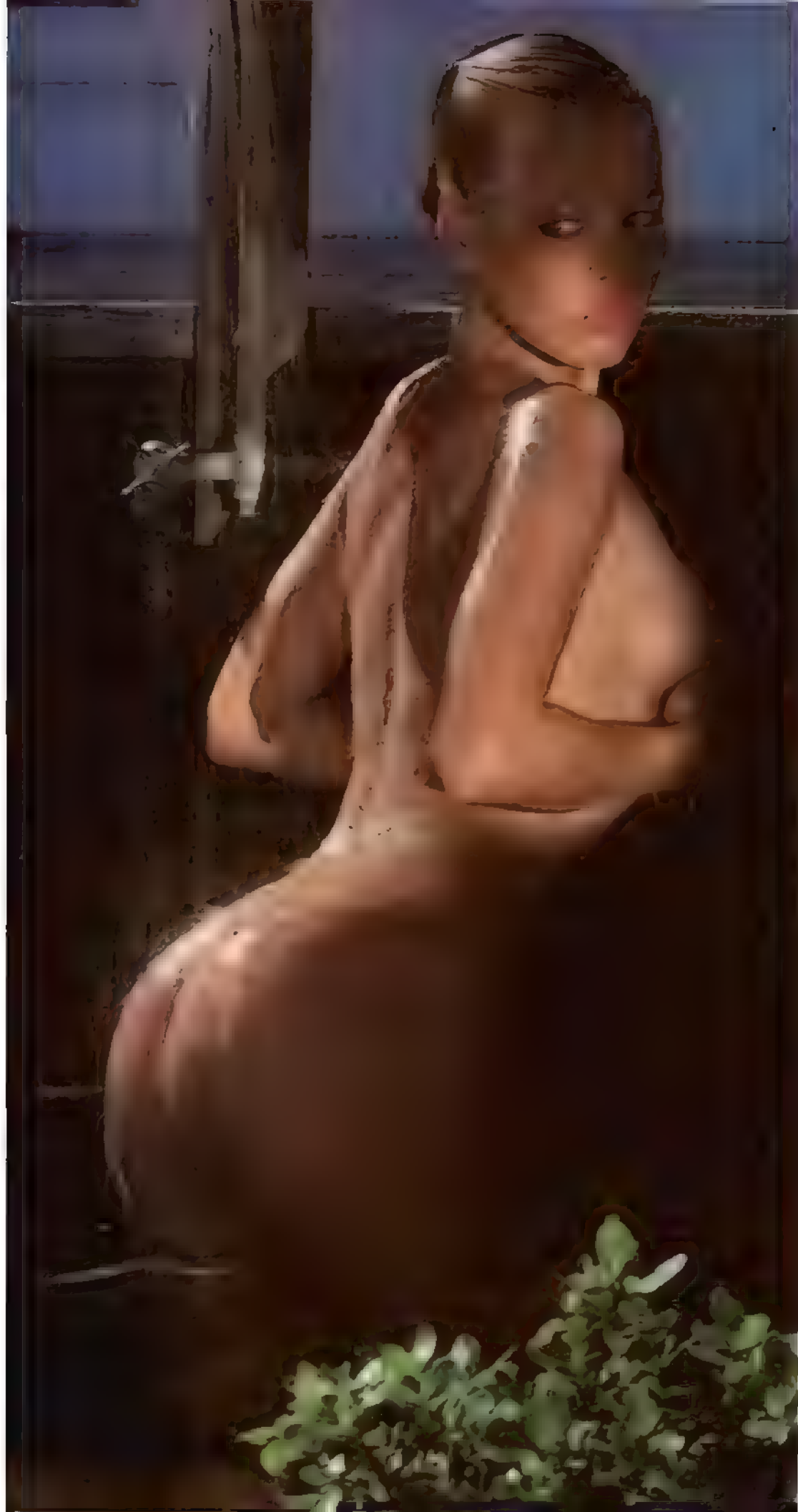
(continued on page 52)



SARA

SWEDEN SURRENDER







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Twenty-two-year-old Sara had never left her native Sweden until we took her to the Bahamas for this shooting. "If I lived here," she said in her low voice, "I would always make love outdoors, and in a month I would be as dark as the beautiful black men here."

After modeling all day, Sara planned a night of partying. "I think I go out with Cristobal" (one of the friends she had made within minutes of her arrival on the island). "No, Roy" (another new friend) "Maybe I go out with both! I love their snow-white uniforms. They are big men with deep voices and such enormous hands. They make me weak, the big men."

Her eyes followed a local man. "I like the small men too, you know. There are not so many black men in Europe, at least not in Malmo, where I live." When we last checked, Sara hadn't used her return ticket. We hear she's still in the Bahamas, widening her outdoor experience.





TORTURE

(continued from page 44)

nothing. He looks at you like a kindly father who must punish, and his hand moves on a switch.

Abruptly your agony begins as the electricity surges through your genitals, and you hear yourself screaming. Again you're asked. Again you scream. Your legs jerk convulsively, and your hands tear from your arms. Your brain is full of burning sparks. You begin to smash the back of your head against the chair just to focus on something. It goes on and on. Little by little, all the manhood in you breaks up and begins to fall apart.

Now you'll tell them anything. You're desperate to understand what they want you to say, so you can tell them exactly that. It doesn't matter. You know that your body could stubbornly tolerate this awful abuse for days and that they will carefully deny you the oblivion of death, while your spirit and all the precious humanity you have won from your struggle with life will be systematically destroyed.

Does this incident read like a horror story from the old days? A page from Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia? A barbarity that could have only happened in the past? Isn't that what most of us comfortable Americans would like

to go on thinking? But we can no longer afford the luxury of a view so naive—because torture, with all its modern refinements, is a routine political tool in more than 60 nations. And far from drying up, the practice is flourishing. So to see where torture may be going, we must take a brief look at where it has been.

The strength of the muscles and the sensitivity of the nerves of an innocent person being known factors, the problem is to find the level of suffering necessary to make him confess to any given crime.

—Marchese de Beccaria (1764)

Judicial torture enters history late, with the Greeks and the Romans. At first, free men were tortured only for conspiring against the life of the emperor (one crime in which the emperor took a sincere interest). Soon, however, citizens were suffering torture for a variety of offenses. With the triumph of the Christian church, torture virtually vanished from the Western world for almost 1,000 years—only to reappear in the Middle Ages. By the 13th century torture was commonplace, and the practice was carefully regulated with all of man's genius for sanctifying and institutionalizing his inhumanity toward his fellows.

This legal torment was conducted in a

special chamber by a civil servant, who often doubled as the executioner. The judges sat around at their ease, sipping refreshments and nibbling sweets, while they routinely noted the time and the amount of weight applied in the various tortures. In time, they wrote down the inevitable confession.

In the light of the Renaissance, torture was slowly driven out, and by 1920 a European scholar could write that torture was a relic of the barbaric past. But now Europe was plunging toward the Holocaust, and again leaders were emerging who thought no price was too high to pay for personal power. When the concentration camps were first constructed in Nazi Germany, torture rooms contained brand-new equipment. When Germany was finally brought down, there were humanistic cries of "Never again!"

The use of torture as a political weapon, though, has been one of the most enduring legacies of the Hitler years. It's an irony of our times, because at no point in history have the nations of the world been more united in their condemnation of torture; yet never has its practice been so prevalent.

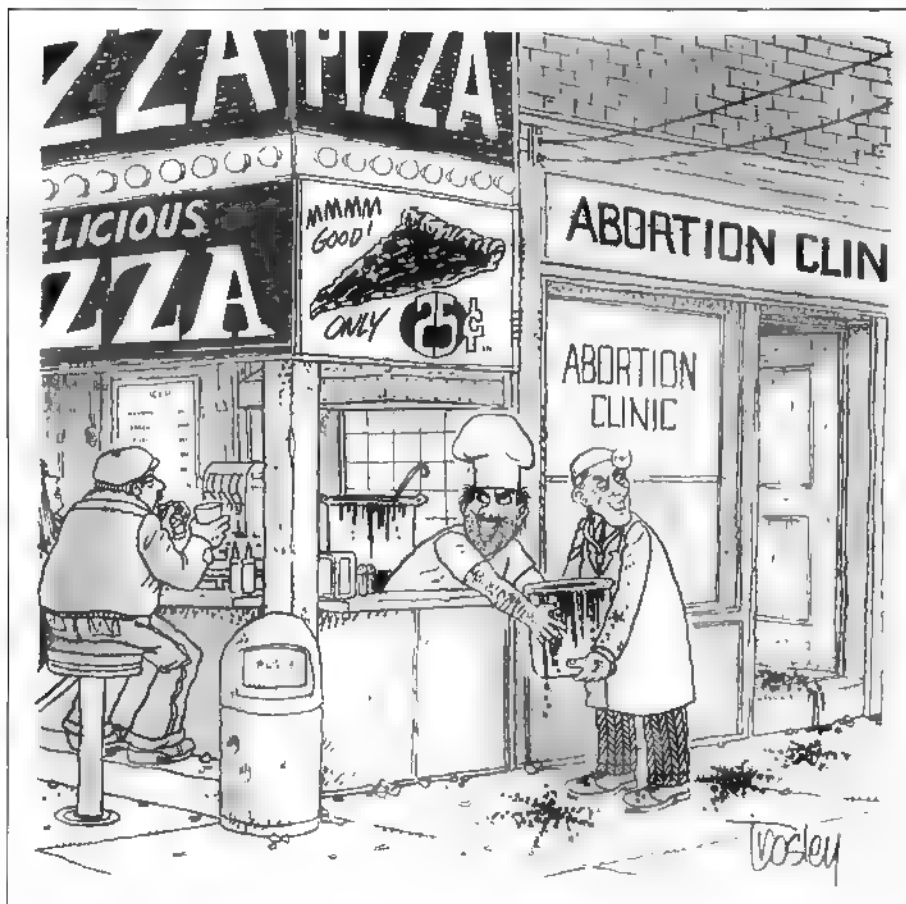
There are a few lumps of hard sense to be gained from the sorry shit of history, and one can see the close link between the use of torture and crimes, real or imagined, against the sovereign or state. Pierre Vidal Naquet, a French lawyer, mathematician and author, put it this way: "[Torture] is in effect nothing other than the most direct and most immediate form of the domination of one man over another, which is the very essence of politics."

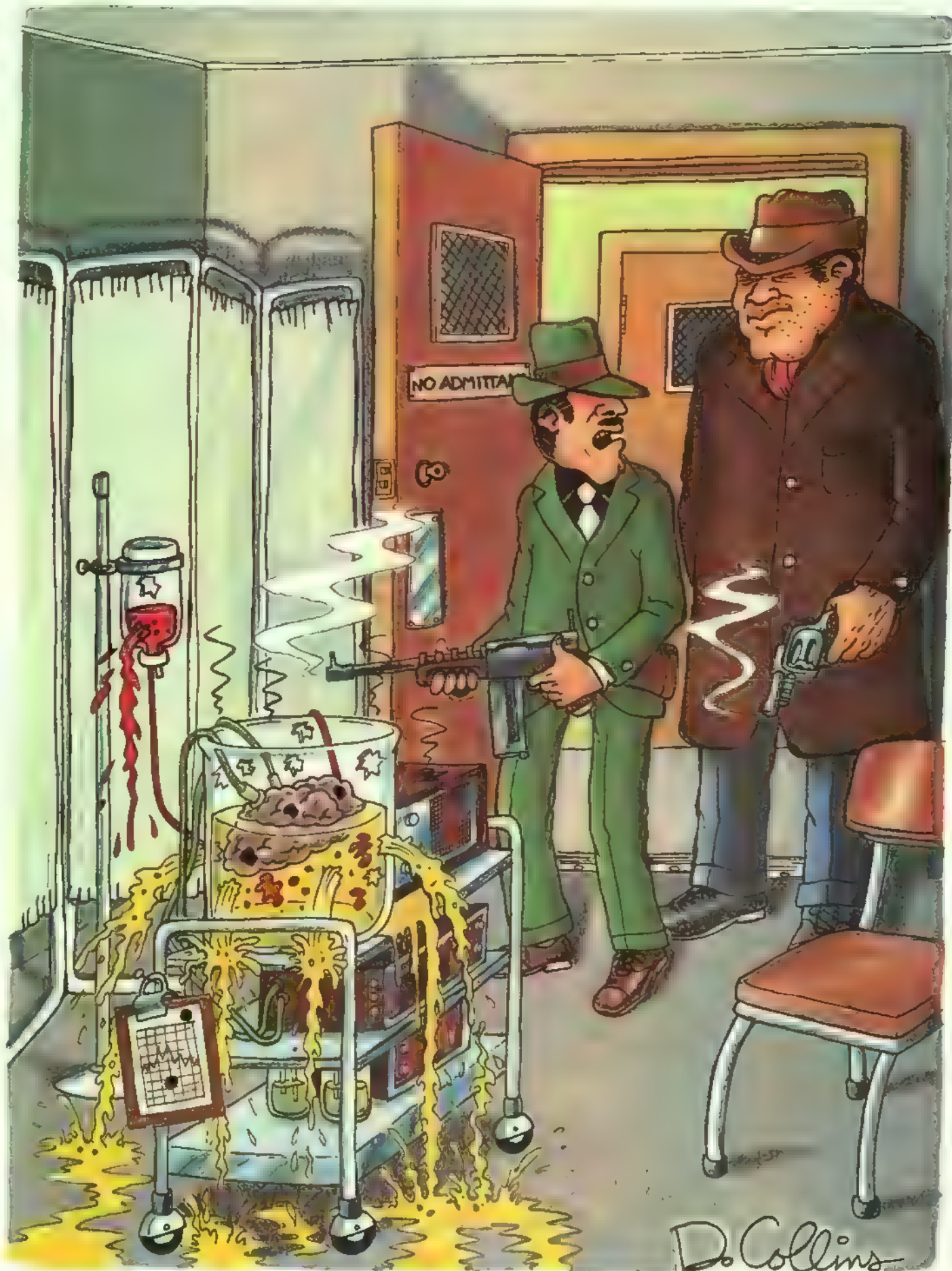
It is commonplace to say the modern world is getting smaller. What this means in plain terms is that more and more people are wising up to the real nature of most leaders. The earliest kings ruled simply because they could stomp anyone who stood up to them; and when the kings began to weaken, they were pulled down by their strongest rivals.

Then some aging king invented a great story: The gods had appeared to express their pleasure with the job he was doing and to say that anyone who opposed him would be forever cursed. So kings began to rule by "divine right," and more than a few even claimed to be gods themselves.

Almost all rulers have used this gimmick in one form or another. The president of the United States takes his oath on the Bible and swears before God to honor his office. But few, even the devout, any longer believe that God is

(continued on page 102)





"Ya know, Bugsy, a mind is a terrible thing to waste."



CHUCK BADONE

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Profile by Rob Fleder

The thoroughbreds in the ninth race had just come pounding down the homestretch at Monmouth Park when Chuck Badone lit up and bolted toward the clubhouse as if he'd been zapped with an electric prod. A professional handicapper who has watched 22 years' worth of winners and losers go under the wire, Badone isn't easily riled by the results of a single horse race. But the man known as the Professor of Handicapping had picked the first three finishers of the final race, and was holding a winning ticket on the trifecta—one of the longest shots in horseplaying.

A bank of mean-looking thunderheads was rolling in over the resorts of New Jersey's South Shore, and 17,000 stampeding horseplayers were all trying to reach their cars before the rains



GROTE ©78

came. And there was Chuck Badone, a bullnecked block of a man, hitting the gaps in the crowd at full stride, picking his path like a halfback on an open-field run until he reached a short line at the \$100 cashier's window. Badone, looking truly stunned, stared vacantly ahead, like a blissed-out hippie.

The Professor of Handicapping—a full-time horseplayer, a holder of two master's degrees, an ex-jock, published author and thoroughbred fanatic—was about to collect \$2,316 on a \$3 bet.

There is a racetrack adage, known to insiders who train and coddle costly thoroughbreds and to casual fans who merely bet on them: What's really interesting at the track is not what the people do to the horses; it's what the horses do to the people.

What horses do to a lot of people is reduce them to a lower form of life known as "track rats"—poor, sniveling bastards whose irresistible urge to play the ponies has sent them skidding into the pits of permanent misfortune.

Track rats crawl out from under their rocks early in the racing day. If you arrive about three hours before post time at any thoroughbred oval in the country, you'll definitely see them, swilling tepid coffee in the track cafeteria, chomping nasty stogies that never seem to get lit and poring over the *Daily Racing Form* in search of long shots on which to bet next month's rent.

Chuck Badone seemed doomed to join their ranks when, four years ago (at the age of 36), he scrapped the security of a teaching and coaching career, cashed in everything he owned and set out to make a profession of his passion for playing the horses.

Now, the racing industry is not what you would call an Equal Opportunity Employer. Badone lacked the influential connections usually required to land a racetrack job; he was strictly an outsider trying to break into a game in which intruders are about as welcome as bull dykes at a beauty pageant.

Although Badone beat those long odds and eventually staked out a place for himself in the tight, little world of horse racing, he remains a racetrack oddity—a formally educated, highly articulate gentleman in a business in which the average guy thinks slowly, talks dirty and spits a lot.

A curiosity among the horseplaying masses, Badone found a fitting home at Monmouth Park, a plush, 600-acre spread whose summer meeting offers some of the classiest thoroughbreds in the country. Monmouth's track rats, though, are strictly garden variety—as desperate and grubby as usual—and on this Labor Day weekend they were already out in force when Badone showed up for his regular morning stint in the track's publicity office.

Pausing only to remove his customary track attire—coat and tie—Badone sat

down at a typewriter. He promptly banged out his daily contribution to the boys up in the press box, filling a page with tidbits of inside information gathered from jockeys and trainers.

The way his eyes were riveted to his work, you'd have thought Badone didn't realize the next office was filled with enough gorgeous girls to staff a swanky cathouse. Actually, they were all Barbizon models posing as publicity assistants. Even though it wasn't hurting the track's image to hire a stable of beauty queens as office "gofers," it didn't seem right to expect a man to get any work done there.

Nevertheless, Badone didn't miss a beat. He rolled a clean sheet of paper into the typewriter and, talking nonstop about horse racing, knocked out his daily picks, "Chuck's Choices," which appear in the *Asbury Park Press*.

"I'd have to say the racing public is as badly informed as any group of sports fans in the country," Badone began. He remained hunched over the machine, his brown hair falling in waves from a widow's peak above his fleshy, affable face. "Here you have millions of people gambling on horses, and most of them don't have the slightest idea what they're doing.

"I'd guess that, tops, maybe one out of every ten racing fans is a really astute handicapper. And if you happen to be a guy with that knowledge, it gives you a tremendous edge in a game in which



A DAY AT THE RACES

It would give me great pleasure to report that, during our time together at Monmouth Park, Chuck Badone revealed a secret system which enabled me to win enough crisp, green bills to retire to a villa on the Mediterranean coast. Unfortunately, that would be a lie. The bitter truth is, nothing so romantic happened, simply because there is no surefire system for betting horses.

Handicapping is an art that can take years to master. Although Badone's book *Winning Handicapping: Secrets of a Successful Race Handicapper* (\$11.95 from Pay Day Press, 8208 East Vista Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona 85253) may hasten the learning process, the author is quick to admit that even he can't turn a horseplaying fool into a shrewd handicapper overnight.

Nevertheless, I decided from the getgo to evaluate Badone's method by employing the old before-and-after routine. First I'd spend a day at the track by myself, making bets based on the little I already knew about horse racing. Then, after studying *Winning Handicapping*, I'd go back for a second shot.

I arrived at the track with a mystical betting system I had

developed when I was ten. As a kid, you see, I enjoyed considerable success in predicting the winners of the feature races on TV every Saturday afternoon, just by selecting the horse whose name had the nicest ring to it. Years later, at a bizarre party where people actually bet play money while a Mafia functionary ran films of horse races, I won a trip to Nassau by using the same method.

"Why should my system fail me now?" I asked myself while plunking down a few dollars at the \$2 window. I was forced to ask myself that question nine times that day, for a well-named horse was entered in each race. I lost money on every one.

If I had bet just \$2 to win on each horse Badone had selected in his newspaper column, I would have had five winners and walked away \$40 to the good. But the only rational move I made was to give him \$10 after the first race and ask him to bet it as he saw fit. Counting the money he won for me, I tallied a net loss of almost \$30.

After suffering through that day of utter humiliation, I dutifully studied Badone's book and the *Daily Racing Form*—the Bible of horseplaying—for one week. Returning to Mon-

you're always trying to beat the odds."

What Badone was actually talking about was money, and he didn't mean small change. On a decent day at Monmouth Park the track's handle is about \$1.5 million. In Badone's view, a good portion of that sum is bet by people who have their heads planted squarely up their asses and who base their gambling decisions on nothing more than the pleasing lilt of a horse's name, the color of a jockey's silks or, at best, on the published predictions of professionals like himself.

According to Badone, the selections you find in the *Daily Racing Form* and in local newspapers can be useful betting aids for the casual race fan, the novice handicapper or the complete ignoramus.

"But you've got to realize that most newspaper selectors don't spend every day at the races," he said, yanking his handiwork out of the typewriter with a flourish. "Any handicapper worth his salt is better off ignoring the judgment of someone who makes his selections without ever watching the horses run."

"Besides, even if a selector is at the track every day, there are all kinds of crucial factors he just can't know about in advance. Late scratches, jockey changes, whether a horse looks nervous and washy [having foamy shanks] at post time—any one of those things can completely change your thinking about a race, and newspaper selections can't take any of them into account."

Badone would have gone on debating the relative merits of touts and tipsters (people who sell "sure" winners at the track) if a stately gentleman in a blue-and-white seersucker suit hadn't come strutting into the office, looking to bust balls. Before the man said a word his smug grin told you he had a real bad attitude—like maybe people had him in mind when they called horse racing the sport of kings.

"Say, Chuck. Did you get that jockey change on the four horse—Bradley Belle—in the first?" Seersucker asked. "I noticed you picked her on top in the paper. I'm surprised at you, Chuck. Thought you could do better than that."

"No, I haven't seen a jockey change yet," Badone told him, trying to sidestep the argument the guy was obviously seeking.

"Well, I guess the rider won't really matter. Your filly doesn't figure in the race anyway," Seersucker continued, peering over his sunglasses, looking for a rise from Badone.

"All I know is, I don't want anything to do with a horse when she's lost by something like forty-four lengths in her last three outings. No way she's gonna run with this three horse—Toujours Le Creme. Unbelievable you'd pick a pig like Bradley Belle in print. She just doesn't figure."

It looked for a second like Badone would fly out of his chair and take the binoculars from around the intruder's

neck and strangle him. But he just sat there glowering while some creep he didn't even know dumped all over his professional judgment. After impressing himself sufficiently, Seersucker moved next door to hustle the publicity girls.

Later, Badone would be gloating as *Toujours Le Creme* went off as the favorite, dropped to the back of the field and ran dead last, well up the track. But for the moment the handicapper was gritting his teeth.

"That's the kind of arrogant crap you get hit with when you're making a target of yourself every day, handicapping for the public," he said. "But when you're telling people how to bet their money, you've got to take the crap. That comes with the profession."

The handicapping savvy that ultimately made Badone a pro was a long time in the making. The son of a mailman from West Springfield, Massachusetts, he was 18 when he got his first taste of horse racing—at the Northampton Fair, a hokey shindig where prizewinning Herefords and 4-H Club hogs shared top billing with the nags. It didn't matter that the horses running at the fair were broken-down old plugs—*young Badone* was hooked.

"When I learned to read the *Racing Form* that day, it was about the most intriguing thing I'd run across since girls," he recalled. "I guess the thing that really grabbed me right away was

WITH CHUCK BADONE



mouth, I hit three winning bets on the first race and developed a bad case of overconfidence, which proved to be my undoing.

With visions of that villa dancing in my head, I started buying various combinations of exacta tickets. (In races with exacta—also called perfecta—betting the player must pick the first two finishers in order.) I'd learned enough about handicapping to pick my fair share of winners, but that day I was betting those selections with all the intelligence of a clever carrot.

By the eighth race I was back in the red, so I reverted to cozy \$2 bets on favorites. At that point Badone, with all the subtlety he could muster, told me I could still use a few tips. He offered me some advice: Trying to cut losses by betting favorites is like trying to shore up the Thieu regime. It only prolongs the agony.

"Unless you count on losing every penny you bring to the track," he said, "you're going to be a scared bettor. You should only carry as much as you can afford to lose, and then use it to try to win some real money instead of trying to break even."

With that, Badone asked if I cared to split a couple of trifecta tickets with him on the ninth race. Knowing that picking the win, place and show horses in order was next to impossible for me, I could hardly refuse him. He took my three bucks, added three of his own and bought two combinations. We agreed that if either of the tickets won, we'd share the pot. He also bought a third ticket for himself, and it was this ticket that won him \$2,316.

After he had cashed in his ticket and regained his senses, Badone swore I had brought him good luck and assured me he would not have sprung for that third ticket if I hadn't tossed in my money. I almost expected he would offer to split his winnings with me. (I would have been tickled with a mere 10 percent.) Instead, he insisted I accept—as a token of his appreciation—some win and place tickets worth a total of about \$20. It was a sporting gesture, to be sure, but a trifle understated for my taste.

When I finally left Monmouth Park, I had cut my first day's losses in half. More important, I proved that while a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing at the racetrack, it beats the hell out of no knowledge at all.

all those complex, intangible things that make a horse a winner. Right from the beginning I started reading every book, every article, anything that might improve my skills as a handicapper."

Though Badone was a certified racing junkie from that day, his horseplaying habit still had other interests to contend with. A schoolboy hockey star from a town that took the sport seriously, he was offered a professional contract upon graduation from high school. But in those days, before expansion diluted the talent pool, an American kid had virtually no chance of cracking the National Hockey League, monopolized by Canadians. Players from north of the border are reared in a tradition that ranks ice-skating just above toilet-training on the list of things every child must learn.

Badone didn't exactly drool over the prospect of a perpetual minor-league career. Instead, he opted for a full athletic scholarship to St. Lawrence University, a collegiate hockey powerhouse from which he emerged with a degree in physical education—and, surprisingly, all his teeth.

For the next 16 years Badone trudged the path of what he calls his "normal career," teaching high school and coaching hockey back in Massachusetts. Along the way he managed to pick up one master's degree in education from

Westfield State College and—during a one-year sabbatical—a second master's, in physical education, from Arizona State University. But all those sheepskins weren't worth a load of sheep shit, as it gradually struck him that he couldn't stomach teaching and coaching any longer.

Meanwhile the horses were working their spell, and Badone's enchantment with handicapping grew into a full-blown passion. The racetrack had become a seductive mistress, and teaching school was the nagging shrew that kept him from getting his rocks off. The next step was logical: He cut the old bag loose.

In the summer of 1974 he cashed in his pension plan and moved himself, his wife, Cheryl, and their two daughters to Phoenix, Arizona. He found a house half a mile from the track, Turf Paradise, where he set about trying to bust into racing circles that were tighter than a cat's ass.

Badone kept plugging away, though. He pitched himself as a well-educated racing expert with a rash of ideas that could spur public interest in the relatively young racing scene in Phoenix. Four months later his persistence paid off with a \$135-a-week job in the track's publicity department. It wasn't exactly fat city for a guy with a family to support, but he was finally in the door at

Turf Paradise, and for him it was Handicapper's Heaven.

Chuck Badone was a hotshot horseplayer in a town devoid of good handicappers, and once turned loose he fast became the class of a poor field, using his job at the track as a starting gate for a slew of innovations he had promised. First, he convinced officials at Scottsdale Community College and Mesa Community College to sponsor handicapping courses, with Professor Badone at the reins.

The following year he began holding open seminars for the patrons at Turf Paradise. In these sessions he would analyze the day's card, demonstrating handicapping principles while at the same time offering selections that might help bettors pick up a few bucks as well.

From there Badone took to the airwaves, with racing shows on AM and FM radio. He also broke into print, as the handicapper for a local newspaper. Finally, he carried off his most rewarding coup: A publisher asked him to write a book on horseplaying.

"I was kind of awed by the prospect," Badone recalled. "I'd always thought of books as things that were written by other people to be read by me."

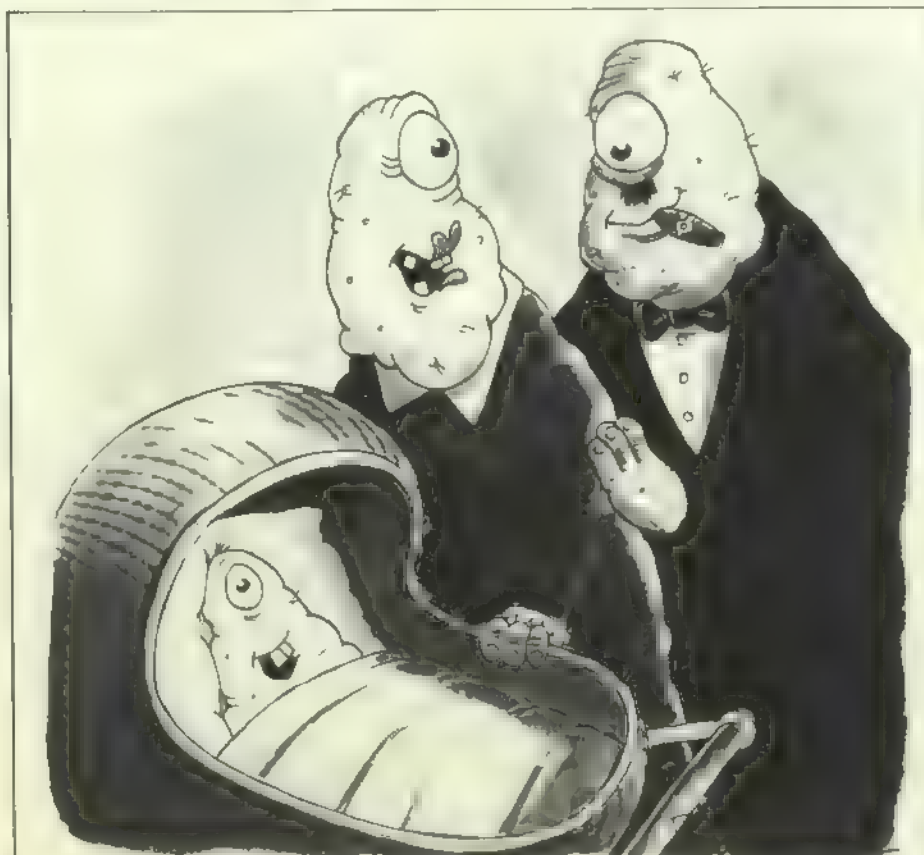
But once he sat down to write, the book flowed easily from all the courses and seminars he had taught. The result was *Winning Handicapping: Secrets of a Successful Race Handicapper*.

Within three years Badone—outsider and potential track rat—had become the Professor of Handicapping, a fixture on the Phoenix racing scene. Still, during those scorching southwestern summers—when Turf Paradise closes its pearly gates and nothing runs in the city except the air conditioning—Badone needed a second job. Having carved out a niche in the industry, he discovered that tight-assed racing establishments outside Arizona suddenly welcomed him, and he landed his dream job at Monmouth Park.

"It's hard for me to imagine that just a few years ago I was a handicapper—and a good one—who nobody had ever heard of," Badone mused. "In those days I'd sit and tell myself, 'Hey, I'm really good at this,' and it was like some guy with a tennis racket, bouncing the ball off a wall in his backyard and saying he ought to be at Wimbledon. But he's eighty billion miles from Wimbledon, and even if he's good enough, he'll probably never get a chance to prove it."

"But for me, it happened. Four years ago I was no one, standing along the rail at Suffolk Downs in Boston, telling myself I could handicap with the best of them. Today here I am, doing a thing I

(continued on page 112)

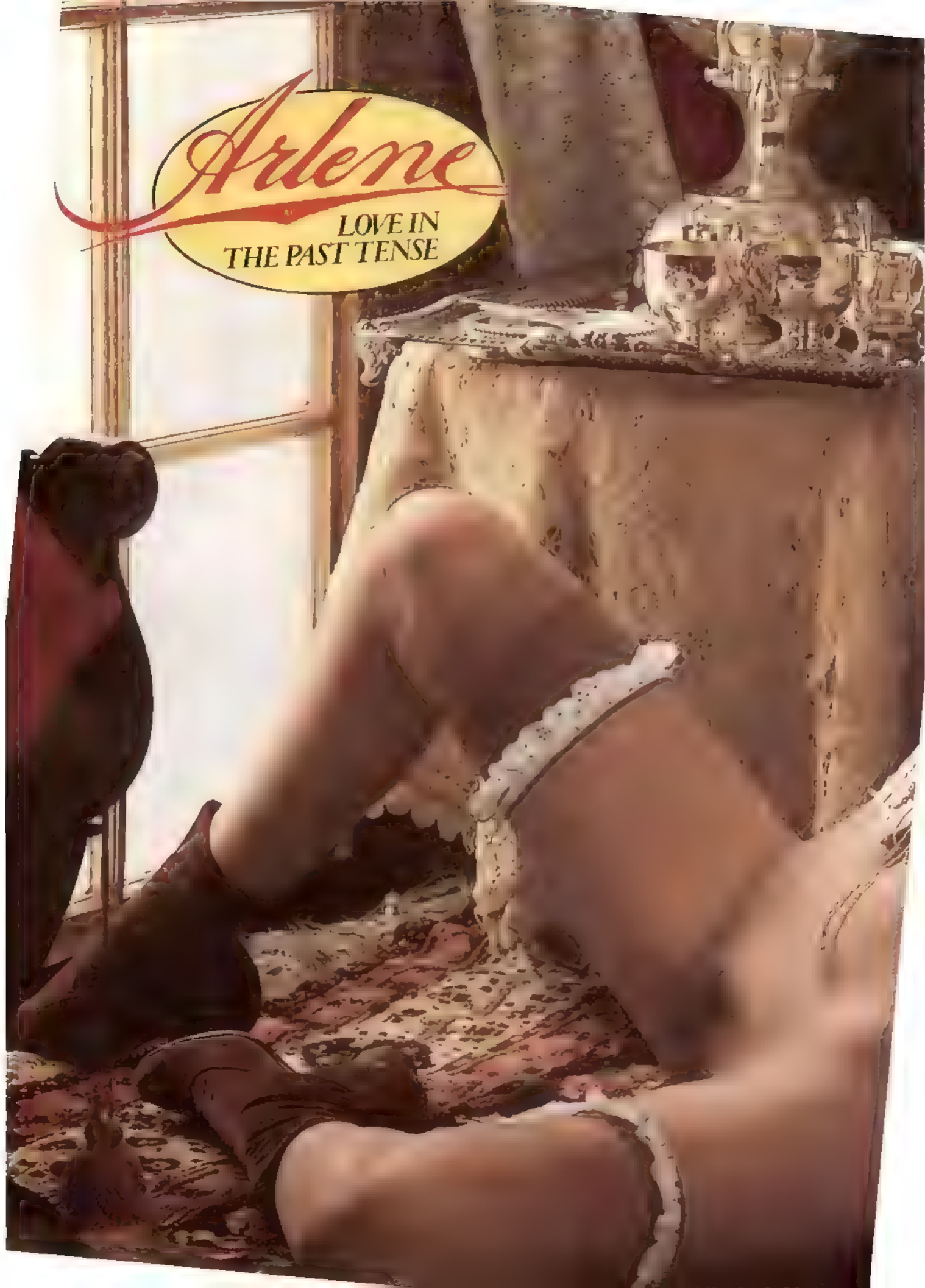


"He's got your eye."



*"C'mon, Harold. Remember how excited you were
when they let you bring your gallstones home in a jar?"*

Arlene
LOVE IN
THE PAST TENSE









"My Victorian bedroom really turns guys on," says 27-year-old Arlene, who first got into Victorian life-styles when she found a turn-of-the-century "dirty book" at her neighborhood thrift shop in Los Angeles.



"I love the Victorians," she says. "They understood that the more tightly sex was reined in, the wilder it became. I guess that's why corsets were so big in that era. A tight corset under my breasts makes me feel sexy and together."

"I'm such an antique nut, I even like guys who look Victorian. The kind with handlebar moustaches who act formal and reserved—until they get you behind closed doors! Then they go at it like animals!"

You don't have to be straight-laced to get this high-buttoned lass on your bearskin. Just tip your hat and say please.





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HUSTLER'S HONEY · MAY 1978

In order to trick her husband-to-be into thinking she was a virgin, a young woman decided to snap her garter as he entered her, thus simulating the sound of her cherry popping. On the honeymoon night the bride put her plan into action.

The groom's crank was splitting hair when *pop!* went the garter. His body stiffened and his eyes opened as wide as saucers. "What was that?" the groom asked excitedly.

Coyly, the bride replied, "Oh! You just popped my cherry."

With gritted teeth the groom pleaded, "Well, pop it again! It's got me by the balls!"

A guy went into an empty bar and ordered a drink. He started talking to the bartender about President Carter, and the bartender said, "Hey, we don't talk politics here!"

The guy ordered another drink and asked the bartender what he thought of the Pope's being in town. The bartender said, "We don't discuss religion here either."

Finally, the patron asked if he could talk about sex. "Sure," replied the bartender.

"Good," said the guy. "Fuck you!"

A young couple was in the backseat of a car. The guy removed his face from the depths of his girlfriend's crotch and questioned, "When was the last time you washed down here?"

Highly embarrassed, the girl answered, "About two hours ago. Why?"

"Damn!" he exclaimed. "No wonder I can't taste anything."

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *masturbation* as: being handmade.

Mr. Jones and his wife spent their vacation in a nice hotel. When they checked out, the clerk informed them they owed \$100. Mr. Jones asked about the charge, and the clerk told him the charges were \$50 for the room and \$50 for the food. Mr. Jones said, "We can't owe \$50 for food. We didn't eat any."

The clerk replied, "It was there for you."

The Joneses returned to their room, gathered up their luggage, went back to the lobby and walked past the clerk without paying. The clerk yelled, "Hey, you owe us \$100."

"No, we're even," Mr. Jones said. "You owe me \$100 for using my wife."

"I never touched your wife," the clerk protested.

Mr. Jones countered, "She was there for you."

HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think
that's funny...**

A busload of mutes was returning from a skiing trip when the bus broke down in front of a bar. The driver discovered it would take a few hours to repair the bus, so he decided to let the mutes drink at the place.

There, the bartender was worried because he didn't know sign language. The driver explained, "When they hold up only one finger, they want a glass of beer; when they hold up two fingers, they want a small pitcher; and when they hold up clenched fists, they want a big pitcher."

The mutes began drinking up a storm. An hour and a half later the bartender noticed that some of them were sitting back with their mouths open and their arms flung out. He wondered what this could

mean, but decided to ignore it.

In another hour he realized all the mutes had their mouths open and their arms flung out. Upset, he ran to the bus driver to find out what they wanted. "Oh, damn!" cried the driver, "I'll never get them out now. You've got them *singing!*"

One day a woodsman was sitting by his campfire when suddenly a huge, ferocious grizzly bear charged from the woods and attacked him.

"Oh, Lord," he beseeched, "please save me!"

Nothing happened. The bear attacked the man even more furiously. Once again the man tried prayer. "Oh, Lord," he said, "please save me!"

Still nothing happened. The bear tore at the man's neck with its bloody teeth. In desperation, the woodsman tried one last prayer.

"Well, Lord," he prayed, "if you won't help me, please don't help the bear!"

As soon as the secretary left his office, the president of the firm called in his assistant, shut the door and chuckled, "Here's one for the books, Fred. When Miss Baker and I were discussing the quality of the detergent we produce, she up and told me she douches with the stuff!"

"Thank God, Boss!" gulped the assistant. "With those flecks of foam on your chin, I thought for sure you had rabies!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to **HUSTLER Humor**, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions. 🐻

CHESTER

BY DWAIN B. TINSLEY.

ARLENE AND THE
QUEEN CITY'S TOP
HYPOCRITE OUT
ON THE TOWN...



ER... WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
YOU WANT A
CHERRY TOO,
CHARLIE?

THE
CINCINNATI
ICE
CREAM
PARLOR

THE
CINCINNATI
ICE
CREAM
PARLOR

MIND
CONTROL



Illustration by Andy Lackow



THE SCREENING OF AMERICA

ARTICLE BY JONATHAN BLACK

No one likes to call it censorship. No one likes to admit that in these hip, enlightened times a creature called a TV censor actually thrives. So the major TV networks protect and disguise this unpopular beast with cutely laundered titles, such as "Vice-President, Standards and Practices."

But a censor by any other name snips the same. Somebody in the hallowed halls of each network—ABC, CBS and NBC— prevents the vast and highly impressionable TV audience from ever hearing the word *shit* or seeing a woman's nipple. In the sanitized, antiseptic world that graces the tube we, the viewers, are consistently spared what's considered grim or racy reality.

So no one curses. No one ever disrobes. Most hospital operations end successfully with zero pain for the patient. The Family—that great American institution—is scrubbed free of every conceivable vice and sin.

And, of course, there's no such thing as a TV censor.

A network like ABC takes great pains to avoid the nasty word, which is not mentioned once in its 20-page guideline booklet, "Broadcast Standards and Practices." Instead we have the following lofty lingo, reading like a CIA defense of the company: "Some people may infer that the work of ABC's Standards & Practices suggests a conscious regulation of new creative ideas into television. The truth is that on the highest level of working con-

sciousness the business of the Department is *not with ideas or themes; it is with the way these ideas or themes are treated*" (ABC's italics).

If this elevated purpose—common to all three major networks—is to be believed, one wonders why CBS nixed a *New Dick Van Dyke Show* segment in which a child wandered into an offstage bedroom and discovered her parents making love. It was all entirely tasteful. Nothing was shown or even said. But CBS's man with the shears refused to budge, and eventually producer Carl Reiner cleaned out his desk and temporarily left television in protest.

"The show was [considered by the censors to be] absolutely unacceptable," said the embittered writer, Sybil Edelman. "It [censorship] was very frustrating. I had my *niece* reading the script. There was nothing in it that could have possibly hurt anybody."

Examples of censorship abound. *M*A*S*H* was once forbidden to use the word *virgin* because, explained CBS censors, "a parent might be asked to explain what it means to a younger member of the family." The Smothers Brothers were not merely censored—they were crucified. Only a major arbitration overruling the censor permitted Norman Lear to tape *All in the Family's* Archie Bunker diapering his grandson. Paul Newman is still furious

at NBC for excising every mention of *hell* and *damn* from a TV airing of *Rachel, Rachel*. And at ABC, censor Alfred Schneider refused to let a hooker be a continuing character in *Barney Miller*.

And so it goes. And so it has always been, as evidenced in this Tom Smothers-Elaine May skit on censorship (that CBS, of course, censored):

SHE: There are several scenes I think could be cleaned up. First of all the . . . uh . . . word "breast" should be cut out of the dinner scene. I think that . . . "breast" is a tasteless thing to say while you're eating . . . and I'd like it out.

HE (writing): Take the word "breast" out of the dinner scene.

SHE: Tell them they can substitute the word "arm."

HE: But won't that sound funny? "My heart beats wildly in my arm whenever you're near"?

SHE: Why? Oh, I see. You mean because—

HE: Yes. The heart isn't in the arm. So what do we do?

SHE: Let's change "heart" to "pulse."

HE: "My pulse beats wildly in my arm whenever you're near"?

SHE: Isn't there a pulse somewhere in the arm? What about the wrist?

HE: That's it!

SHE: We could write as well as they do!

And if such stuff sounds absurd and fanciful, have a look at what ABC's censor wrote on the manuscript of Part 1 of *Soap* (and these are only excerpts):

Page 5: Please delete: "the slut."

Page 7: Avoid visual ID of *Penthouse* cover and photos.

Page 23: Delete "fruitcake."

Page 27: Here and elsewhere, "Italian" will require translation.

Page 28: In order to be able to treat the Mafia story line here and throughout, it will be necessary to introduce a principal continuing character of Italian descent who is very *positive* . . .

Page 32: In order to treat Jodie as a gay character, his portrayal must at all times be handled without "limp-wristed" actions. . . .

Page 39: Please insure that Peter and Jessica are adequately covered in this bedroom sequence.

Here and throughout there will need to be a de-emphasis of "illicit" sexual encounters. It is preferable to handle such matters in dialogue rather than treating the viewers to bedroom scenes. . . .

Pages 38-40: Please substitute for Jessica's "Oh God's" and "Oh, my God."

Page 40: "hell."

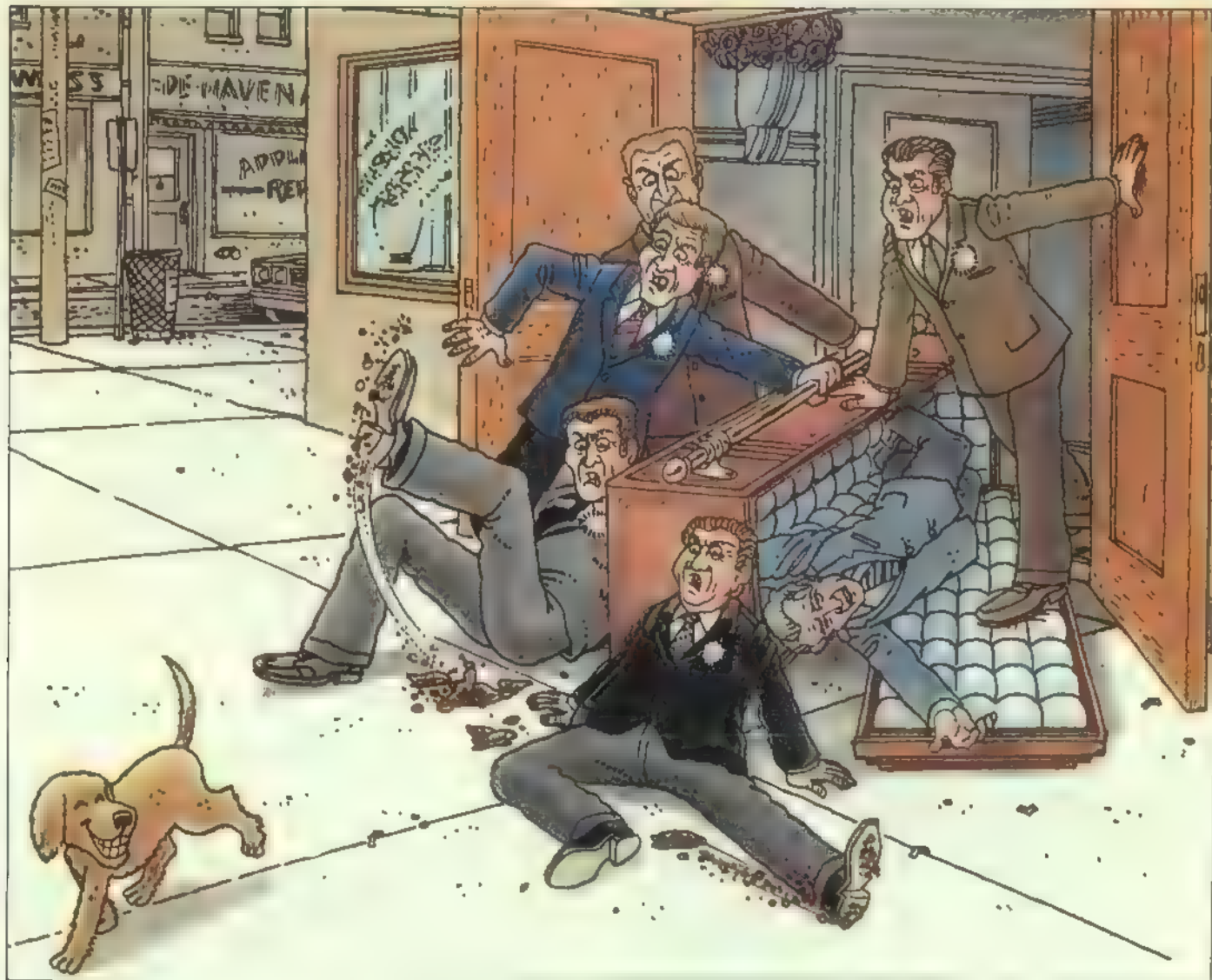
The Standards and Practices—or censorship—Department enjoys enormous power. As one ABC vice-president explained, "Though it can be scoffed at, ridiculed, cajoled, negotiated with and often persuaded, it cannot be ignored or ultimately defied." Nothing—not a character, plot or word—escapes its attention. S&P records and files all program submissions, reads all scripts, monitors all filings and tapings, and then screens all final shows.

For example, in 1977 ABC's department screened and analyzed 50,000 commercials and 167 theatrical features, and reviewed over 3,000 hours of entertainment programming. Not surprisingly, standards-and-practices departments are sizable. NBC employs about 50 people in its department.

All censorship decisions rely on two major sources of industry guidance: the Code Authority of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), established in 1948, and the network's own standards-and-practices policy "book." The NAB and the networks provide parallel restrictions and no-nos. There must be no excessive, gratuitous violence. Violent programs must present the consequences to victim and perpetrator. No obscenity or profanity permitted over
(continued on page 80)



GRAVE UNDERTAKINGS



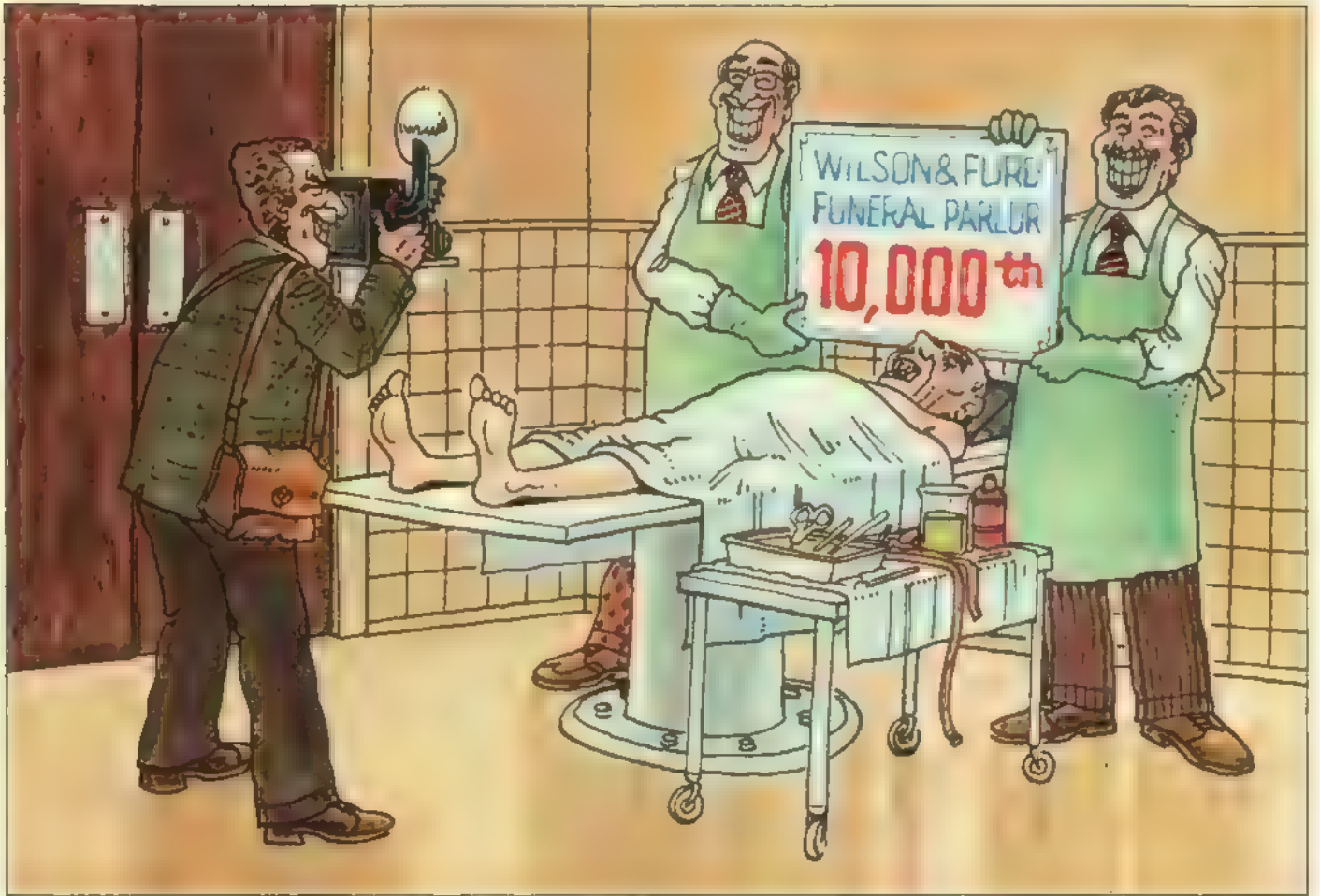
HUMOR BY GEORGE TROSLEY

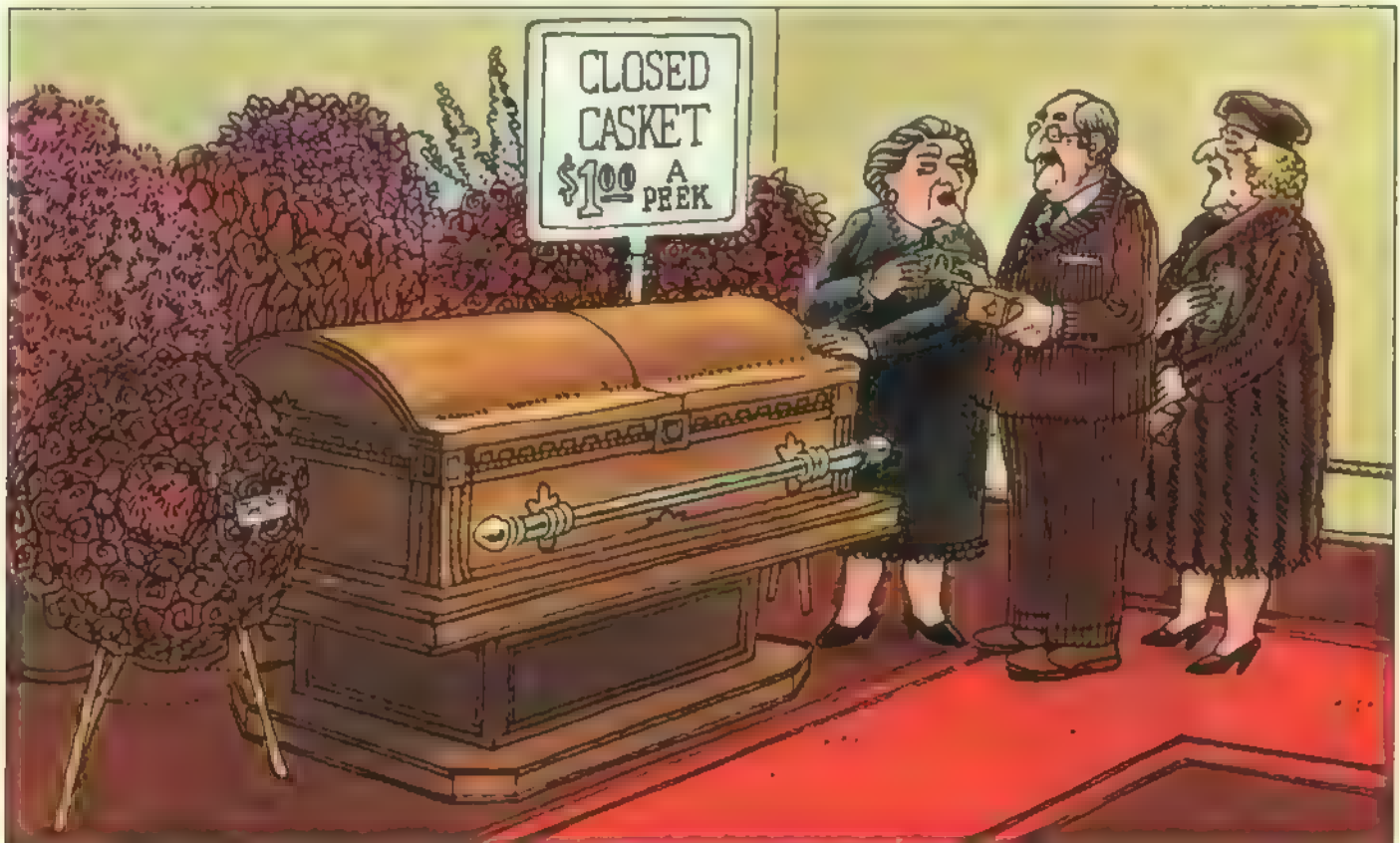
Is George Trosley sick? Maybe. It does something to you—growing up in a small Pennsylvania town, going to the Hussian School of Art in Philadelphia, working summers as a trashman. Add to all that a fascination with the grim humor of Gahan Wilson, Charles Addams and Charles Rodriguez, and you've got the basic ingredients of a warped mind. Living on the outskirts of Philly with his wife Susan, 31-year-

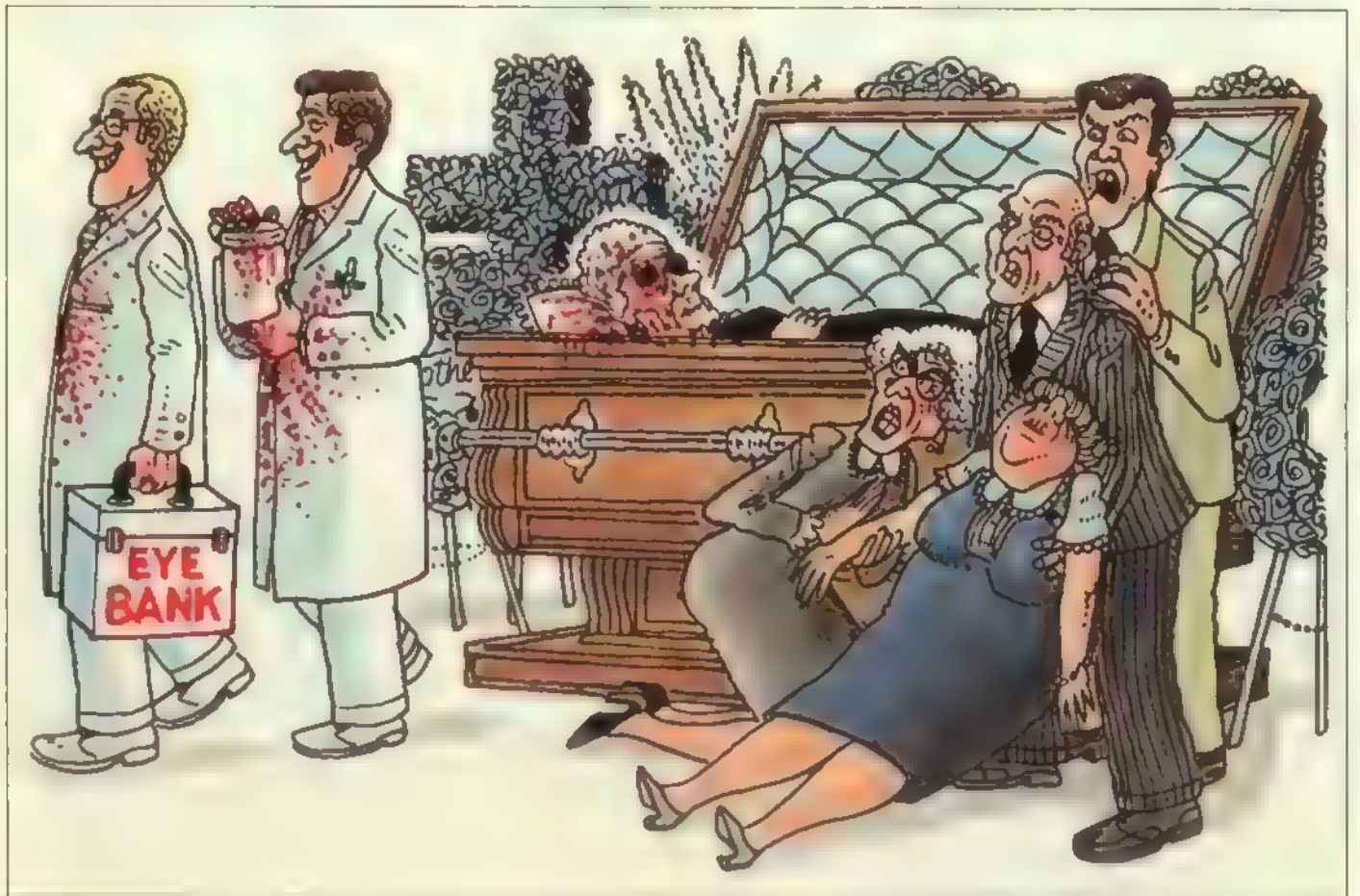
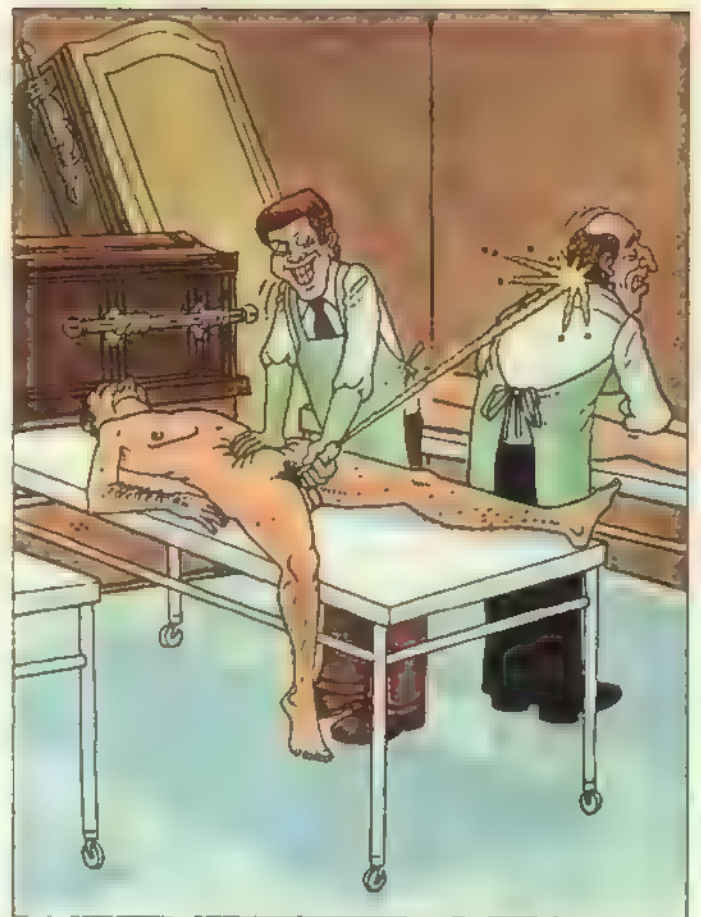
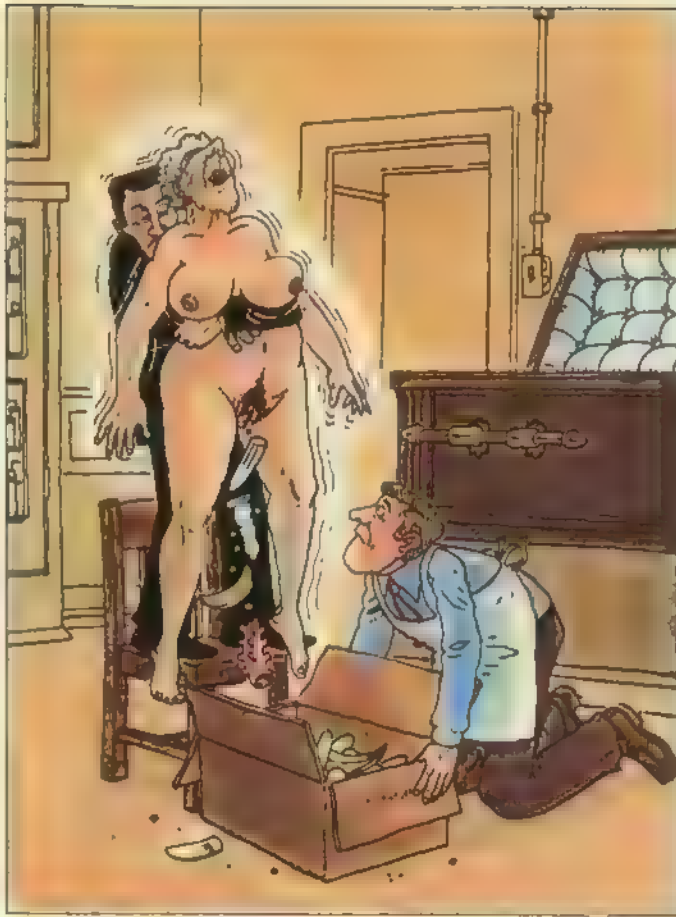


old George contends that he's just an average dull suburbanite. ("I even like vanilla ice cream!")

But, having once been commissioned by Boeing to draw its combat helicopters firing on troops, how average or dull can he really be? You may have seen George's work in other men's magazines or in the humor publication *Car Toons*. In any case, you'll be seeing a lot more of it here in *HUSTLER*.









TV CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 74)

the airwaves. Creation of a state of hypnosis—or simulated state—Forbidden. Instructional details of crime to be avoided. Only kooks and weirdos allowed to play fortune-tellers and occultists. Et cetera, et cetera. Although there is no specific Federal Communications Commission (FCC) regulation governing censorship, networks are forever wary of what the commission might abruptly decide to squawk about.

Naturally, standards for censorship vary enormously during the viewing day. Despite the fact that the censorship policy concerning the "family hour" (from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.)—and the hour just prior to it—has been declared unconstitutional, it is still enforced. Those two hours are scrutinized with a microscope for that telltale tit or inappropriate *damn*. But rules are considerably relaxed for the soaps or late-night shows like NBC's *Tonight*. Whereas adultery is sternly punished—if allowed at all—during prime time, in the afternoon the characters supposedly screw like bunnies. However, latitude is not *always* a function of time of day.

Commenting on the relative freedom enjoyed by Johnny Carson, an ABC producer said, "There's a direct correlation between success and censorship. There

is nothing like a plus thirty-five percent share of the viewing audience to keep the scissors away." Similarly, Norman Lear, in a recent interview in *Us* magazine, scoffed at ABC's "courage" in daring to air *Soap*: "The overnight ratings gave *Soap* thirty-nine percent of the audience. ABC is simply fighting for a property that it thinks will get a high rating." In the cutthroat ratings war, nobody censors dollars and cents.

Censorship also varies among the networks. Different strokes for different folks—but not *that* different. However, in the scheme of things, NBC is considered least prone to use a blue pencil, CBS is slightly right of center, and ABC, overall, is most conservative. Of course, there are exceptions to the rules. If NBC can boast kinky, racy *Saturday Night Live*, then CBS allows Norman Lear considerable rein, and ABC airs *Soap*. Executives from CBS and NBC confide they would never have aired *Soap*, and both networks passed on another risqué ABC sitcom, *Three's Company*. To some extent the degree and style of censorship conform to the personal tastes and morals of the man who heads each respective S&P department.

Contrary to fantasy, censors are not always fiendishly tight-lipped ogres who turn beet-red at a flash of calf and who would happily burn offending porn merchants at the stake. At least in network

television often they're average business execs. The man who headed CBS's S&P Department for many years is, in fact, an unusual, amiably candid, reformed alcoholic named Tom Swafford, who recently graduated to a command post in the National Association of Broadcasters. At ABC, chief censor Alfred Schneider is a somewhat less likable sort, whom *Newsweek* described as "an imperious Harvard Law School graduate whose other network managerial duties allow him to spend only 60 percent of his time on censorship questions." Without doubt the most durable and devoted network censor is the affable, cherubic, 63-year-old who heads NBC's S&P, Herminio Traviesas.

The product of a strict Presbyterian upbringing, Travvy—as his colleagues call him—readily admits to a staunch prudishness, particularly in the areas of sex and profanity. What he termed, in a recent magazine article, "the big F and the big S words" are definitely O-U-T. But, he conceded, "We're slowly creeping up to *crap*."

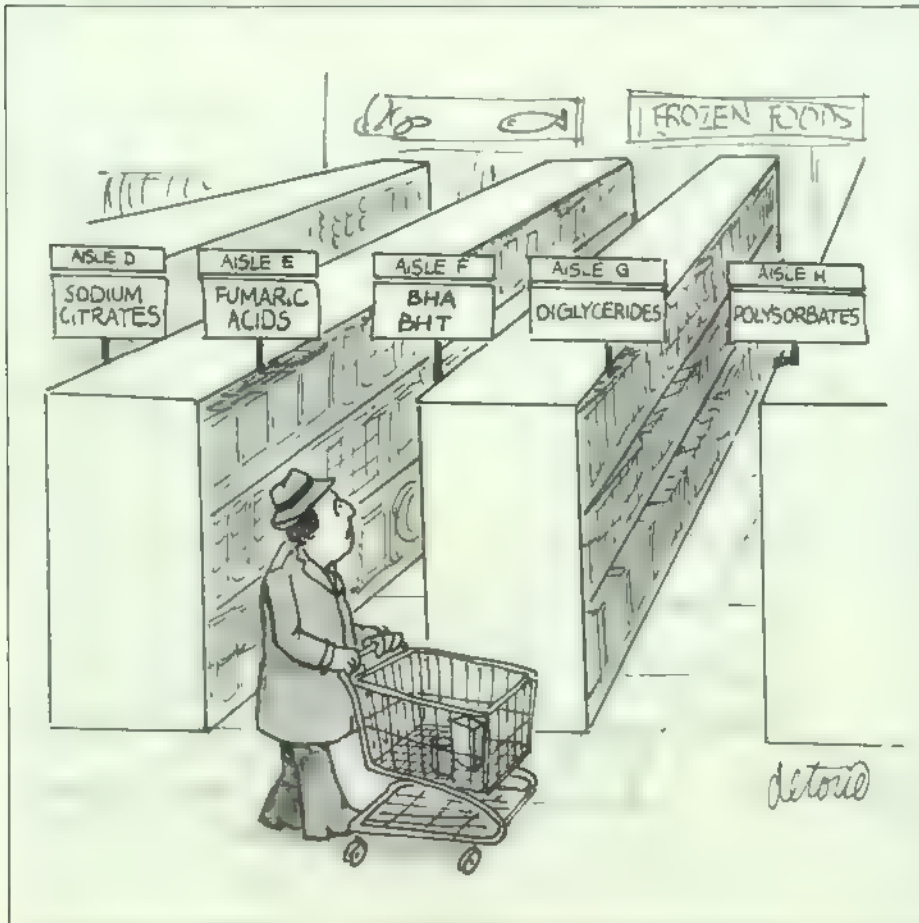
Under Travvy's aegis NBC frowns upon—and invariably cuts—questionable mention of the Lord, such as *God-damn!* But when the context is "reverent," an occasional *Oh, God* slips by Travvy's desk. Approximately half the time, *hell* and *damn* are cut. A general rule of thumb at NBC is: "No vulgar words in the first 15 minutes of a program . . . develop character first."

Nudity, of course, is forbidden, and Traviesas takes great pride in having coined the phrase "no frontal, backal or sidal nudity." And the edict is rigidly enforced. Thus, it took three screenings of NBC's TV movie *Dawn, Portrait of a Teenage Runaway* before the ever-vigilant Travvy spotted the briefest sliver of breast as Dawn rose from bed. When the producer protested the cut, the censor merely shrugged. "My job is to read it as dirty as possible," Traviesas replied.

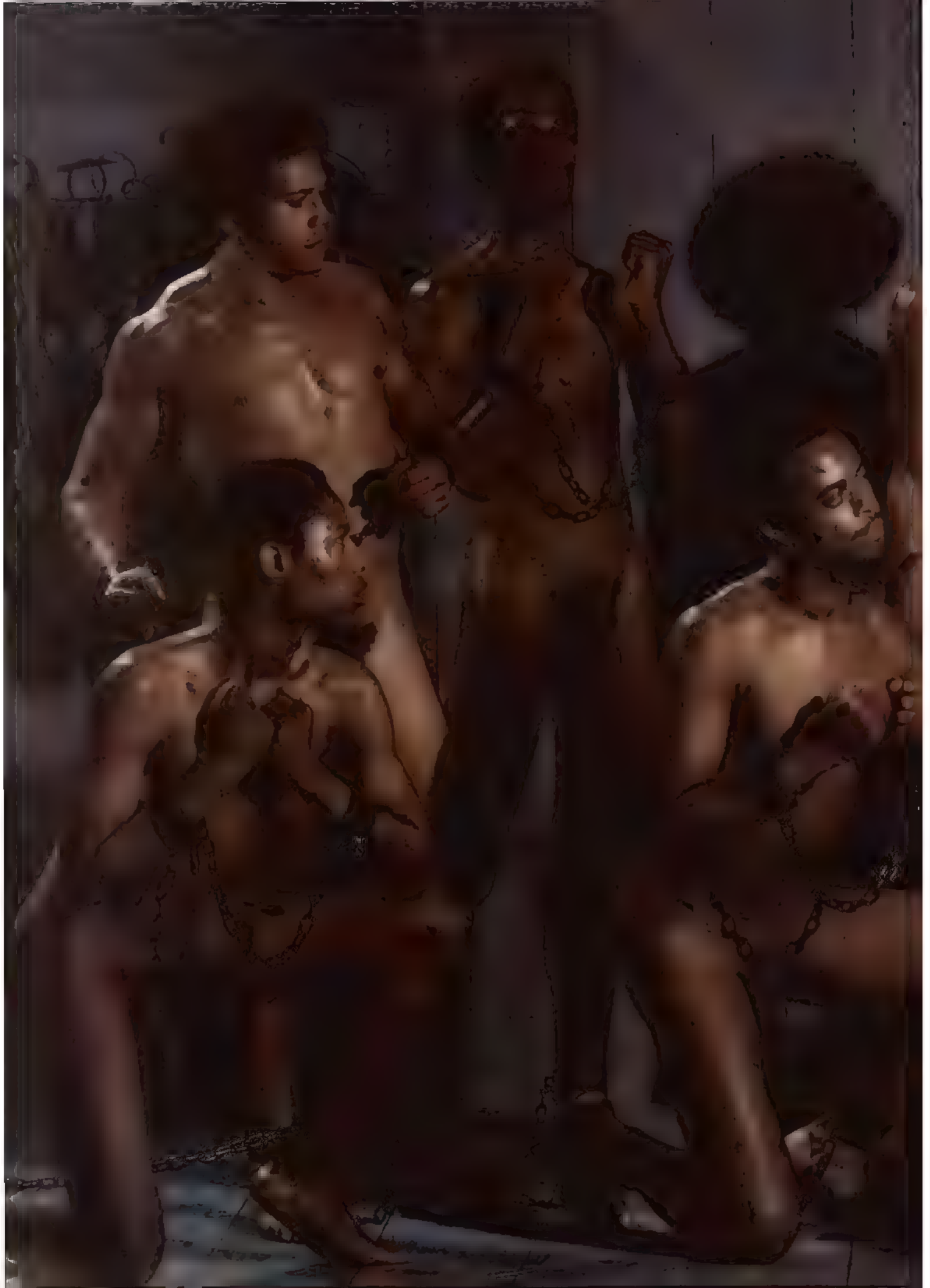
"If you're going to have a bedroom scene, don't do it shockingly," he said. "Don't show motions in bed that can be construed as copulation." But Travvy did admit to some unhappy inroads on "backal" nudity. Previously the bra-line represented the DMZ below which was forbidden territory. Now the camera occasionally strays as far down as the waist. "The question is, how far down can we go?" asked Traviesas, somewhat nervously.

The limit was recently reached with the first Richard Pryor special last fall. To howls of outrage from the star, Traviesas snipped the opening sequence in which the comedian appeared naked except for a flesh-colored body stocking

(continued on page 90)








BELLE OF THE BALL

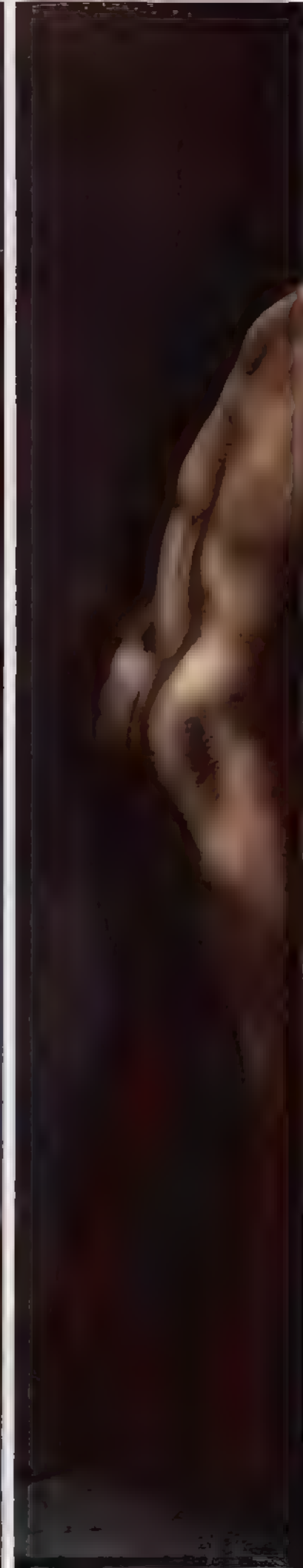


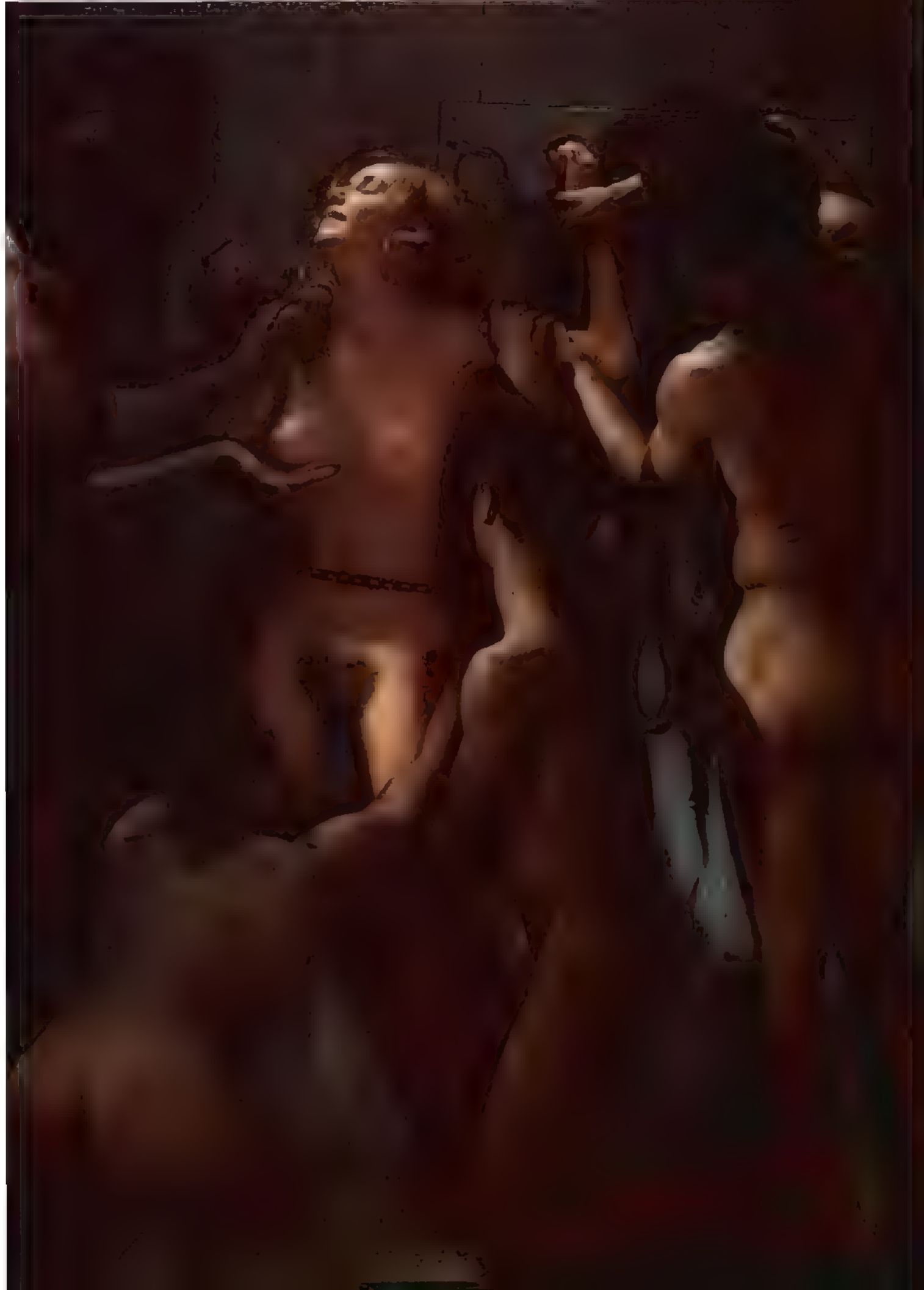
Photography by James Baer

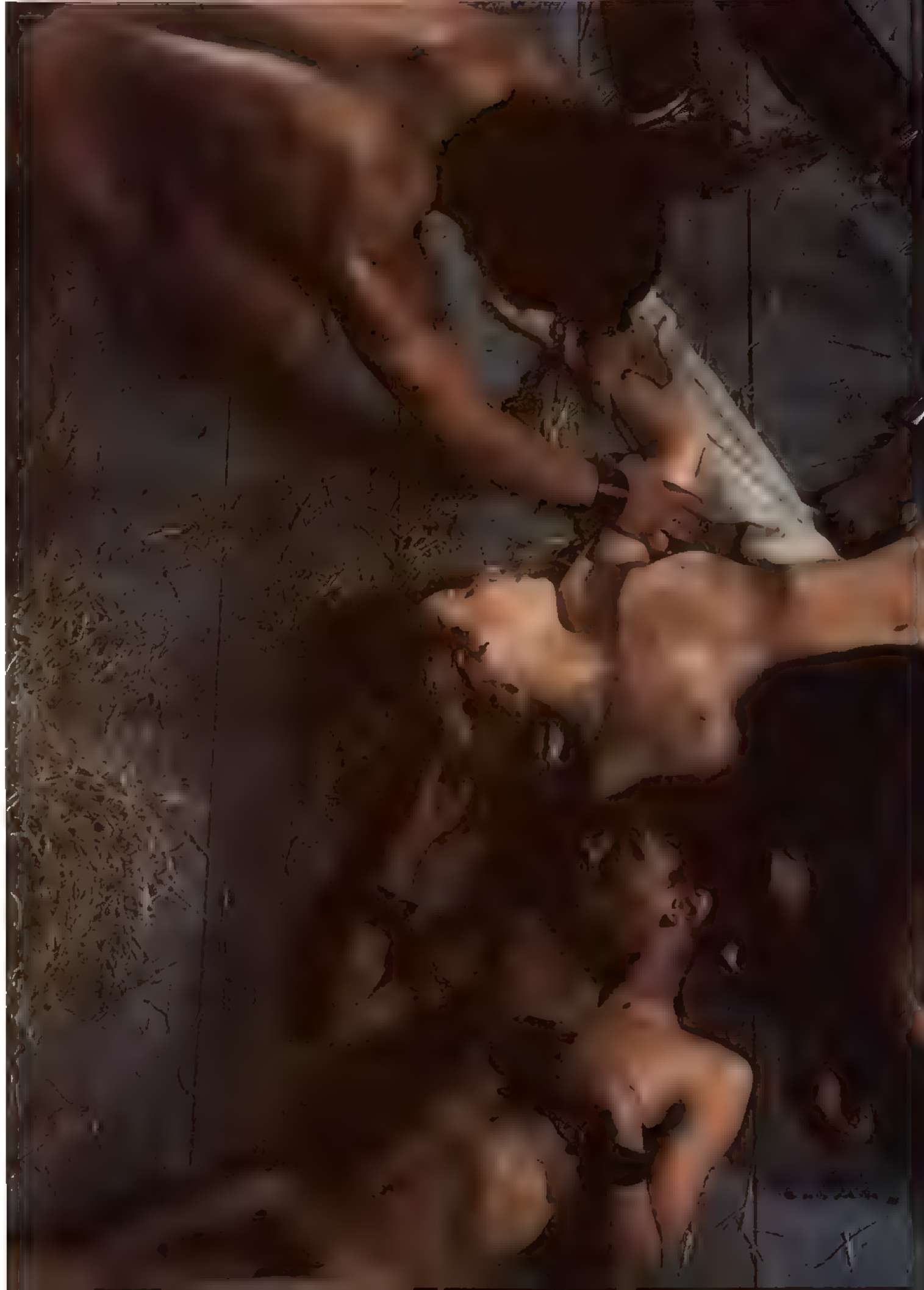


Here's a scene you didn't see in *Gone With the Wind*. Miss Melanie—sweet, quiet, long-suffering Miss Melanie—is in the slave-quarters again. The boys are really catching it this time. *She mad! She mean! She take their clothes away!* The boys shuffle around like they don't know what she wants, but when Miss Melanie drops her boot, they—being true gentlemen—scramble to put it back on her foot. Funny thing, they think they have to turn her upside down to do so. *Lorily*, Miss Melanie is the pinkest little white woman they ever played shoe salesman with. Moreover, now the shoe is on the other foot: *She the slave, they the massa's*. Oh, how she ministers to their needs. Afterward, Miss Melanie will walk toward the house, plucking the last bits of straw from her hair and wondering what all that fuss is up North. After all, her slaves may hate working for the man, but they never mind working with the woman.











TV CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 80)

covering his genitalia. Shrugging, Pryor said, "NBC didn't ask me to give up anything for this show." It was perhaps the deliberate gibe at censorship and NBC that tipped the scales toward the cut. Left in, however—largely from oversight, acknowledged Traviesas—was a shot in the parody of the *Star Wars* bar segment, featuring a smiling, grizzly creature with a giant, waist-level protuberance: "You must be in love," cracked bartender Pryor. But no one called or wrote to protest.

Over 100 persons, however, *did* complain about Pryor's portrayal of a faith healer. Depicting cripples can be tricky in comedy. "As soon as I saw the show," mused Traviesas, "I knew that would be the thing they'd object to." Unlike NBC, ABC goes so far as to spell out the specifics in its program guidelines: "Special precautions must be taken to avoid demeaning or ridiculing [those] who suffer from physical deformities."

Censors, of course, can't always have the opportunity to snip offending material. Live shows must rely on the seven-second delay button to protect the viewer from a blurted obscenity. On *The Stanley Szege Show* in New York recently, film critic John Simon derided a Broadway play as "a piece of shit." By a

fluke the delay mechanism failed to function. Not a blip was heard. Neither, reported ABC, was there a single phone call of protest. Apparently the TV audience is not quite so horrified by profanity as censors would have us believe.

The polar extreme from live telecasts—and a formidable challenge to NBC's Traviesas and his counterparts at CBS and ABC—is airing feature films. Movies slated for TV arrive on the censor's desk as finished products, since no opportunity exists for a sleuthing script censor to cut the nasty expletives before the cameras roll. Of course, what the S&P censor gets is not always what the TV audience sees. At ABC, for instance, films undergo a three-step sanitizing process: They are screened prior to acquisition, after acquisition—"to review prior judgments"—and then edited and screened a final time, just to make sure nobody missed a pubic hair. Of the 167 feature films reviewed in 1977 by ABC's S&P Department, 137 were accepted for telecast and 30 rejected.

If a film is rated "R," it is severely edited, then resubmitted to the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) for reclassification. Only those rated "PG" or "G" appear on the tube. When a film like *Deliverance* is purchased for television, the network censors can expect to work double overtime. In order to achieve the "PG" rating for

Deliverance, no fewer than 109 separate deletions were required (profanity, violent acts, nudity) and 111 feet of "out-take" footage was added to compensate for the edited material.

Even though the sanitized films may prove more palatable to those offended by violence and sex in the sanctity of their living room, on many occasions the edited version loses much punch—and meaning. In NBC's telecast of *The Godfather*, an offending expletive was cut, and James Caan swore: "The son of a buck!" When ABC aired *Midnight Cowboy*, a homosexual encounter in a 42nd Street movie theater was snipped, thereby removing one of the picture's most disturbing, but crucial, episodes.

Even a film as seemingly harmless as *The Graduate* felt the censor's shears. As soon as CBS's Tom Swafford saw Dustin Hoffman cornered in an upstairs bedroom by a naked Anne Bancroft—an important scene that launches the plot—the censor pressed the panic button. Out came the offending breast and belly and in went a doorknob.

Swafford would be the first to admit that not all deletions work to a film's advantage. "One of my worst mistakes," he conceded, "was to think we could edit *The Damned* [Luchino Visconti's depiction of the decadence of prewar Germany]. Visconti's style tends to be kaleidoscopic. He jumps from one scene to another. We edited thirty-two minutes out of it. It was difficult to understand in its original form. When we got done, it was incomprehensible."

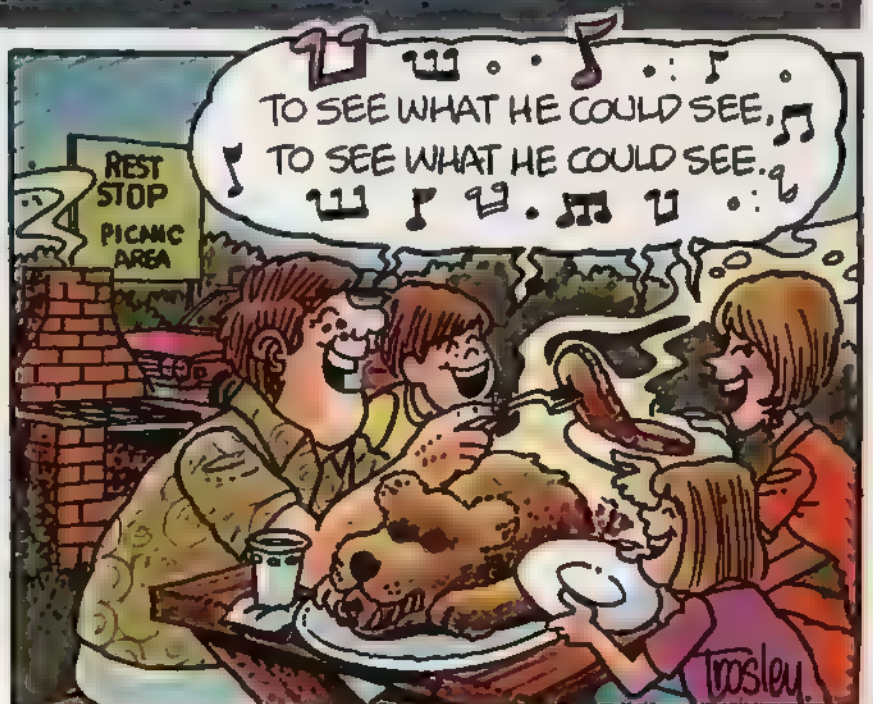
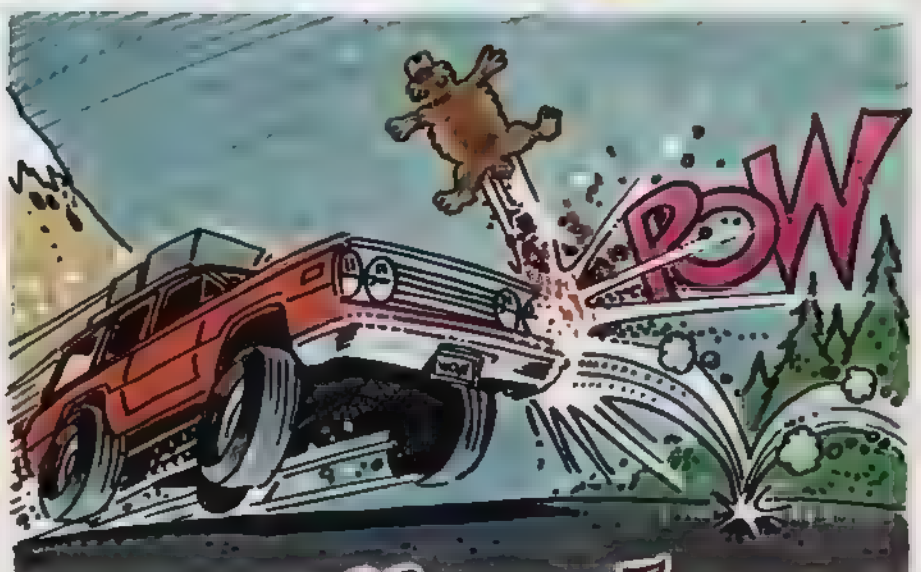
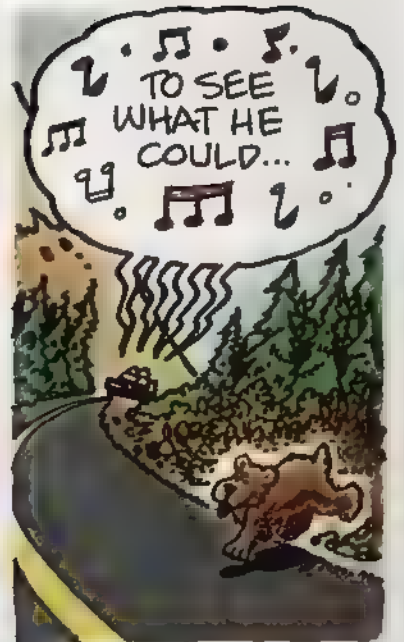
Even mild censorship can often rob a gag of its laugh or lead to absurd situations. In a script for ABC's *Welcome Back, Kotter*, Horshack was asked to explain the origin of his name. He said, "It's a distinguished old Polish name. It means, 'The cattle are dying.'" In deference to sensitive Poles the word *Slavic* was substituted for *Polish*. Not only did a legitimate Polish joke get tossed down the drain, but, sighed producer James Komack, "Instead of just risking insulting the Poles, we insulted everybody of Slavic extraction."

Or take *The Black Sheep Squadron* (formerly *Baa Baa Black Sheep*), which features a colorful, boozing, brawling World War II pilot squadron headed by the legendary flying ace, Colonel Pappy Boyington. Violence has made the series as popular as it has made the censors nervous at NBC, which still enforces a rule that forbids "double violence"; e.g., a man cannot be shot and also thrown off a roof. So the censors snip away.

"We're supposed to be a rough bunch of guys," complained Robert Conrad, who plays Boyington. "All of a sudden

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An Affair of Very Little Importance

Fiction by Charles Bukowski

I met her like this, something like this: I was giving a poetry reading down in Venice, some flea-dive on the shore, but I packed them in and I read it out; and I was drunk during the reading and much drunker afterward. I got my money and then got in my car, and drove all through Venice at a high rate of speed with 3 or 4 carloads of people chasing me. There was to be a party, but I told them, "First I need a little fresh-air drive." And off I went with them after me.

On the last roll-around I took my car and drove it up onto a residential sidewalk and pushed the gas pedal down. They followed in the street, honking and hollering. Where the police were, I don't know. Then I backed up into the street and followed the other cars to the party. She was driving one of the cars and her name was Mercedes, but she wasn't driving one.

The party wasn't exceptional; even meeting Mercedes wasn't exceptional. There were more interesting women there. She was about 28, dressed in a green miniskirt, fair body, fair legs, a blond about 5-5, a blue-eyed blond; her hair was long, though, slightly wavy, and she smoked continuously. At the party she seemed almost always at my side, but she spoke very little, and when she did speak, it seemed bland, even dull, and her laugh was too loud and too false.

I didn't particularly like Mercedes, but I liked the party less. She was able to guess about the party.

"Let's get out of here and go to my place," she said to me.

"I'll follow your car."

I told the people I was going. We walked out the door.

"Fuck her good, Chinaski!"

"Eat her cunt!"

It wasn't too long a drive. Mercedes lived in an apartment off the Venice boardwalk. I followed her up. As she unlocked the door, I said, "Hey, what about drinks? We need something to drink."

"I have something."

I followed her in. It was a large apartment. There was a piano and some bongo drums. Mercedes had a jug of Red Mountain wine, I followed her into the kitchen as she got ready to pour the drinks.

I grabbed her from behind, turned her around and kissed her—a long, slow kiss. I pulled her head back by the hair and held one hand there and put the other on her ass. I moved my mouth slowly around hers, tasting her, dominating. She gave me the slightest tongue flick. I hardened and pushed against her, then broke off.

We took our drinks into the other room. I sat down at the piano and began pounding the



keys. I don't know how to play piano. I played it then like a percussion instrument, searching for the beat. I stayed way up on the right-hand side, getting the icy, high sounds. Mercedes put the bongos between her thighs, and we got it off together. Not bad.

Then we sat down on her sleeping bag, our backs to the wall, and drank the wine. Mercedes got the jug out of the refrigerator and brought it back to the sleeping bag. She had some joints already rolled and lit one for us. I could hear the ocean out there, but Venice was depressing to me.

It had gone from the Timothy Leary dropout syndrome to free love to drugs. The Timothy Learys had grown old or OD'd. The dream had drowned. Religion came along and picked up what was left in and out of the madhouses, on the park benches and in the tiny rooms.

Mercedes and I kissed again. She kissed well. I felt her breasts: fair. She lit another joint, and we had some more to drink.

"I work for a marriage-counseling outfit," she said. "We're all divorced."

"What do you tell them?"

"We go by the book. It's funniest when they both come in together."

"Human relationships don't work," I said. "There's nothing you can tell them."

"I know it."

"Why do you live down here?"

"I like it. We've got a group. I've got a guitar."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's in the closet. We get together sometimes on a Friday or Saturday night in front of this guy's house, in his yard, and we play. People come by and listen. We get some good crowds."

I pulled Mercedes down on the sleeping bag, rolled on top of her, grabbed her head with both hands, got inside her lips with mine; mashed them open and crushed her with a kiss, getting down on her teeth, her mouth ripped open like a flower. I held inside of her; her tongue came up, and I sucked on it, then flicked mine underneath hers. I hardened again and rubbed my cock at her center. Then I pulled off, sat up; we had another joint, and we sat there and finished the jug.

I awakened in the morning, sick, without having had sex. Mercedes was in the bathroom. I stood up, straightened my clothes and put my shoes on. She came out.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning. I'm sick."

"I don't feel too well either."

"I've got to get back to L.A."

I went to the bathroom to clean up. When I came out, she handed me a slip of paper. It was her phone number. I kissed her with a very light kiss.

Outside it was hot. The flies whirled

around the garbage cans that were up against the apartment-house walls. I got in my car and drove off, deciding not to see her again.

The phone rang on a Thursday night at my place. I answered. It was Mercedes. "I see that your number is listed. . . ."

"Yes."

"Well, listen, I work right in your neighborhood. I thought I might come by to see you."

"All right."

Twenty minutes later she was there. She had on another miniskirt, but this time she looked a little better. She had on high-heeled shoes, a low-cut blouse and small blue earrings.

"You got any grass?"

"Sure." I brought out the grass and the papers, and she started rolling some joints. I broke out the beer, and we sat on the couch and smoked and drank. With beer you had a chance. I sat there and drank and kissed her and played with her legs. We didn't talk much. But we drank and smoked quite a long time.

We undressed and went to bed, first Mercedes, then me. We began kissing, and I rubbed her cunt, then her clit. She grabbed my cock. Finally, I mounted. Mercedes guided it in. It entered and forced forward, my mouth on hers as it did. She had a good grip, she wasn't loose, and I began

After a few strokes I teased her awhile, pulling it almost all the way out and just moving the head back and forth at the very opening of the cunt. Then I slid it in a few strokes, slowly, in lazy fashion. Then suddenly I rammed her 4 or 5 times, brutally. Her head rocked: "Arrrgggg. . . ." She made a sound. Then I relented and stroked, then I rotated, side to side, swinging it, then straightened and rammed.

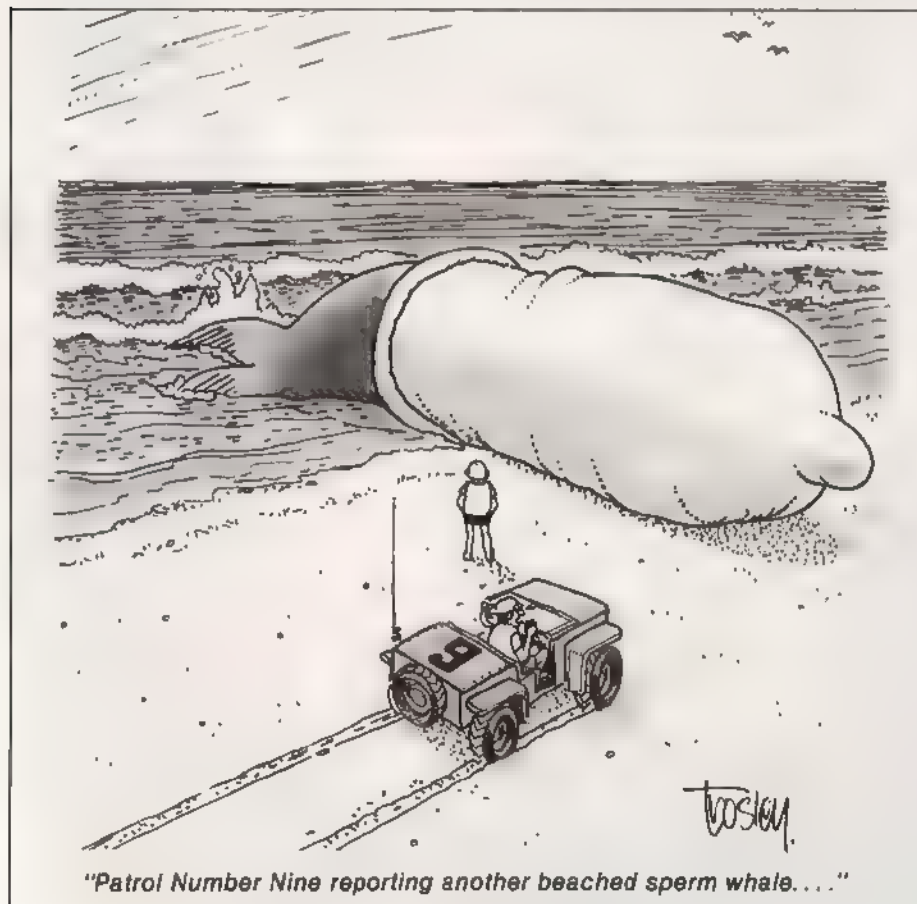
It was a very hot night, and we both sweated. Mercedes had gotten quite high on the beer and joints. I decided to finish her off. I blasted it in and out, in and out; I ripped her with kisses; and her head rocked under the thrusts. I pumped on and on, 10 minutes, 15 minutes more. I was hard, but I couldn't climax. The fucking beer, too much fucking beer.

"Make it," she said, "oh, make it, baby!"

I rolled off. Christ, it was a hot night. I took the sheet and wiped the sweat off. I could hear my heart as I lay there. My cock went down. Mercedes turned her head to me. I kissed her. My cock began to rise again.

I rolled on top of her, kissing her as if it were my last time on earth to do so. My cock slid in. I began again, but this

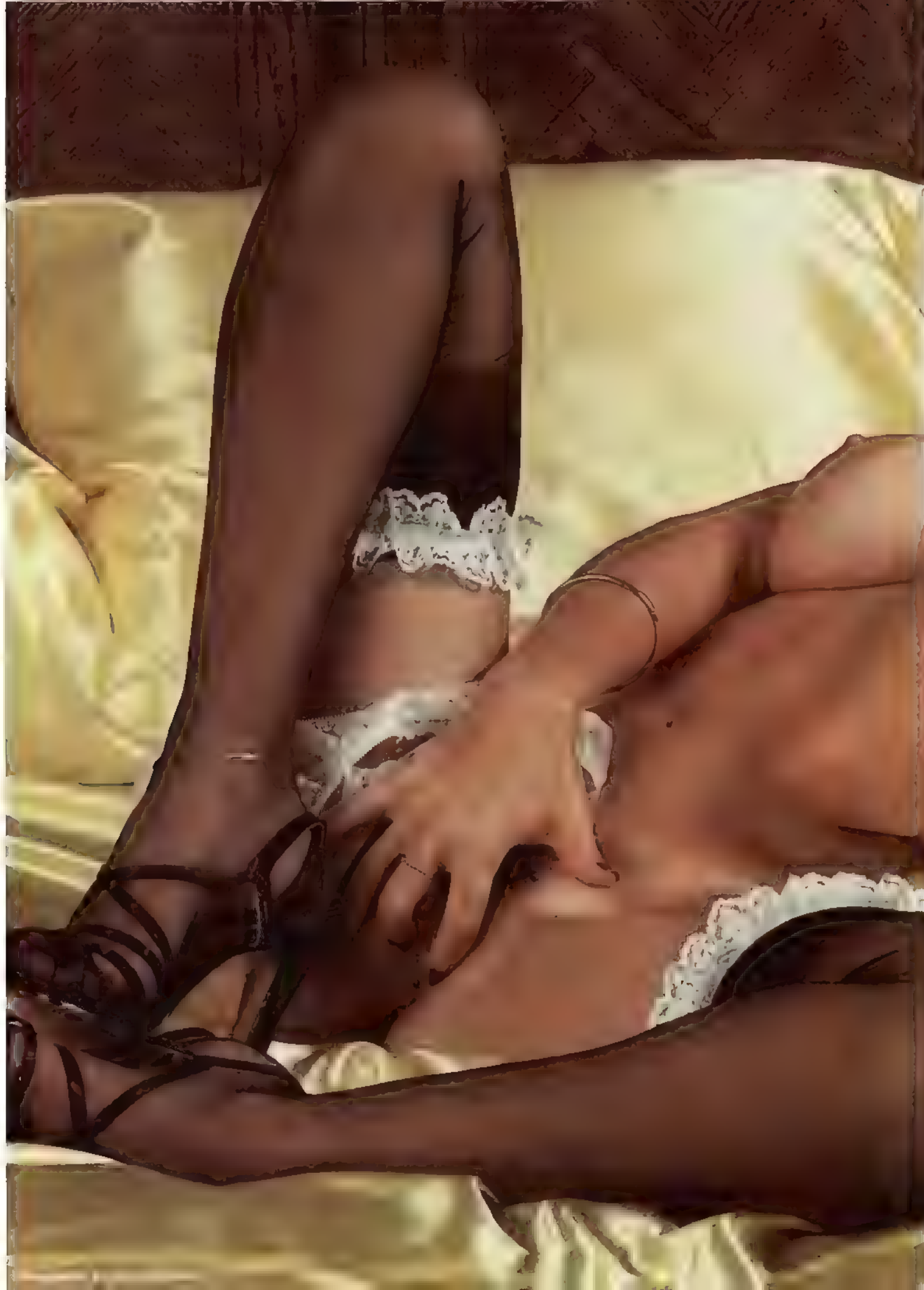
(continued on page 132)





J. Kohl

"I'm warning you, Harold . . . You try anything cute and I'm leaving!!"



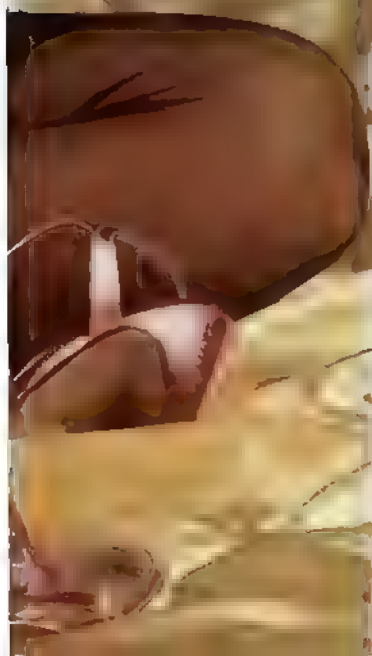




"Anything becomes boring when you spend too much time at it," says 19-year-old Keli, "even a love affair." Keli is not one to stay bored for long. Milking the most out of life, she changes boyfriends the way most women change nylons. She also believes in giving her satin sheets thorough workouts.

"Predictable men are as bad as predictable sex," says this southern California fox. "I do things on the spur of the moment. One time I went to a sex shop and nearly bought out its whole kinky lingerie department! I'm like that with men too. If I'm interested in a guy, I don't waste time. I love to see their cute, little naked butts and sample new love techniques."

Some might call her promiscuous, but if Keli didn't spread her affection around, a man might be consumed by this ball of fire.







TORTURE

(continued from page 52)

interested in our nations or that our leaders, even the most liberal, serve any purpose for God. The old stories no longer wash, and people all over the world know that government should be an instrument of comfort and service to all its people.

And those world leaders who are unwilling to serve this ideal have created a modern reign of terror. They rule because they have taken power and because they are able and willing to torture, maim and kill. They make it a dangerous crime to be loyal to anything beyond themselves. They break unions, spoil brotherhoods and humiliate priests and doctors whose influence might tell against them. They destroy families—kill fathers, rape mothers and turn children against their parents. No human value that puts up opposition or threatens the security of their rule is allowed to survive.

For example, when right-wing death squads were crushing resistance in Chile after the fall of Salvador Allende's Marxist government in 1973, government members boasted, "There is only Pinochet and us"—only the dictator and his gang of psychotic bullies. These men had removed themselves to the gray shallows of the human spirit, where

the only value is the gratification of their grossest appetites—because there is nothing they believe in, there is nothing they will not do.

Torture has been institutionalized by the modern nation-state. It has become an administrative policy. It is now the rule, rather than the exception, in the world community.

—*Skeptic* (January/February 1977)

Where is torture commonplace? Hear the roll!

Africa

The rulers of emerging black African nations studied the effectiveness of torture as victims of their former European masters. Harsh brutality was a common tool of colonialism. A French army commander has admitted that prisoners were tortured in Algeria; in the liberated colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau the evidence of Portuguese abuses has been published. To this day the white Africans of Ian Smith's Rhodesia and John Vorster's South Africa continue to torture opponents of their racist governments.

Black rule is no better. On the African continent military coups and tribal uprisings are everyday events of political life, and many African leaders cling to

power through harsh repression. In Burundi the Tutsi people, who make up a bare 15 percent of the population, terrorized and massacred the Hutu tribe, and in Ethiopia the nationalist struggle of the Eritreans has led to large-scale detention of civilians and reports of atrocities by Ethiopian troops. In Malawi the ruling Congress Party has set its goon squads—the Young Pioneers—above the law, and looks away while they torture political foes and religious dissidents. In Togo those suspected of plotting against the government of General Eyadema are beaten with steel-wire whips for the amusement of the military.

All over Africa, military dictators, who have themselves seized power, continue to dominate their people through the free use of terror. But it is in Uganda, under Idi Amin, where human rights are most heinously violated. It has been estimated that since Amin took power in 1971 more than 80,000 individuals have been executed. Brutal torture often preceded death.

Two British journalists detained at Uganda's Makindye military prison wrote that the guards would get drunk and then select prisoners at random as subjects for a little fun and games. This torture-for-the-fun-of-it went so far that the Ugandan guards were reportedly forcing fellow Africans to smash each other's skulls with hammers. It seems clear that the violent and capricious character of Amin himself has freed similar impulses in some of his soldiers. Overall, the situation in Uganda presents a shocking portrait of authority gone mad.

Asia

... few parts of Asia are free from the political and economic tensions which generate torture.

—*Report on Torture*,
Amnesty International

No Asian human-rights convention exists, and in societies whose problems of malnutrition, illiteracy and disease have not been solved, torture and official brutality stand out with less clarity. In South Korea, torture is commonly used to extract confessions to charges of spying for the Communist North Korean regime.

But the real crime, generally, appears to be criticism of President Park Chung Hee. Espionage trials are staged like theatrical events, with the defendant, broken by torture, making a public confession. These cases are clearly invented as punitive examples to the South Korean public. The message is always

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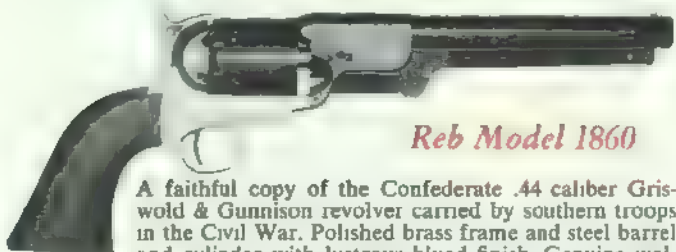
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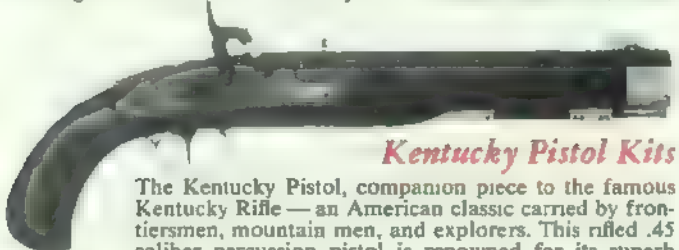


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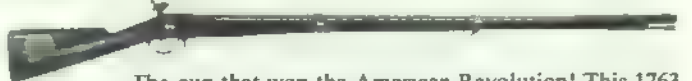
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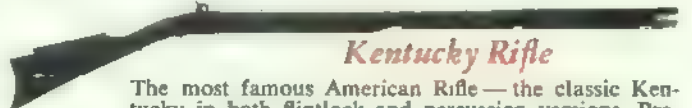
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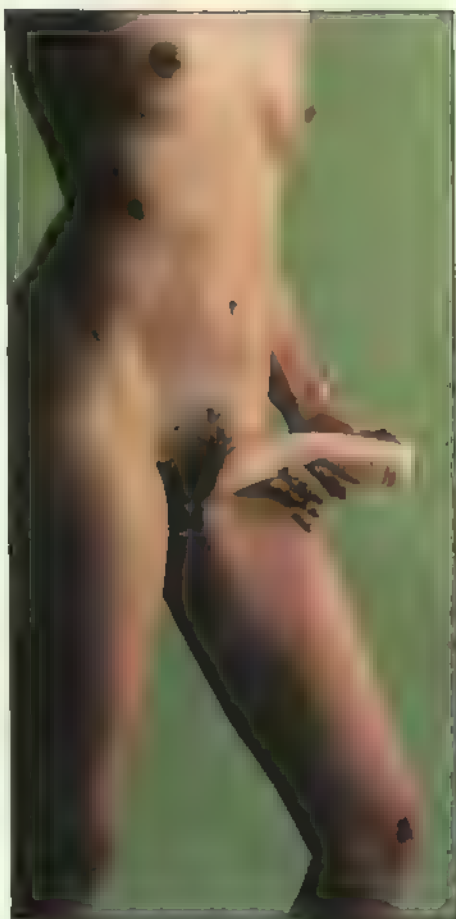
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the same—keep your head down, your nose clean and your mouth shut.

The most famous of these mock trials was that of the national poet Kim Chi Ha, who repeatedly claimed he had been tortured. Even as late as 1975 a medical student, Suh Kwang Tae, in a dramatic eight-hour address to an appeals court, repudiated his confession to charges of spying. Suh testified he had been beaten and denied food and sleep for seven days. A stick was poked into his stomach until he began to vomit blood. His appeal was routinely denied.

During the Vietnam War, torture was routine on both sides, and the infamous motto of the Saigon police ("If they are not guilty, beat them until they are") speaks for itself. And if beating could not produce guilt, there was always the "submarine." Again and again the victim was brought to the point of death by drowning, often in filthy water. Then there was the "plane ride." Victims were hung by their feet and tortured with electroshock. In North Vietnam as many as 80 percent of the American POWs cracked—broken as often with sensory deprivation as they were with rude physical torture.

In Indonesia, following an abortive left-wing coup, more than 500,000 suspected Communists were killed by special police units known by their official name, Kalong Vampire. In the Philippines the declaration of martial law in 1972 brought with it the systematic use of torture.

Sri Lanka (Ceylon) and Taiwan are also governed under emergency decrees, and there, too, the evidence of torture is obvious. In one notorious case, two Sri Lankan soldiers were charged with the savage rape-murder of a 19-year-old girl. In another incident, a man was hung upside down from a tree outside the Ambalangoda police station and broiled alive. The list goes on and on. The Chinese Communists committed atrocities during their invasion of Tibet. The Pakistani government's treatment of the citizens of Bangladesh is one of the most appalling tragedies of our times. In India, leftists are savagely repressed.

Middle East

With worldwide interest and involvement in local Arab politics since the discovery of oil, interested countries outside the Middle East have been instrumental in... introducing new interrogation methods and sophisticated torture techniques

—Report on Torture

In some Middle East countries, notably Libya and Saudi Arabia, ordinary

justice under Islamic law is so harsh that torture is only a refinement of ancient abuses. For example, a convicted thief may still be punished by the amputation of a hand.

Time magazine recently wrote that three Saudi Arabians convicted of rape were buried up to their waists and then stoned to death by a mob that deliberately used small rocks to prolong the agony. So it's no surprise to hear that Saudi detention centers are outfitted with sophisticated torture machines, including one that gradually and inexorably presses an increasingly greater weight against the head and chest. Reportedly, electroshock and temperature-alternation devices are also being used.

Over in Iran the stories grow even darker. When the Shah was asked by Mike Wallace of CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* whether his police resort to torture, he answered, in effect, "Sure, why not?" One victim, poet Reza Baraheni, was arrested for expressing views critical of the Teheran government and lived to write about his experience:

There were two iron beds, one on top of the other... used to burn the backs, generally the buttocks... They tie you on your back to the upper bed, and with the heat coming from a torch or a small heater, they burn your back to get the information they want... Sometimes the burning is concentrated on the spine, and paralysis nearly always follows... There were all sizes of whips hanging from nails on the wall. Electric batons stood on little stools... The gallows was used to hang you upside down; then someone would beat you with a mace on your legs, or use the electric baton on your chest or your genitals

—Skeptic (January/February 1977)

Many other forms of torture—both physical and psychological—are used in Iran: hanging the victim upside down while beating his feet; inserting an electric cosh (a blackjacketlike instrument) into the rectum; and strapping the prisoner to an electric hot plate and slowly grilling him.

After the last outbreak of fighting in the Holy Land, Israel charged that Syria had tortured Israeli prisoners, and some captured pilots claimed their ears had been systematically beaten to prevent them from flying future combat missions. Syria has countered by claiming that Israel has also stooped to torture. The Israelis are accused of burning prisoners with cigarettes (a popular torture everywhere) and turning trained attack dogs on them. At least one Syrian

(continued on page 110)

BEAVER HUNT

OK, men (and you girls too), if you don't take some hot photos of your loveliest nude friends, you'll be missing your opportunity to make May a truly lusty month. Sure, Mother Nature has set the stage, putting those fragrant flowers in lovers' lane, but there's only so much a mother can do. Besides, you're too old to be depending on Mom! Get out there and take nude pictures! We don't want to high-pressure you; we want to remind you that time is a fleeting thing and that today's stud horse is tomorrow's dog food!

Send us a sharply focused color photo—no black and whites please—of your favorite model in the nude, along with a short personality profile. Coax your model to be as candid as possible and remember to com-

plete the model release form on page 110. Send your entry to **HUSTLER Beaver Hunt**, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

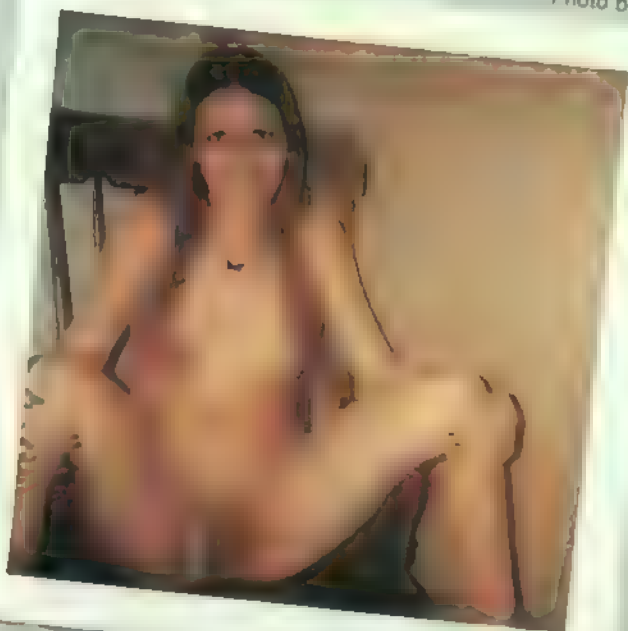
If we publish your photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who enters will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If chosen best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your model may be offered a chance to appear in one of our pictorial spreads. If chosen for a feature spread, he or she could receive from \$1,000 to \$1,500 as a professional model. Like we said, gentle reader, Mother Nature has things ready, and Father Time won't wait.

Emiko I., 21, is a student from Williamstown, Massachusetts. A classic-film buff, she dreams of spending an evening at a movie star's mansion, where she can indulge her many fantasies.



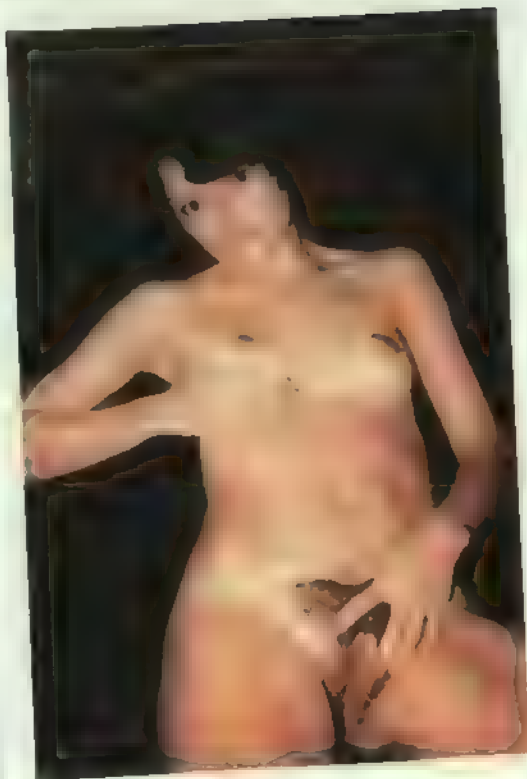
Photo by Eric J. Smith

Photo by R T



Lisa Jones, 20, a housewife from Kingsport, Tennessee, saves her energy for sexy minivacations at the beach with her husband. Lisa says when she's not partying, she's making love.

Photo by I E M



Rochester, Minnesota, housewife Debbie Stein, 22, is into nudism, camping and bicycling. Her fantasy is being gang-banged by four handsome guys.



A Windber, Pennsylvania, housewife who likes horseback riding, 23-year-old Martha enjoys sex after a good, brisk canter.

Photo by Robert S

Photo by Salvador Pascual Medina



Guadalupe Cifuentes, 24, is a secretary from Mexico City who describes herself as being "very warm, very kinky, anything goes." Guadalupe has no sexual fantasies but many good friends.

Twenty-one-year-old Valarie Jones is keeping her options open, both careerwise and sexually. This girl from Peoria, Illinois, says she wants to experience everything sex has to offer.



Photo by Clarence Smith

Photo by Carlos E. Wood

Louann Kemp, 22, is a cocktail waitress from Mobile, Alabama. Her interest in sex is academic: She wants to start a lovemaking school for males from eight to 80.



New Jersey's Donna Zelenski, 21, is a hot-rod buff who likes to get it on in the backseat of a car. Of course, the ride is pretty nice in front too.

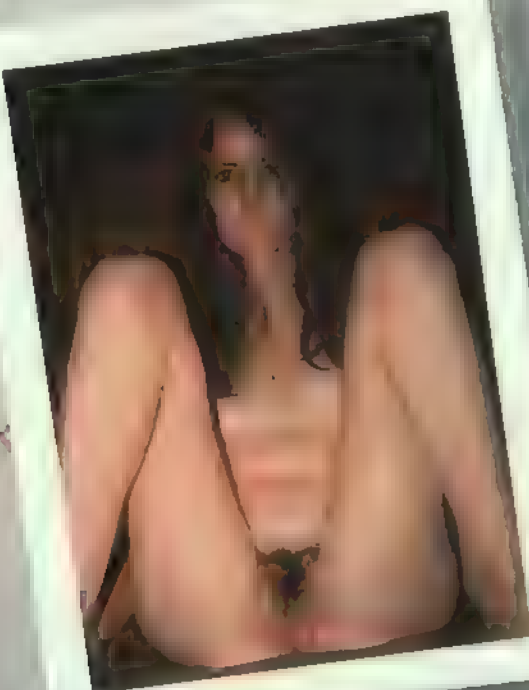
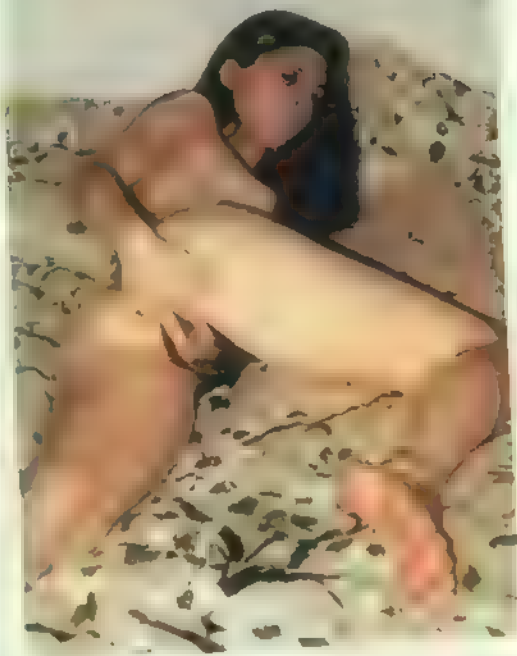


Photo by [illegible]

Photo by Gary L. Pratt



Twenty-six-year-old Darcey Williams, a former ski instructor now living in L.A., likes to do things on a grand scale. Her fantasy is having sex with at least 15 men at one time.

Michelene Carrara, a 26-year-old airline employee who loves to travel, is presently touring her native Germany. One of these days she'd like to provide some really personal cockpit service to two handsome male passengers at once.

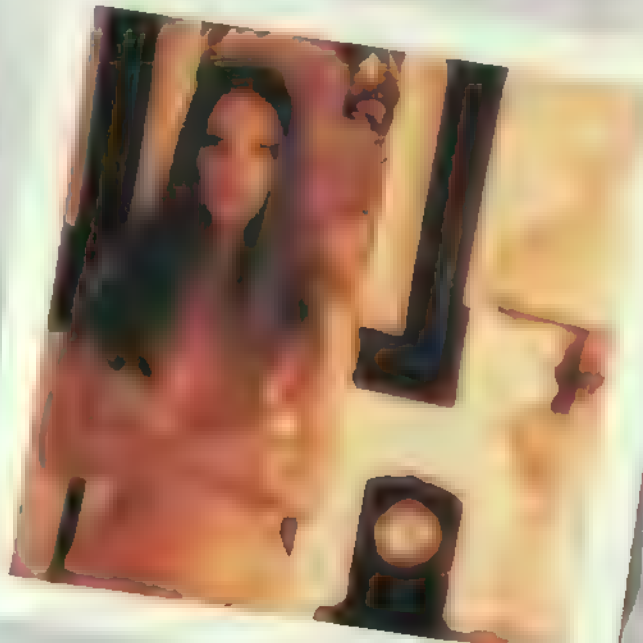


Photo by T mur Byg



Gretna, Louisiana, is home base for 23-year-old Jan Burmaster, a nightclub singer. Jan has visions of "making love to a very sexy, hairy man on Waikiki Beach."

Photo by L. L. See

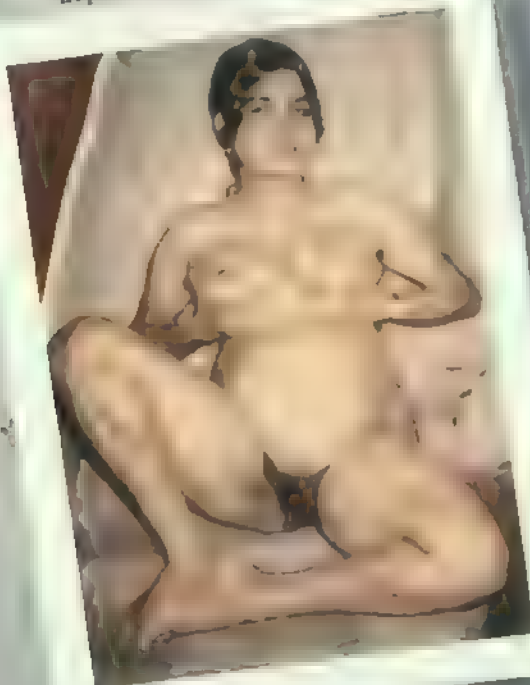


Nineteen-year-old typist Mary Boulter of Ellicott City, Maryland, has two fantasies: being totally covered with whipped cream and getting licked clean, and being able to reciprocate like Linda Lovelace.

One for the Ladies



"Sexy Shirley," 26, is a housewife from Bombay, India. She wants "all hustlers to see my body and love it!" She also hopes "to win a prize with this photo."



Twenty-two-year-old Tom Nox of Dayton, Ohio, says he's a playboy by trade (Where have we heard *that* before?) Although Tom likes all sexual pastimes, he confesses to a special fondness for oral sex and water sports.

TORTURE

(continued from page 104)

pilot said his legs were amputated unnecessarily by Israeli doctors. And if all this were not bizarre enough, in Oman some malignant genius has converted a hydraulic jack to press torture victims against the roof.

Europe

The concept of human rights... developed in the specific European political context. Nevertheless, it was in the same context, in this century, that political persecution on a large scale... developed.

—Report on Torture

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, 36th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

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Sexual Fantasies _____

(Include separate sheet if necessary)

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Throughout the Soviet world the psychological torture of political dissidents is established policy, and in Mother Russia herself intellectuals who criticize the Communist Party are held in mental hospitals. One such facility is the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. Here the game is somewhat more subtle, but the rules appear exactly the same—the bravest and the best are deliberately cut down as a warning to their peers. And as we move closer to the center of our own cherished Western civilization, the news is only slightly better.

Torture has been reported in Belgium, Portugal and Spain. Even the British, our own cultural and political parents, have come under suspicion. In 1971, British soldiers repeatedly locked up members of the Irish Republican Army and subjected them to gross abuse.

The heads of Irish prisoners were covered with thick black hoods, after which the men were forced to lean against a wall with their weight resting on their fingertips. They were also denied food and sleep. This went on for several days, and if they collapsed, the Irish were kicked and beaten until they were forced to stand again.

When the British were called on to justify this use of torture, the best they could offer was to say that it worked. The Irish prisoners broke under the treatment and betrayed their own secret armory, which the British were then able to destroy. But wouldn't Idi Amin, the Shah of Iran and General Pinochet all say, "It works!"?

Latin America

The situation in Central America and South America is similar to that in Africa. Nearly every Latin American country is governed by military decree—and power has become the only law. Torture is endemic from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande, with the possible exceptions of Costa Rica, Venezuela and Panama.

In Brazil you're softened up in the "refrigerator," a five-foot-square cell with loudspeakers, strobe lights and the ultimate in climate control. This modern device is housed in Sao Paulo and operated by a special police unit called the *Operacao Bandeirantes*. Important victims are subjected to intense heat followed swiftly by extreme cold—all this while being bombarded by terrible noise and flashing lights or total darkness, or any combination of the above. After they're removed from the "refrigerator," the tortured aren't even sure what planet they're on.

The Brazilians were one of the earliest torture masters on the continent, and they have shared their expertise with other countries—specifically Chile. In that country, under Augusto Pinochet, the climate of torture stands out clearly, and its true political purpose seems most obvious.

To stay in power the military must break the spirit of a population that gave a majority of its votes to the Communist Party. Immediately after the coup 10,000 to 15,000 people were killed outright, and civilian authority was destroyed. The Chilean Supreme Court overturned its own constitution and gave all authority to Pinochet—even the right to detain any minor without charge or explanation. From American journalist Rose Styron we have an account of this horror:

Countless adolescents are among the political prisoners held in jails and camps throughout Chile. Mexico's daily *Excelsior* described a medieval scene in which a 15-year-old girl was kept nude in a cell, her body smeared with excrement and covered with rats, and one in which a 16-year-old boy was closed up in a box for 15 days... A 14-year-old has been given sodium pentothal daily under severe interrogation. Another 14-year-old collapsed from the pain of electroshock... A pregnant 17-year-old... was subjected to clubbing and electroshock on her uterus, which caused brain damage to the baby she bore.

—Report on Torture,

"Appendix:

Special Report on Chile"

This brief quote can only suggest the chilling quality of Styron's report, which describes in great detail the systematic destruction of a country once regarded as the most cultured nation in South America. One victim was told by his torturer, "There are no human rights! We are establishing fascism."

And that's the nut of it. Whether the political right tortures the political left, or the left tortures the right, one thing is clear—all over the world people are being whipped into line, and if they cry out, they are tortured and killed.

United States

Injury may well be done a man for the sake of safety.

—Publius Syrus
Sententiae, 45 B.C.

But it can't happen here. We are safe in our snug houses and protected by the American rule of law. A pretty fancy,

but one that even a cursory glance at our own record swiftly dispels. The American presence has played a silent partner to torture in every corner of the globe. The most obvious incident is the involvement of our troops in wholesale torture during the Vietnam War, but there are many more subtle episodes.

According to a Rockefeller Commission report, the United States has allied itself, at least on a research and training level, with a number of countries using torture. In 1961 the Agency for International Development, through its Office of Public Safety, began to provide hardware and training to foreign police officers. At the same time the CIA had a program to study the control of human behavior. The bulk of this aid went to South Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines, Guatemala, Uruguay and Brazil.

Our involvement in Chile is notorious, but we have also supplied tools and training to Saudi Arabia, and we support the South Korean government of President Park Chung Hee. And we sell to others. In July 1972 the *Times* of London reported that instruments of torture were being purchased by the Pakistani military attache in the United States. In 1971 we gave military aid and diplomatic support to Pakistan during its savage repression of Bangladesh. The

cages used in the infamous Con Son, South Vietnam, "tiger cage" prison were manufactured in America on a contract awarded by the U.S. Navy.

In the Middle East the CIA promised aid and support to the Kurdish rebellion against the Iranian government, then cynically reversed its policy and silently stood by while the Kurds were massacred. Even now the CIA is admitting its own use of political torture here and abroad.

But these incidents, shameful as they are, don't involve the torture of our own citizens—it is only American money and American hardware; and, as everyone knows, gun manufacturers are not guilty of the murders committed with their product.

Then what about our own prisoners? A recent Arkansas case (*Holt v. Sarver*) has turned up evidence that convicts in that state were being disciplined with electroshock to the genitals. In many of our large cities black prisoners are beaten, starved and held for days in solitary confinement.

How do we ignore the police murders of Black Panthers, and the savage excesses of the police riot during the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago? Can we overlook the bands of narcotics officers who have broken into the homes of innocent citizens to

terrorize them at gunpoint?

Our hands are not clean. Perhaps no one's are.

Man is capable of torturing fellow human beings, but he also feels the need to justify what he is doing. It seems to be a precondition for torture that the torturer have a world view, no matter how crude, that divides man into the torturable and the nontorturable.

—Report on Torture

Many have heard of Dr. Stanley Milgram's alarming study of authority and pain, *Obedience to Authority*, but it's worth summarizing briefly once more. Ordinary volunteers were asked to help in a learning experiment to demonstrate the effectiveness of punitive treatment. In short, if the learners didn't catch on fast enough, they would be encouraged with a little electroshock.

But the experiment was gaffed. The learners who were strapped into chairs behind glass partitions only pretended to feel pain, and the actual purpose of the experiment was to determine how the volunteer torturers would behave. They behaved badly. Out of 40 torturer subjects, 26 were able to push the voltmeter up to 520 volts, or until the learner/victim "fainted." Many of those



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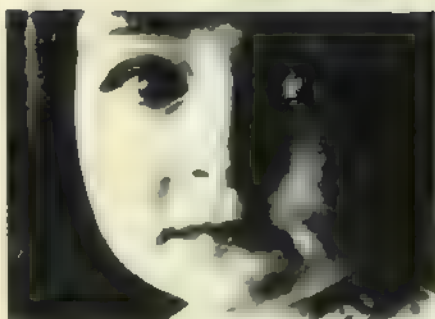
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controlling the voltmeters exhibited great distress, but as long as a figure of "authority" told them to continue, they obeyed.

This study strongly suggests that under given circumstances we are all capable of deliberately inflicting pain. Those who work in emergency rooms at large metropolitan hospitals would hardly dispute this notion. They see a steady parade of children beaten by their parents.

The ultimate aim of torture is more than absolute obedience to authority. It demands love of authority. Only then is authority complete and secure.

—Ramsey Clark,
director of Amnesty International and
former U.S. attorney general

There is little doubt that the use of torture is growing in the world while the ideal of democracy is fading—and that, consequently, ordinary people everywhere are in trouble. One of the few bright spots is the recent change in our own diplomatic posture.

PROFILE: CHUCK BADONE

(continued from page 58)

really love to do at the best summer track in the country."

It was 90 minutes before post time when Chuck Badone strolled across the Monmouth paddock area, where the horses are saddled. He was about to face 1,500 members of the racing public waiting to receive a professional's predictions. He sat on a lone stool in front of the standing-room crowd, switched on the public-address system and began speaking in the quick cadence and twangy tone of a race-caller (a style he picked up while broadcasting race recreations for a Phoenix radio station).

Badone looked incredibly vulnerable sitting up there, alone and unarmed, before a crowd that might have turned hostile at any moment. All he had to defend himself with were his copy of the *Racing Form* and the method he had developed to sift through the countless morsels of information that are factors in handicapping any horse race.

What his audience would hear was a mere smattering of Badone's method—an elaborate process of elimination. The first step is to evaluate two crucial variables in order to cull the bums and cripples—horses whose records indicate they lack either the conditioning (fitness) or class to win a given race.

"Of all the things you can look at in studying a horse's past performances, everything is secondary to the dates of

The U.S. Congress has begun to refuse aid to openly repressive nations, and President Jimmy Carter is probably one of the first world leaders to speak out in defense of the human rights of foreign citizens. This policy plunged Carter into instant hot water—the Russians told him to shut up and mind his own business. But he did speak up, at least at first, and once an idea enters the world, it never leaves.

Still, it's difficult to see much hope for the world's immediate future, and there's every indication things may be growing worse. Democracy everywhere is on the run, and common sense suggests a certain pessimism. Our own country, starved for energy and brought to its knees, may well join the worldwide shift to repressive government, and then who will be pulled from their beds at night? Whose bodies will be burned and broken? What men will have their nuts mashed like applesauce while their women are being raped in the next room? Who'll be tortured until they tell them anything they want to hear?

his previous races," Badone advises, "because that all-important question of conditioning is, for the most part, answered there. You can't expect an unfit horse to win a race, regardless of how fast he ran the last time, where he finished or what kind of competition he was up against."

In general, Badone figures a two-month layoff is more than enough to count out all but the classiest thoroughbreds from further consideration. On the other side of that coin are horses that have been racing regularly, then suddenly taken out of action for two months or so. Usually, such horses aren't good plays the first time back, Badone offers, but make excellent wagers on their second outings.

From the relatively simple question of conditioning, Badone turns to the much tougher matter of assessing a racehorse's "class," or natural ability. A horse's class isn't determined by breeding, but by the level of competition it has faced in recent years.

The cards at most racetracks include a good number of claiming races, in which every horse entered can be purchased for a set price (\$4,000, \$10,000, \$20,000, etc.) by an owner or trainer with horses at the track. Therefore, the caliber of horses in a race can be judged by the claiming price. If a horse hasn't been able to get out of its own way in \$5,000 claiming races, for instance, it's safe to say it'll be outclassed—and should be disregarded—if you find it

(continued on page 115)

KINKY KORNER

by Pat Franklin

I'm a happily married 29-year-old, and my husband, Sam, is quite a stud. Our sex life is always satisfying, so there's no real reason to play around with anyone else. Besides, I fooled around before I got married, and now loving one man is a nice change of pace.

Sam goes out with his buddies occasionally, and from time to time I go to discotheques with my old roommates to talk and joke about our many escapades, most of which involved sex. Music and dancing usually excite me, and I often return home in the wee hours, slightly drunk and extremely horny. More than once Sam has awakened to find me nibbling his cock. Maybe that's why he doesn't mind my going out.

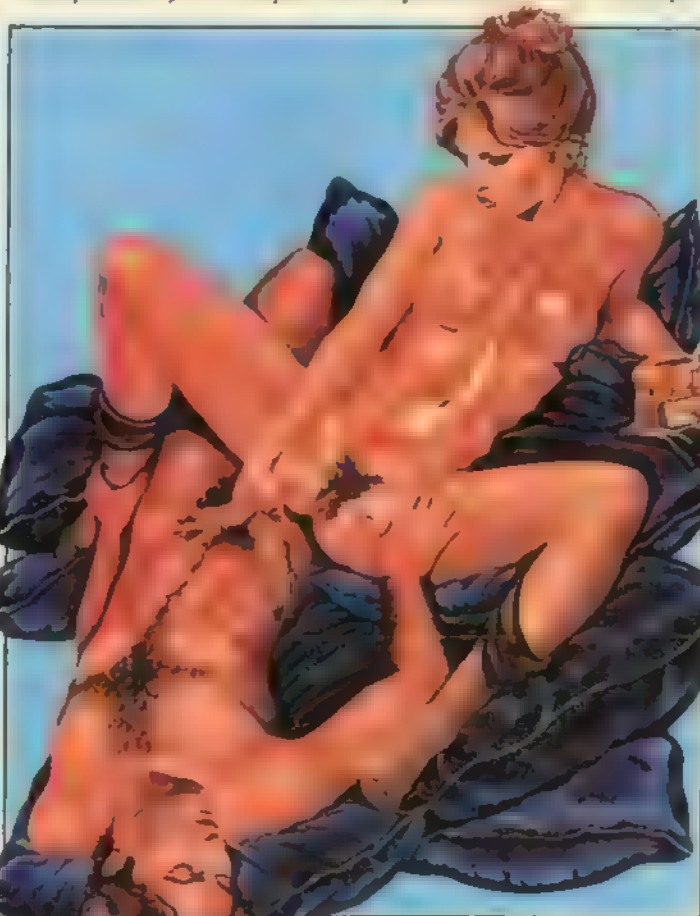
One evening I was at a disco with the girls when our laughter was broken by an oddly familiar male voice asking permission to join us for a drink. I glanced up into a pair of teasing green eyes and almost choked on my gin and tonic.

It was Jake, a policeman with whom I had had a wild affair before my marriage. A tingle shot through me. The memory of his hot kisses and warm caresses suddenly welled up and swept me away. We had broken up because of his career. I didn't want to marry a man who might go out the door one day and get killed in the line of duty. But I had often thought about him—and his oversized tool.

Jake's gaze traveled with approval over my ample breasts, curvaceous hips and tanned legs. This really turned me on. He ordered another round of drinks and then did something unexpected. He drained his Old Fashioned and kissed me lightly on the forehead.

My girlfriends teased Jake about being a bachelor at the age of 33. He reddened when they said he had grown balder. He replied—staring into my eyes—that some people's looks improve with the years. Then he laid his arm

Do you have an unusual story that you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine or ten typed (double-spaced) or neatly printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.



THE WAYWARD WIFE

across my shoulder, deliberately grazing my breast with his hand.

When Jake asked me to dance, I accepted eagerly. He led me through the crowd to a small dance floor bathed in psychedelic lights. We squeezed in and joined the gyrating bodies.

I love dancing to hot music, and the rhythm sounded like it was made for a jungle sex rite. My braless breasts bounced freely when I faced Jake, and when I turned around, my behind swayed invitingly. I was becoming more and more excited watching his sexy, well-built body groove to the music. My nipples hardened, pressing against the

thin material of my blouse. From the way Jake stared I knew he wasn't missing a single trick.

A slow number was next, and as we rubbed together, I could feel he was aroused. He nibbled my neck and earlobe. Suddenly his thick tongue thrust deeply into my mouth, and we were locked like this until the song ended. When we elbowed our way back to the table, I had to walk in front to hide Jake's bulging jeans from my friends' eyes.

At the dimly lit table Jake, my roommates and I recalled the great times we had had in our old apartment. Talking about those days made me secretly realize how tame my life had become since I married.

Maybe it was the drinks, maybe it was the talk, but I was eager to recapture those wild days, and I was determined to capture them that night with Jake. My ex-roomies took turns dancing with him, and we all drank heavily until the place closed at 1 a.m. When Jake invited me over to his apartment for a nightcap, I promptly accepted.

Jake started the car, then reached over to fondle my breasts. He kissed me passionately on the lips. Excited, I started rubbing the crotch of his jeans. The feel of the hard thickness there brought back memories of

how great it had been having him inside me. I unzipped his fly. Jake kissed my breast through my filmy blouse, and I fondled his velvety penis. He pressed the accelerator, and we were off.

As he drove, Jake caressed my breasts. Moving to my crotch, he lifted my skirt enough to poke a finger under my panties. His finger dipped all the way into my pussy, then rubbed the sticky love juices over my erect clit. He repeated this again and again as I squeezed and stroked his rigid rod. We were becoming too hot to stop, and I was relieved when we left the expressway and arrived at his place. He tongue-kissed me once more.

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When you order, please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. All items are shipped in discreet packaging. No sales tax is collected on orders shipped outside Ohio.

KINKY KORNER

We zipped and buttoned up and went into his apartment.

Inside his bachelor pad the drinks began to hit me, and I sank dizzily to the couch. Jake sat next to me. I tried to undo my blouse, but he brushed my hands aside and undid the buttons himself, kissing my shoulders, then my breasts, biting my nipples lightly. Next, he unzipped my skirt and kissed my stomach. Then he lowered my panties an inch at a time, licking and caressing me as he traveled down my body.

I lay back on the long fur couch. He was soon licking my pussy. I quivered and moaned. Frenching my pussy with his pointed tongue, he gently pinched my nipples, making them tinglingly erect. I couldn't wait and exploded into a long, shuddering climax.

I relaxed on the couch, but he had only begun his love work. He lifted my legs, placing them over his broad shoulders. Next he lowered his head and began biting and licking my buttocks. I flinched when he rimmed me. He was teasing me with every thrust of his tongue. I tried to pull away, but he held me down as he continued his persistent probing. Suddenly his tongue was all over my clit, and his forefinger now plunged deep into my backside. I squirmed, burying his finger and tongue deeper into my flaming orifices.

At this point I was begging to be fucked. Jake slowly withdrew his finger from my rear and flicked his tongue one last time across my clit. He lowered me gently and slipped the bulging head of his swollen penis into my vagina.

I ached to have all of it. I pushed against him desperately, but he would give me only two more inches. "Please, baby, please," I moaned. All of a sudden he penetrated me to the hilt in one swift thrust. The pain paled quickly as wild-riding pleasure overtook me. We made love in earnest, building to faster and more forceful penetrations. My back arched; Jake tensed. His strokes became shorter, harder. He held my buttocks tightly. Then when he seemed to have stopped breathing entirely, he suddenly came, choking out my name as he threw his head back. He collapsed beside me on the couch, and we lay there, glistening with sweat.

After a while I got up, stretched and sauntered into the kitchen. I returned with a jar of honey. Jake watched me anoint his monstrous dick with the sweet amber goo. I applied a small amount to his nipples and began sucking them. I fingered his heavy sac. Soon he had grown to his full, curving nine inches. I licked the top of his penis and

ran my tongue down its long vein. He winked at me as I hungrily went down on it, taking ever-greater portions into my mouth. Again I dipped my finger into the golden liquid, and when I wigged it into his anus, he gasped.

Jake closed his eyes as I moved down to lick his balls. Then I turned him over gently and gave his anus a thorough tongue-lashing. He moaned and tensed the cheeks of his behind. I turned him over again, went down on his cock—savoring the honey flavor and his slight male scent—and finished him off.

When we awoke, dawn was breaking over Lake Michigan. I suggested we bathe, and Jake agreed. After he adjusted the bathwater to a comfortable temperature, we climbed into the tub and soaped each other. Then he turned the shower attachment on my clit, and the pulsating water raised me to such a pitch that I was almost ready to come again. This made Jake's dick rock-hard. I guided him into me, and we fucked right there in the tub.

After our "shower," we towed each other dry. I was amazed that after a night of lovemaking I still longed to feel Jake probing and thrusting inside me. From the way he dried my body, lingering over each area, I knew he felt the same way. But I had to get home.

We dressed and walked into the cool air of a lovely Sunday morning. He drove slowly across town, fondling my breasts through my blouse. Once again I rubbed the place where his thighs met, and he began to stiffen. I laughed, leaning back on the headrest and stretching my legs luxuriously.

When we pulled in front of my apartment building, Jake grasped my shoulders, looked me in the eyes and kissed my forehead. Without speaking, I got out of the car.

Entering the apartment, I was relieved to hear Sam's snores. I undressed in the living room, carefully slipped into bed and curled beneath the covers, warmed by his body. He turned over in his sleep and hugged me close. As I lay watching him sleep, I realized that, although I love my husband, I looked forward to seeing Jake again—real soon.

I know some people might condemn me for this. Adultery, they'd say, is immoral. But I don't think my feelings are adulterous. You see, I love my husband, but I don't love Jake. Sure, I enjoy his body and he enjoys mine. But Jake could be any man and I could be any woman. With my husband there is a special bond that nothing can break. Adultery? No way!

PROFILE: CHUCK BADONE

(continued from page 112)

entered against \$10,000 claimers.

However, Badone points out that when you find a race in which a horse is legitimately dropping down in class (that is, it has run well against better competition and is in good condition), "that is the best play at any track."

After eliminating those horses he believes are unfit or outclassed, Badone begins to bring into play a long list of other handicapping variables. He discards horses running at the wrong distance or carrying excessive weight, those with an unplayable jockey and those stuck in bad post positions.

If he still hasn't arrived at a selection, Badone might look at what he considers to be less important factors, such as fractional times (times at various points, such as 1/8 mile, 1/4 mile, etc.; these indicate the pace of a given race), track condition (fast, slow, muddy, etc.), speed rating (standard for evaluating a horse's time against the track record for a given distance) and the number of horses entered in previous races.

"A recent workout might finally catch my eye, or a good trainer," he noted. "All told, I use every tool I can logically use to narrow down the field. Ideally, by applying common sense and basic hand-

icapping principles I'll be able to narrow it down to one horse—the winner."

That's what the fans were hoping for, too, as Badone ran at breakneck speed through an analysis of all nine races, evaluating not only the horses he had selected to win, but every horse on the card. With nothing but the *Racing Form* to guide him through the program, Badone ad-libbed for nearly an hour, talking so fast you wondered when the hell he was breathing, but covering more ground and making more points than seemed possible.

The crowd responded to his performance with a spattering of applause, not yet aware that he'd just given them four winners among his selections. Before Badone escaped the paddock area, about 50 fans closed around him, seeking advice and autographs, or just thanking him for the presentation. The Professor of Handicapping was smiling broadly, loving every minute of his celebrity status—and pleased, no doubt, that post time was at hand.

After a quick stop at the betting windows Badone retired to the exclusive precincts of the press box to take in the first six races. Watching the horses run from the perspective of an air-conditioned, hermetically sealed room atop the Monmouth clubhouse is much like watching television without the audio.

Missing are the spectacular sounds 15 tons of horses generate when they go hoofing past the grandstand. About the closest thing you get to a roar up there are the prayers of a dyspeptic old racing writer whenever one of his picks is anywhere near the pace.

The advantages of the press box are apparent, though, when one of those Barbizon beauties comes to pick up your wagers before each race, sparing you the agony of lines, which are always rife with track rats.

Badone had no sooner taken his customary seat overlooking the finish line than he was poring over the *Racing Form* charts—again. Although he had just demonstrated that he knew every animal on the card inside out and had a pretty good notion of which ones would run well, Badone never makes his final betting decisions until the last possible instant. That is, when he can see the odds on the tote board and the horses parading to the post.

"You've got to understand that handicapping a race is one thing, and gambling on it is something altogether different," he pointed out. "Someone can take the correct analysis of a race, misbet it and turn it into a total disaster."

"I, for one, am not a particularly good gambler and never have been, because I'm out to have a good time. I need to

THE SENSATION OF THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU FROM LEASURE TIME

sensations

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING
24-hour toll-free service
Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107
(In Ohio call 1-800-282-9216)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216 HU57BT

Please Print

Name

Address

City State Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted)
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐

Interbank No.	Exp. Date	mo	year
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Signature Date

I am of legal age

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

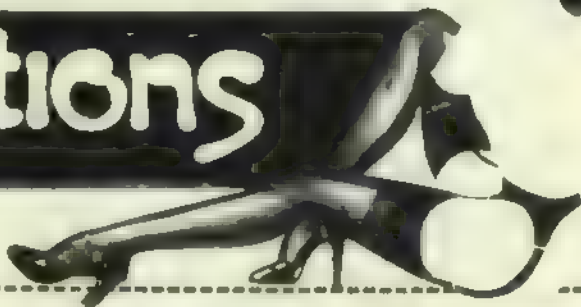
PRICES \$6.95

- 3688 8mm Silent • \$34.95
- 3689 Super 8mm Silent • \$34.95
- 3690 Super 8mm Sound • \$64.95
- 3691 1/2" Video Cassette • \$79.95
- 3692 1/2" Betamax Cassette • \$79.95

Subtotal \$

Ohio residents add 4% sales tax
Postage handling and insurance 1.50

TOTAL \$



"sensations" IS SUPERB!

This film is so hot that I recommend that any theatre preparing to exhibit it, wallpaper their place with asbestos to prevent it burning to the ground!"

AL GOLDSTEIN

"sensations" IS WHAT PORNO—GOOD PORNO—SHOULD BE ALL ABOUT."

BOB SAI MACCI

ADULTS ONLY R-R COLOR

SENSATIONS signals a new era in sensual motion pictures. This film does not try to make the statement that the joys of flesh go hand in hand with some kind of guilt and punishment. Instead, Director Alberto Ferro has succeeded in blending eroticism with an interesting storyline to create a movie that imaginatively portrays the beauty of sex.

LEASURE TIME now offers an abbreviated version of the award-winning SENSATIONS. Each film and tape captures the highest quality vivid colors ever offered to home viewers. Available with or without sound, these movies are 400 feet in length, while the cassettes run for 20 minutes.

After one showing you'll agree that SENSATIONS has an extravagant and pulsating screen presence normally absent in this genre.

A condom is not made to be broken



Horizon condoms provide the feeling of security without sacrificing sensitivity. These contraceptives contain reservoir ends and are lubricated to help maintain the natural sensations. Each sheath is designed to gently cling while caressing your woman.

Choose from the Tahiti (#5008), which comes in various colors for heightened visual excitement; the Stimula (#5010), made with a ribbed surface for an extra touch of pleasure; and Prime (#5011), a thinner, transparent rubber.

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Please send

____ Tahiti (#5008) @ \$3.50/doz
____ Stimula (#5010) @ \$3.50/doz
____ Prime (#5011) @ \$3.50/doz

Please Print

HU578AD

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Interbank No. Exp. Date

Signature, Date

I am of legal age

Subtotal \$

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

Postage handling and insurance 1.00

TOTAL \$

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders. Quantity orders invited.)

bet every race to enjoy myself. A guy who's at the track strictly to make money or earn a living is only going to bet on a race he's sure of, and, even then, only if the odds are right. A professional gambler could've taken the selections I made this year, bet the same amount I did, and he would've made three times more, just by betting properly."

Judging by the payoffs that kept arriving via the Barbizon "gofer," a young sportswriter named Mike was surely playing his picks properly. One of the heaviest bettors in the press box (and reputedly one of the best), Mike was having a fine old time, ranting and raving before every race when the odds on the tote board revealed where the crowd was putting its money. What had him so worked up was the fact that in each race the fans invariably jumped on the horse getting the early money.

"How can they be stupid enough to keep betting the favorite?" Mike asked repeatedly. "If you want to buy a hot dog with your winnings, you bet favorites. Personally, I'd rather try to win enough to play with for a few weeks."

"Besides, these people ought to know by now this place is known as a graveyard for favorites. You can usually just take the favorite and scratch him right off the program."

That favorites often get buried at Monmouth is true enough, Badone agreed, but the same goes for any classy track, where there are likely to be plenty of sleepers whose real natural ability has been obscured by recent bad form.

"At the poorer tracks with cheaper animals," Badone said, "the broken-down horses are there because they're really broken-down. They can't go any lower, and you can be sure they're not going to run. They stink and they lose. At a place like this, though, they've all got a chance, even the ones that look like bums on paper. So your favorite gets beat, and your longer shots can get up to form and win. That's what makes the good tracks tough."

Monmouth's Labor Day card was tough enough to keep them bantering about the likely outcome of every race. Throughout the afternoon Badone kept returning to the performance charts, scrutinizing each line like a palm reader looking for a key to the future, and spitting out little bits of wisdom during his forecasts.

About the worst bet at any thoroughbred track, Badone said at one point, is a horse that has been coming from off the pace in route races (one mile or more) and that is later entered in a sprint (less than seven furlongs, 7/8 mile). Perhaps the very best bet, he noted later, is a race

in which there is only one horse that has proved it has early speed out of the gate. And about the best way to spot those long shots everyone loves, he let on, is to find a horse that has recently performed badly from outside post positions and that now has a more favorable spot on the inside.

Badone's accumulated knowledge had earned him a tidy little sum to play with by the time he headed downstairs after the sixth race to cover the publicity office for an hour. As the handicapper was gliding through the clubhouse at a healthy gait, an older man buttonholed him and started thanking him profusely for the winning tip on a trifecta. Badone wasn't sure what the guy was talking about, and told him so.

"At the seminar, you know, you said early speed would hold up on the grass, you know, in the third race," the old man said, struggling to get it all straight. "So I bet all the early-speed horses like you said, and hit the trifecta for eleven hundred and some-odd dollars. Actually, it was closer to twelve hundred. I just wanted to thank you."


Badone assured the man he was more than welcome, and continued toward the office, muttering about how people were always thanking him for their trifectas, but how he could never hit the damn thing himself.

But there was Badone, not two hours later and no more than 25 feet from where the old man had confronted him, waiting in line to cash a \$2,316 ticket. In the trifecta, the savior of the small bettor, a player has to pick the first three finishers in order. This one turned his whole season into a big winner with a single race. The handicapper appeared to be in shock. Everyone in the line, for that matter, was dumbstruck. You'd have thought they were a bunch of cata-tonics waiting for their medication, rather than lucky horseplayers who had just hit a Monmouth Park 750-1 shot. There wasn't a single smiling face among them.

"Bet you see a lot of happy people here," someone cracked to the security guard, who was watching over the proceedings at the \$100 cashier's window.

"Yeah, you see a lot of different things," the guard answered. "Just last year we had a guy drop dead here. Got so excited he had a heart attack. Just turned purple and dropped dead before we could even get him to the hospital."

The guard shook his head slowly, disapproving. "Yeah, with the money and the horses and all, people get excited here all right."

Like the racetrack adage: It's not what the people do to the horses. It's what the horses do to the people. 

Honey

BY MIKE TOOHEY AND FRED FERNANDEZ

WELL READER IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SURPRISED BY THE NEWS THAT LARRY FLYNT WENT AND GOT HIMSELF "BORN AGAIN," IMAGINE HOW HONEY FEELS!

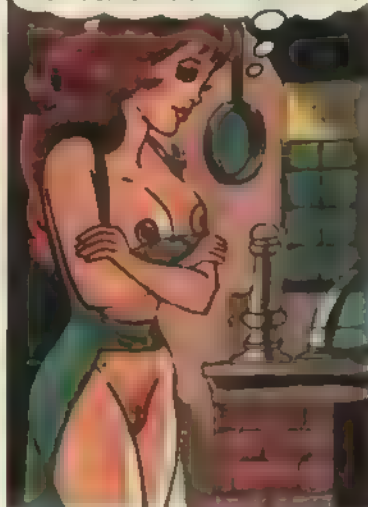


AT FIRST SHE THINKS SHE'S GOING TO LOSE HER JOB AS HUSTLER'S CARTOON FEATURE...

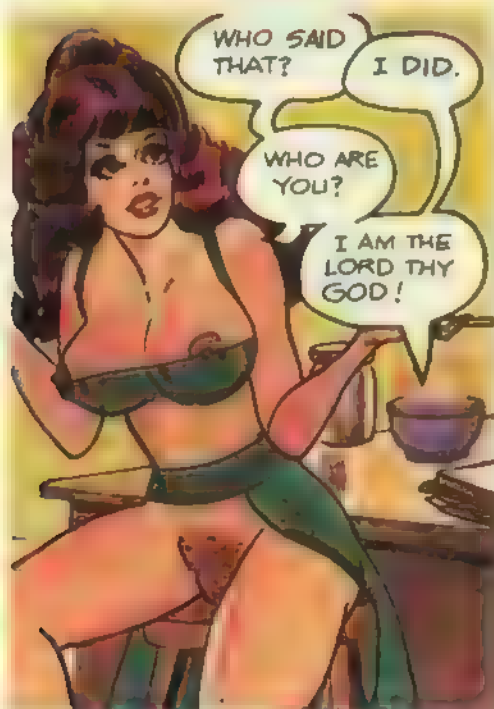


YEP, THINGS ARE LOOKING BLEAK FOR HONEY!

INSECURITY MAKES ME HUNGRY! THINK I'LL FIX ME A DAGWOOD SANDWICH!

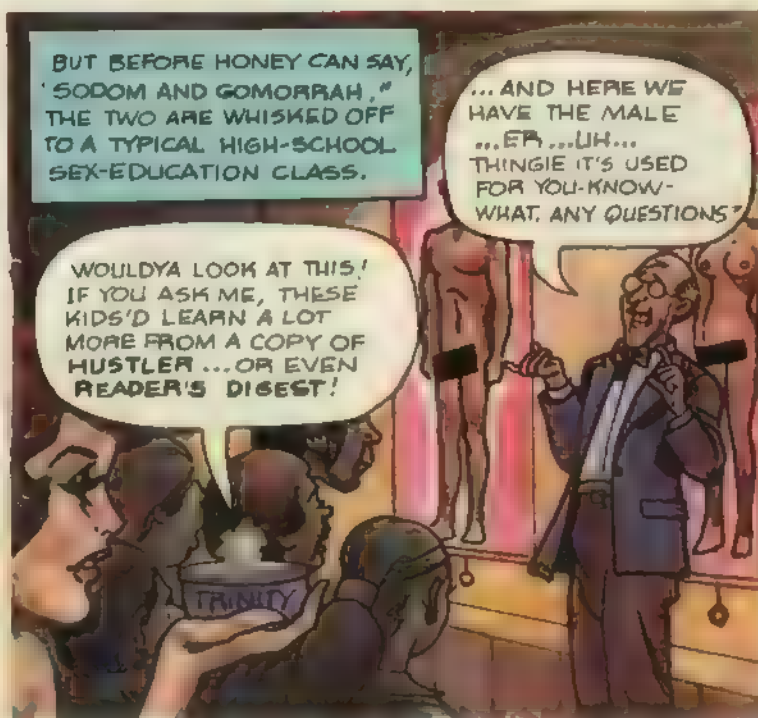
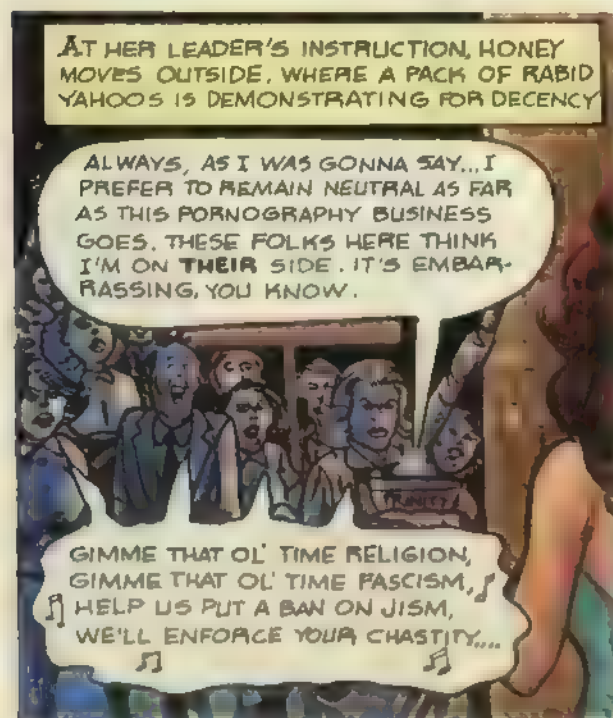


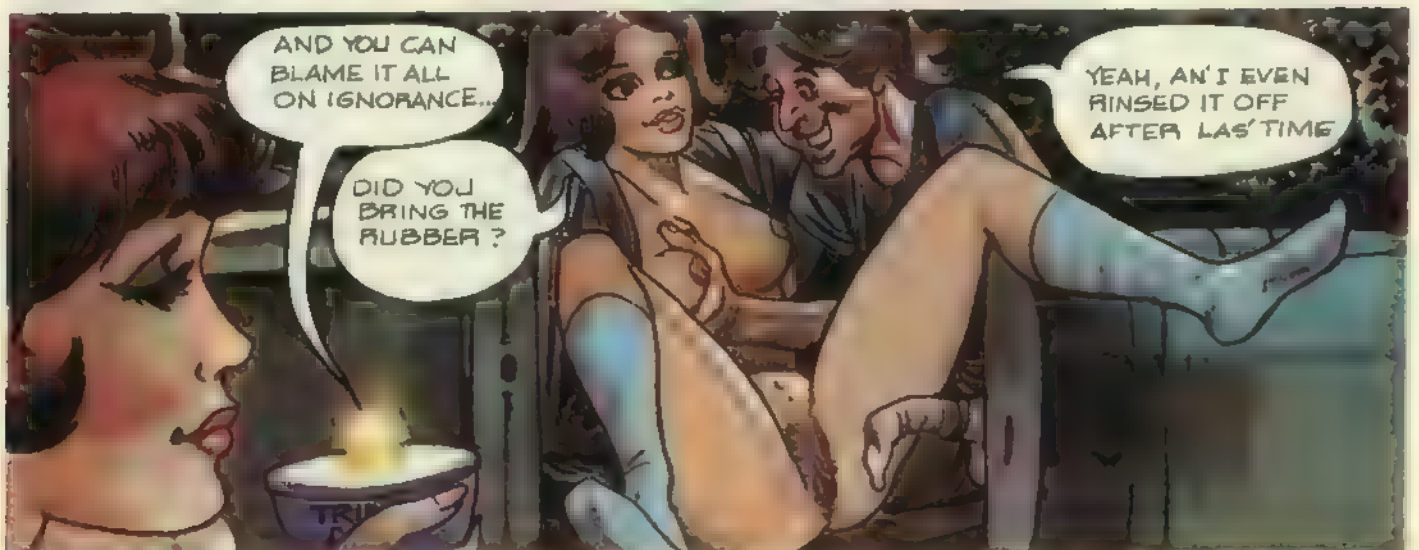
AFTER ALL, SHE REASONS, WHAT DECENT CHRISTIAN WOULD KEEP A WHORE ON THE PAYROLL?



HONEY FINDS HERSELF FACED WITH A COMMON PROBLEM: HOW TO BEHAVE WHEN THE BOSS COMES TO CALL.









TV CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 90)

we were told we couldn't show booze on the air, but beer was OK. Then they said, 'Well, just one can.'

"Next, although we were supposed to be a brawling crowd, the way Boyington had it in his book, [the censors] wanted to cut out the fistfights. We actually were chopped down to one-punch fights. And somewhere they had us taking a Pacific island—with the enemy on it, yet—without showing a shot being fired. Once the censors get on your back," groaned Conrad, "forget it."

The censor's job also requires that he check out commercials. Ads must be OK'd for both taste and truthfulness. But NBC's Traviesas admitted that a peculiar double standard prevails here. Whereas the censor's eye is vigilantly peeled for raunch, sexual innuendo and sneak double entendres, when it comes to commercials a definite laxity exists.

There is, for instance, a great deal more nudity permitted in perfume ads than in any prime-time sitcom. Or a man shaves while a woman lewdly purrs, "Take it off—take it *all* off." In another shaving commercial, for Bic disposable razors, a mother congratulates the newlyweds: "Marriage really agrees with you." To which the bride responds, with

a mischievous wink at her husband: "He really got *stroked* this morning." How much more suggestive can you get? Worse, all that rhetoric about "developing a character" and showing people "in context" is cavalierly tossed aside in 30-second and 60-second commercials.

How do commercials get away with such censorable material? The explanation is simple: economics.

Advertising supports broadcasting. In the interests of healthy profits and continuing good relations with Madison Avenue, network censors drop their guard a bit. Then, too, the viewing audience rarely complains about sex in commercials. "I'm amazed, really amazed," said Traviesas. "We seldom, seldom get complaints about ads. You can count the letters on the fingers of one hand."

All this is not to say that any and all products can be advertised on TV. There are, in fact, strict regulations handed down by the code of the National Association of Broadcasters, which polices the tube in a dozen areas, ranging from sex and violence to the advertising of detective agencies, alcoholic beverages and tampons. Approximately 60 percent of all TV stations belong to the NAB and receive its Seal of Approval. Although there's no law requiring the networks to abide by NAB

guidelines, few subscribing stations choose to risk the loss of the code seal.

In the area of advertising, code provisions forbid merchandising of hard liquor, or wine or beer exceeding 24 percent alcohol. Drinking "sound effects" aren't allowed. Neither, of course, is on-camera drinking of wine or beer. And any suggestion of "excessive consumption" of wine or beer is unacceptable. There are extremely tight restrictions on the advertising of vegetable oils and margarines, weight-reduction products, arthritis and rheumatism cures, over-the-counter drugs and, finally, goods geared to children.

Extremely worrisome to NAB personnel is the sticky area of "personal products," which is to say: sanitary napkins, douches, tampons, enemas and—marginally—contraceptive devices. Recent major developments on the personal-product front include: Advertising of contraceptives continues to be forbidden; advertising of douches is forbidden between 4 p.m. and 10 p.m.; and advertising of medicated jock-itch products is forbidden.

The "tampon question" alone has tested some of the finest Aristotelian minds behind the code, and the current rules state: The term *suck applicator*, once banned, may now be used in ads

(continued on page 128)



She'll enjoy continuous stimulation when you bathe together, or be satisfied when you're away.

THE LOVE MACHINE



With a Nirvana Bath Massage from LEASURE TIME a woman can whet her sexual appetite. Safe to use the Nirvana is breakproof and has no motor or electrical parts.

Just attach the Nirvana to any bathtub that has a removable shower head. Lay back and direct the gentle whirlpool stream where it feels best. The Nirvana will stimulate the body and give satisfying orgasms as it heightens sensual responses.

Give a woman a Nirvana. It's one gift that will make her come clean.



EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING 24 hour toll free service
Order by a/c Bk 848 7707 in Ohio a/c Bk 262 816

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P O Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please send

NIRVANA Bath Massage(s) #5111 @ \$29.95

Please Print

HJ578W

Name

Address

City State Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Interbank No. Exp Date

Signature Date

Subtotal \$

Ohio residents add 4% sales tax

Postage handling and insurance 2.00

TOTAL \$

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped within 4 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. Add \$5.00 for foreign orders. Quantity orders invited.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

When making mail-order purchases, follow these "ten commandments"

1. Write your return address on the envelope containing your order and on a coupon or piece of paper inside the envelope. Always include your Zip code.

2. Write legibly. Clearly print or type your name and address. Our friends at Leisure Time Products (who are old hands at this business) are often amazed by how many orders are impossible to read.

3. Keep a copy of the advertisement so you can write the company if problems arise. Also save all correspondence with the firm.

4. Never send currency through the mail. It's inclined to disappear mysteriously, and you have no way of proving that you actually sent cash if the company should later deny having received any.

5. Send a certified check or money order. You'll get your merchandise quicker than if you sent a personal check. Many companies wait until a personal check clears the bank before shipping your order.

6. Hold onto the receipt for your money order or certified check. If you send a personal check, keep the canceled check when it is returned by the bank.

7. Postage-due letters will delay shipment, so be sure to affix the correct postage to the envelope.

8. Don't expect instant service. Allow up to six weeks for delivery.

9. If you move, notify your local post office of your change of address so your order can be forwarded.

10. Order COD (collect on delivery) when you can. This usually guarantees delivery, since the firm cannot receive payment until it sends the product. Remember that COD charges will be added to the cost of the merchandise.

HELPFUL AGENCIES

If you've waited a reasonable length of time and haven't received your mail-order merchandise, write the company first, requesting a status report on your order. If after waiting a few weeks you get no response, don't bother writing the firm again; one letter of inquiry is sufficient. Write HUSTLER, and we'll use our muscle to iron out the problem—even if you've ordered from a company advertising in another magazine. (It is advisable, however, to write the magazine in which you found the ad.) Contact the following agencies as well.

Better Business Bureau. In the phone book you'll find a listing for the nearest BBB, which will be able to give you the address of

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

by Todd David Schwartz

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order products, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information. Also, we'll advise customers on conducting business with mail-order firms, including those advertised in HUSTLER, and alert our readers to shoddy products and outright frauds. If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts. We'll contact the establishment and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a reliable firm, we would like to know that too. Address all correspondence to: HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067

the bureau for the city in which the company is located. (Although more time-consuming, you can send your complaint to the local office and have it forwarded.) The BBB will contact the mail-order merchant on your behalf.

The Better Business Bureau has a rating system indicating whether or not a company is worth dealing with. The greater the number of complaints, the worse the dealer's rating will be. Before placing an order with a company, write the BBB in the firm's home city and ask for information about the reputation of that firm. Include the company's name and address, as well as a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Federal Trade Commission. The FTC has a rule that gives you certain rights when ordering by mail. Unless an advertisement states you should wait a specific amount of time before receiving your merchandise (six to eight weeks, for example), the company must mail it to you within 30 days. It may take a bit longer to actually receive the item, depending on the product and how late in that 30-day period the firm sends it out. Therefore, you should always allow about six weeks.

If the seller cannot ship your merchandise within 30 days, or in the amount of time stated, it must notify you and give you a free means to reply (e.g., a postage-paid postcard). Depending on how long shipping will be delayed beyond the originally stated time, you have several courses of action. If the additional shipping delay will be less than 30 days, you have the option of canceling the order and getting your money back, or of simply agreeing to the new shipping date. (If you don't answer, the seller will assume you agree to the new shipping date.) If the shipping delay will be more than 30 days, the seller must return your money

unless it has your written agreement approving the delay.

You have the right to a full refund if you cancel. The seller must mail this refund to you within seven business days after your cancellation. With a credit sale, the seller has one billing cycle to adjust your account.

These FTC rules do not apply to mail-order photofinishing, magazine subscriptions (and other serial deliveries), mail order seeds and plants, CODs, credit orders that allow you to pay after receiving the merchandise, and sales under "negative option" plans (e.g., book clubs), by which you must notify the seller of your intent not to make a purchase.

If the mail-order seller violates any of these rules, write Bureau of Consumer Protection, Federal Trade Commission, Sixth and Pennsylvania Avenues NW, Room 485, Washington, D.C. 20580. Though the commission

does not intervene in private disputes between a buyer and a seller, it will keep a close watch on any delinquent company.

U.S. Postal Inspection Service. This is the law-enforcement arm of the U.S. Postal Service. You can find the number for your local postal inspector by looking under the "Postal Service" listing in the United States Government section of the phone book. Call or write to obtain the address of the Postal Inspector in Charge for the city in which the company is based. The Postal Inspector in Charge will contact the dealer and have it remedy the problem.

If the inspector cannot get any satisfaction, a mail-fraud investigation of the firm may be initiated. (Whenever you complain to anyone—the company, the magazine or one of these consumers' or government agencies—always include copies of all correspondence between you and the company, a photostat of your money-order receipt or canceled check, and a copy of the ad.)

FEEDBACK LETTER

I am writing to inform you of a Dependable Dealer I have come across. I truly feel that the *Sunshine Company* (P.O. Box 298, Inglewood, California 90306) deserves to be on your list. I have ordered several films from the firm, and they were of the best quality and content. All mail is handled first-class. The prices are reasonable, and all the films I have ordered came to me within ten days. My experience with *Sunshine* ranks that company among the best.

M. S.
Corpus Christi, Texas

The U.S. Postal Inspection Service and the Better Business Bureau also report no complaints about Sunshine. We'd like to hear from other readers who have dealt with this company.



MAIL-ORDER MANIA



Pacific Island girls want men
to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friendly romance marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW. **SEND \$2 TODAY** CONTINENTAL PACIFIC PO Box 3546 - Dept. HM Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

FREE SEX

ACTION PHOTOS

Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable FREE GIFT. Adults 21 or over state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to Parker Sales Co., Dept. HUB P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375

SWINGING TEXAS GIRLS

We're Janice, Sylvia & Jack. We just returned from Europe with some hard to get movies and photos. We owe to SWING watch or be watched or swap. We'll trade photos with girls or guys. We have phone numbers of swinging girls, guys and couples in your area. **SEND NO MONEY** just a self-addressed envelope. Write or stop by if you're in HOUSTON. This is our first ad. **HU0578**
Janice Alexander
5807 Belaire Blvd. Houston Texas 77061

Vibrate your way to Orgasm Butt/Pussy Tickler



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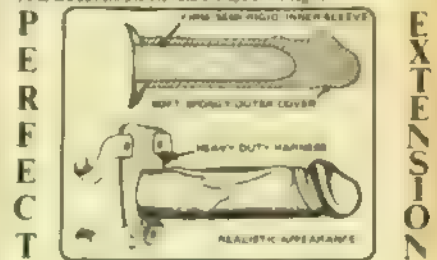
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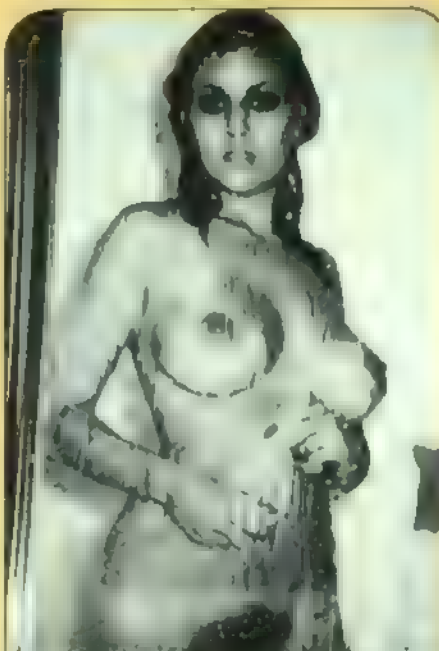
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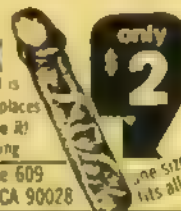
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TV CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 121)

for Kotex Heavy Duty Stick Tampons. So may the word *tube*. However, the ban on any mention of absorbency continues. And diagrams, natch, are out. Likewise the word *insertion*.

Even without overseeing commercials, TV censors have plenty to do just protecting the public from those supposed twin perils, sex and gore. Until recently it was sex that drew the most censorious attention. Die-hard prudes squirmed at the merest mention—let alone glimpse—of you know what, while happily engrossed in the most brutally violent shoot-'em-ups. "An incredibly top-heavy quota of TV violence was tolerated without too much fuss," confirmed *New York Times* critic John O'Connor, "... but sexual content was always a cause for nervousness."

By the 1976-77 season, however, the balance had seemingly tipped in favor of sex. There was *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*—a raucous, irreverent page in TV history that would have been unthinkable several years ago. Shows from the Norman Lear organization have nudged forward the frontiers of the unspeakable. No longer will network execs have to fear the unprecedented 250,000 irate letters that poured in after Maude's abortion. With the anything-goes, no-holds-barred *Soap*, even so daring a subject as transsexualism can be comfortably aired.

Yet much of the gain is illusory. In the larger scheme of things, sex on TV remains frozen back in the Ice Age. Certainly it's light years behind sex in movies and print. Lear, again in *Us* magazine, summed up the sorry, still-impoorished state of TV sex vis-a-vis violence:

"TV violence means putting a gun to somebody's head and pulling the trigger, cars careening over canyons and bodies spilling out, etc. What's the sexual equivalent of this? Nudity and actual lovemaking. We don't see that on TV. I don't think you can call Dean Martin's double entendres on female breasts sex."

If the incidence of TV sex is, imperceptibly, on the rise, then TV violence is—somewhat more perceptibly—in a temporary decline. There are a few less violent shows this season, and those that are violent are a little less violent than in the past. Much of the credit here goes to the swarm of militant "TV-reform" groups that have sprung up across the nation, plus existing groups that have raised the hue and cry, "Violence on TV fosters violence in society."

"Televiolence" has proved to be a

lively, headline-making banner for widely divergent organizations and causes. For example, in a recent Florida trial a teenager charged with brutally murdering an 82-year-old woman put forth a novel defense: "TV insanity" and "addiction to *Kojak*." The defense tactic was futile, but it provided spicy publicity and press coverage.

By conservative count, more than 250 organizations are now dedicated to curbing TV violence (and sex) and "softening" such violence-prone shows as *Starsky & Hutch*, *Charlie's Angels*, *Baretta*, *Police Story*, etc. Perhaps the largest and most potent group waging this war is the Parent-Teachers' Association, which is no longer the quaint little gathering that meets for coffee and Danish to plan decorations for the annual used-book sale.

A giant, 6.4-million-member national organization, the PTA is conducting a holy crusade against what it deems unwholesome and dangerous programming. Typical battle lingo: "We have entered Phase IV of a full-scale TV-reform program—training and action," declared PTA spokeswoman Kim Kellog. According to NBC censor Trivizas, it is the most potent organized group.

The PTA is hardly the only national or local group involved in attempts at telecensorship. In Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Unplug America Coalition has initiated successful TV boycotts. In Massachusetts, Action for Children's Television (ACT), an 8,000-member group, bestows the Bent Antenna Award to programs that dwell on violence.

Church groups have been extremely effective and vocal. For example, the United Church of Christ almost had ABC's *Soap* canceled for lack of sponsors. Bob Jones's small fundamentalist organization in South Carolina was highly instrumental in pressuring General Motors to withdraw its sponsorship of the widely acclaimed—and impeccably tasteful—*Jesus of Nazareth*. The Church of God in Tennessee—boasting 500,000 members—organized a mass boycott to protest "televized violence and sex." The list goes on and on.

Also involved in extensive lobbying is, curiously, the American Medical Association (AMA), which has lent large financial support to TV-reformers. Why have so many groups trained their corporate, or churchly, crosshairs on TV sex and violence? Norman Lear supplied the most succinct and cynical answer: "... [as concerns] the PTA, the AMA and the Southern Baptists ... TV is a whipping boy for the frustrations of organizations that can't otherwise find a banner to rally around."

Without doubt the busiest, most notorious pressure group of all is the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting (NCCB), which compiled a list of TV's most violent shows—measured by a complex mechanical method based on frequency and length of "violent incidents"—and then circulated an accompanying list of television's "most violent sponsors."

Reaction was indignant and quick. Giant sponsors like Bristol-Myers, Kodak and Proctor & Gamble promptly took their business elsewhere, to safer programs rated less violent. Of the 12 "most violent sponsors," no fewer than ten have made strong public statements denouncing violence, claims the NCCB. Even the two "most violent networks"—ABC and NBC—have had less blood and police action during the 1977-78 season.

Not that networks are terribly delighted with the NCCB's blackmail tactics. "We have found severe fault with mechanical counting systems, such as that used by the NCCB," charged ABC censor Schneider.

Aaron Spelling, producer of *Starsky & Hutch* and *Charlie's Angels*, warned in the *New York Times*: "I have a terrible fear that the time will come when any of us who has ever been connected with a police show will be in front of a McCarthy committee."

But NCCB head honcho Nicholas Johnson scoffed at Spelling's charge. Censorship, said Johnson, implies a free marketplace of ideas, which TV is not.

"The reality is this," said another NCCB spokesman. "The TV industry is a business system delivering the audience to the program sponsor. The audience is the product being sold. It's a contradiction to allow broadcasters to hide behind the First Amendment to sell audiences to advertisers, and then call public opinion censorship."

Like any form of repression, censorship stirs up a hornet's nest of angry emotions and contradictions. How else can such mudslinging semantic battles between the NCCB and the broadcast industry be explained? How else can one explain the ban on lewdness in prime-time sitcoms, while—at the same time—giggly, lubricious exchanges are permitted—even required—to enliven such game shows as *Hollywood Squares*? How else can one explain the double standard that allows censorship of sex in serious programming—but virtually encourages raunchy innuendo when advertisers sell their products?

Only this is clear: However ludicrous, pernicious and unnecessary TV censorship often is, it is here to stay—unless, of course, you are an advertiser.

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anal, oral, digital and so on, in a variety of interesting positions she tells you how to really satisfy their needs and desires!

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Turn to the chapter on ORAL AND ANAL SEX and if you don't find it an



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She tells you what women really think about sex! She tells you what they like! She tells you how they like it, and with the help of over 71 fantastic photographs of a stunning, long-haired young beauty and her handsome young partner having sexual intercourse,

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sometimes her nipples are more receptive to stimulation than her genitals there is an instant when your attention must be rapidly switched or she will simply be annoyed? Do you know how to utilize certain neglected areas of sexual pleasure to turn a cold defensive woman into a warm passionate female throbbing with desire?

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masterful lover confident of success.

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AN AFFAIR

(continued from page 94)

time I knew I was going to make it. I could feel the mounting miracle of it moving toward the final point. I was going to come inside of her cunt, the bitch. I was going to pour the juices into her, and there was nothing she could do, the cunt. She was mine. I was the conquering army, I was the rapist, I was dominance, I was death.

She was helpless under me, her head rolling, rocking, as she made sounds: "Arrrggghh! . . . uggg! . . . oh . . . oh . . . oofff! . . . oooooh!" My cock sensed it all, fed on it. I made a strange sound, then I spurted. I spurted right into her center, and she took it, all of it. I rolled off.

I wiped off on the sheet. In 5 minutes she was snoring. I too was soon asleep.

In the morning we both showered and dressed. "I'll take you to breakfast."

"All right," Mercedes said. "By the way, did we fuck last night?"

"My God, don't you remember? We must have fucked for 45 minutes!"

"I *do* feel like I've been fucked."

We went out to a place around the corner. I ordered eggs over easy with bacon and coffee, wheat toast. Mercedes ordered hotcakes and ham, coffee. We sat by the window and watched the traffic and drank our coffee. The waitress brought our orders. I took a bite of egg. Mercedes poured syrup over her hotcakes.

"My God," she said, "you must have *really* fucked me! I can feel the semen running down my leg."

I decided not to see her again.

She phoned me 2 or 3 weeks later. "I got married," she said, "to Little Jack. You met him at the party. He has a short, fat dick. I like his short, fat dick. And he's a nice guy and he's got money. We're moving to the Valley."

"All right, Mercedes. Luck with all."

A couple of weeks later it was Mercedes on the phone again: "I miss those nights of drinking and talking with you; suppose I come over tonight?"

"All right."

She was there in 15 minutes, rolling joints and drinking beer. "Little Jack is a nice guy. We're happy together."

I sucked at my beer.

"I don't want to fuck," she went on. "I'm tired of abortions. I'm really tired of abortions."

"We'll figure something out."

"I just want to smoke and talk and drink."

"That's not enough for me."

"All you guys want to do is fuck."

"I like it."

"Well, I can't fuck. I don't want to fuck."

"Relax."

We sat on the couch. We didn't kiss. Mercedes was not a good conversationalist, and her laugh was still coarse and high and not true. But she had her legs and her ass and her hair. I had found some interesting women, God knows, but Mercedes just wasn't one. I had intended to write a dirty story for one of the magazines that night, and here she was fucking up my night, or *not* fucking it up.

The beer kept coming and the joints went around. She still had the same job. She was having trouble with her car. Little Jack was going to buy her a new one, or maybe she'd get a Yamaha. Little Jack had a short, fat dick. She was reading *Grapefruit* by Yoko Ono. She was still tired of abortions. The Valley was nice, but she missed Venice, the group. And she used to ride her bicycle along the walk.

I don't know how long we talked or *she* talked, but much beer went down, and she said she was too drunk to drive home.

"Take your clothes off and go to bed," I told her.

"But no fucking," she said.

"I won't use your cunt."

She undressed and went to bed. I undressed and went into the bathroom. She saw me come walking out with a jar of Vaseline.

"What are you going to do?"

"Just take it easy, baby, take it easy."

I took the Vaseline out and rubbed it over my cock. Then I turned out the light and got into bed.

"Turn your back to me," I said.

I reached one arm under her and played with her bottom breast, and with my top hand I played with the top breast. It felt good with my face in her hair. I hardened and slipped it into her ass. I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her ass in toward me, sliding it in. "Oooooohh . . .," she moaned.

I began working. I dug it in deeper and slammed and slammed. The cheeks of her ass were very big and soft; they felt like pillows full of air. I ripped and ripped and began to sweat. Then I rolled her onto her stomach and sunk it deeper. It was getting tighter. I got into the end of her colon, and she screamed.

"Shut up, Goddamn you. You want the cops?"

It was tight in the colon. I slipped it in farther. The grip was enormous. I felt as if I were fucking the inside of a rubber hose; the friction was immense. I rammed it in and in, got a hitch in my side, a burning pain, but continued. I



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was slicing her in half, right up the backbone. I roared it in like a madman, and then I began to climax. I pumped the juices into her intestine; they kept coming. Then I lay there. She was crying.

"Goddamnit," I told her, "I didn't use your cunt. I told you I wouldn't use your cunt." I rolled off.

In the morning Mercedes said very little, got dressed and left for work. *This*, I thought, is it.

It was a good 6 to 8 weeks when I answered the phone and it was Mercedes: "Hank, I'd like to come by. But just for talk and beer and a few joints. Nothing else."

"Come by if you wish."

Mercedes was there in 15 minutes. She looked very good. I'd never seen a miniskirt that short, and her legs looked fine. I kissed her a long one right off. She broke off.

"I couldn't walk for two days after that last one. Don't rip my butt open again."

"All right, honest Injun, I won't."

It was about the same. We sat on the couch with the radio on, talked, drank beer, smoked. I kissed her again and again. I couldn't stop. She looked steaming that night, yet she insisted that she couldn't. Little Jack loved her; love meant a lot in this world.

"It sure does," I said.

"You don't love me."

"You're a married woman."

"I don't love Little Jack, but I care for him very much, and he loves me."

"It sounds fine to me."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Yes, a couple of times."

"Where are they tonight?"

"I don't know. Probably with other men. I don't care."

We talked a long time that night and drank a long time and smoked any number of joints. Around 2 a.m. Mercedes said, "I'm too high to drive home. I'll total the car."

"Take your clothes off and go to bed."

"All right, but I've got an idea."

"Like what?"

"I want to watch you beat that thing off. I want to watch it squirt juice!"

"All right, that's fair enough. It's a deal."

Mercedes undressed and went to bed. I undressed and stood at the side of the bed. "Sit up so you can see better."

Mercedes sat up on the edge of the bed. I spit on my palm and began to rub my cock.

"Oh, look, it's growing!"

"Uh, huh. . ."

"It's getting big!"

"Uh, huh. . ."

"Oh, it's all purple with big veins! It's throbbing! It's ugly!"

"Yeah."

I kept beating my cock, and I moved it near her face. She watched it. Just as I was about to climax, I stopped.

"Oh," she said.

"Look, I've got a better idea."

"What?"

"You beat it off."

"All right."

She started in. "Am I doing it right?"

"A little harder. And get most of it, rub most of it, not just up near the head."

"All right . . . Oh, God, look at it . . . I want to see it squirt juice!"

"Keep going! Oh, my God!"

I was just about to come, and I ripped it out of her hand.

"Oh, damn you!" Mercedes cried.

Then she swiftly reached out and put it in her mouth. She began sucking and bobbing, running her tongue along the back of my cock while it was in her mouth.

"Oh, you bitch!"

Then she pulled her mouth off my throbbing shaft.

"Go ahead! Go ahead! Finish me off!"

"No!"

"Well, Goddamnit then!"

I pushed her over backwards on the bed and leaped upon her. I kissed her viciously and drove my cock on in. I

worked violently, pumping and pumping; I reached near to it quickly; I moaned and then it began spurting; I pumped it full into her, feeling it enter, feeling it steam into her center.

I rolled off.

When I awoke in the morning, Mercedes was gone. There was no note; she was simply gone. I got up and took a shower and an Alka Seltzer, two Alka Seltzers. I pissed. I brushed my teeth. Then I went back to bed and slept until noon.

It has been 4 months now, and she has not phoned. She will not phone. I will never see Mercedes again, and neither of us will miss the other. What it meant, I have no idea.

There is a new one down from Berkeley. She has buck teeth and a little baby's voice. She fucks me while sitting on my lap and facing me. She's 22 and doesn't have any breasts. I have no idea what she wants. Her name is Diane. She gets up early in the morning and starts drinking whiskey.

I sometimes drive past the building that Mercedes works in. That's as close as I'll ever get to seeing her again. It's that way for many people all over America. We do things without knowing why, and later we don't care why we did them. But I wish Diane had tits; breasts, I mean. ☹





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